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THE PUBLIC MEN OF ENGLAND
THROUGH A GERMAN'S EYES

by RUDOLF KIRCHER

Translated from the German
by CONSTANCE VESEY
(With Revisions and Additions)

WM. COLLINS SONS & CO.
NEW YORK, N. Y.

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Printed in the United States of America by
J. J. LITTLE AND IVES COMPANY, NEW YORK

FOREWORD

The author has gladly fallen in with the suggestion that an English translation should be published, for it may interest English readers to know what is thought and written about English statesmen, English people, and the problems peculiar to England, in a great country whose history, civilisation, and fate is, and always must be, closely connected with their own, and this after a period of nearly ten years in which their common work has been interrupted, in consequence of the war.

The various aspects of English life here depicted have not been arbitrarily selected, nor has any attempt been made to draw general conclusions from individual characters. The book merely describes the origin, life, and work of a few leading and typical Britons who, in themselves, furnish the best explanation to the English enigma, by reason of what they have done or left undone. It has only remained for the author to study them carefully and honestly. If the impression thus gained has led him to portray the characters in any way that does not seem to the English reader quite correct, he must crave indulgence. His object will have been achieved if the men and women he has selected as being most characteristic have been so represented that each of them illustrates something of the life and thought of the nation.

Even at the present time, when the individual is threatened with absorption in the crowd, England is still so rich in personalities that study of a few of them will suffice to elucidate the most important phenomena and the most remarkable problems of English life.

The author has taken the opportunity to revise and enlarge the original text for the purposes of the English edition. Recent events and developments in England have been considered and discussed. This has necessitated a certain amount of re-writing which, it is hoped, will increase the value of the book.

R. K.

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INHERITORS

ENGLÄNDER

THE SCHOLAR-POLITICIAN
ARTHUR BALFOUR

CULTURED England once knew halcyon days, when its spirit moved in stately iambic or smooth-flowing hexameter. True, the days of Pickwickian feasts, merry drives through Britannia's endless gardens in the stage-coach, roast capon, port wine, and foaming beer, these too were good old times, but Eton's silent and venerable quadrangles, and Oxford's cloisters, libraries, and studies, point to another school of thought, to the palmy days of British education, when the young students, carried away by the rhythm and poetry of the ancients, rivalled one another in their efforts to learn long classical poems by heart, and to express themselves so faultlessly, both in speaking and writing the dead languages, that even the ancient Romans and Athenians themselves might have found it difficult to emulate them. That is the legend. As a matter of fact, there are still more men in high positions in England who can read and quote a Latin or Greek work, than in any other country, and there are certainly more Englishmen than Germans who can write verses in the language of the ancient writers. That phase too is passing away. Amusement, profession, and business absorb men nowa-

days. Yet England seems to be a generation nearer to the classical writers both in knowledge of their languages and belief in their philosophy, than our own country. Public School and University tradition is too strong to yield easily or without a struggle to the craving for "reality."

English culture attained its highest standard of ideal and practical value when erudition and statesmanship were happily combined, in the person of the scholar-politician. This formed a link between the abstract realm of idealism, intellect, and learning, and the essentially practical world of political everyday life. The scholar-politician type seems to be dying out, and when it passes away England will have lost a fundamental and in the best sense of the word "aristocratic" feature of her political life. Demagogues and "dividend-politicians" will take over the heritage, at all events at first. The British Empire is based on the British Fleet, but that is not its only strength. English education has produced a type, a superior mentality, a manner of thinking, a spirit, an intangible "something", which pervades the whole atmosphere of the Empire. Without this "something", British Imperialism would lose its most essential element. British prestige is in the long run a question of personality, and classical education has produced the most attractive personalities, because it has a humanizing influence. The scholar-politician is the most perfect type of this unique synthesis—philosophical statesmanship.

The most remarkable of the few prominent representatives of this mentality still living is Arthur

J. Balfour. Lord Morley is dead. Asquith is not on the same level. H. A. L. Fisher is a scholar, but does not aspire to be a philosopher. Lord Hugh Cecil, once a comet in the political sky, disappeared in clouds of mist, whilst Haldane's star flickers as elusively as a will-o'-the-wisp.

As regards Arthur Balfour, the question of how he solved this or that problem in the years of his political supremacy as the Conservative leader, is immaterial. That it was Balfour who prevented Joseph Chamberlain from subjecting England to protection is also immaterial, nor does it matter why he did it. It is immaterial that his great influence helped to upset Asquith's more or less peaceably inclined Government during the war, and to drive Lloyd George, the "victor of Versailles", out of office when his work was done. It is immaterial that it was Balfour who secured the Anglo-American front against France at the Washington Disarmament Conference. It is even immaterial that he was the author of the secret memorandum which paved the way to an understanding between England, France and Germany in the spring of 1925, in place of the alliance policy he had initiated himself thirty years before. It is absolutely immaterial that it was Balfour who created a home for the Zionists in Palestine. These achievements may have been *chef d'oeuvres* of British and international statesmanship, creditable both to his foresight and wisdom, but, granted understanding, power, and a long life, every statesman worth the name will have some such accomplishments to his credit. The essential and remarkable thing is that to Balfour

all this was, in a sense, a secondary matter. His thoughts and feelings were and still are mainly concerned with very different things. Although, as a statesman, he took such an active part in international affairs, and, as a leader of the Conservative Party, fought more battles before the war than it falls to the lot of most present-day Premiers to fight in the whole course of their political lives, although he was such a fine dialectician and debater that he could demolish the most powerful opposition arguments with matchless ease, and was apparently the prototype of the professional politician who is nothing but a politician, he did all this merely incidentally, because life had chanced to throw these things in his way, whilst in spirit he was taking aesthetic pleasure in studying the world from a philosophic point of view. He wants to fathom life, to master intellect, reason, and all the mental faculties with which human nature is endowed. England is not a land of geniuses, it is a land of good average ability, where sound mental faculties develop naturally, undisturbed by problems, and are clear, often uncannily so, and full of shrewd simplicity. The process of setting aside what is problematical and unnecessarily complicated, and systematically, often naïvely endeavouring to attain that crystal clarity of thought and expression, both in speaking and writing, is very strikingly exemplified in all Balfour's literary work (and he has written a great deal in the course of his life). Phenomena of this kind have over and over again helped to raise the standard of public and political life. They set a far-reaching example, and demonstrate the high

and permanent value of a classical education as a powerful factor in raising the general level of English culture.

The object of these men is not to learn as many verses as possible at Eton and Cambridge. It is the spiritual world of the ancient Greeks and Romans that attracts them, their art, their poetry, their philosophy. It has a hold over them that is never relaxed, and which compels them to return again and again to this refuge from the turmoil and bustle of politics and the City. Their classical training is an equipment which enables them to get through the vast amount of facts that men of the present day have to contend with, whether in history, statesmanship, or art. It gives them a standard, perhaps at the expense of originality, but they gain by having a definite aim. They acquire mental repose and impartiality, and therewith the objectivity and impartiality which are often invaluable. Science itself probably gains little from the scholar-politician, and certainly only in exceptional cases. In recent times Lord Morley, and unquestionably Macaulay before him, were scholars, statesmen, and politicians of high, if not the highest rank. As far as we are concerned here, however, the essential is not what came of a Canning having written poems and a Disraeli novels, or of Gladstone's having studied his Homer; the only thing of importance is that they did it. Haldane has translated Schopenhauer, is an admirer of Goethe and even understands Einstein. That did not prevent his being a party to secret military treaties between France and Belgium as Minister of War in the Liberal Govern-

ment, any more than Winston Churchill became an ardent pacifist because he painted pictures and has written one or two first-rate books.

The type of scholar-politician is necessarily aristocratic. There are highly educated men in the ranks of the Labour Party, but, leaving out of account those who in reality belong to the *bourgeoisie* or to the Liberal middle class, the social and political circumstances of the Party have not hitherto allowed of much progress in that respect. The education of those who are self-taught, and above all, the efforts made to give clever young working men a broader educational basis at the Labour Colleges, have again and again suffered from the disadvantage of a lack of leisure, and from political doctrines forming part of the education.

The intellectual aristocracy of the scholar-politician is not intentional snobbishness or conceit. Where that exists the fault is in the individual, not in the idea itself.

A well-bred Englishman does not consider a man like Birkenhead aristocratic. With all his intellectual training he is a plebeian.

Balfour himself is a Cecil, related to the Marquess of Salisbury through his mother. That is an aristocracy of birth. But Morley, Asquith, Haldane, or Fisher—amongst the more modern statesmen—are intellectual aristocrats, without being of specially blue-blooded descent. Birkenhead's legal mind is too ambitious, too much occupied with his own career, whereas the classical scholar is, so to speak, disinterested. The prizes he wins give him no claim to high legal fees. His education is for its own

sake, it satisfies his mind; he finds solace in knowledge and understanding, and turns his back on the tumult of daily life.

This education induces a somewhat sceptical attitude of mind, an inclination to examine all values critically, to doubt the permanence of life's phenomena. Consequently it is responsible for a conservative tendency, a certain hesitation to act, and also for the mental calmness and reserve which are peculiarly British. These are all negative things—waiting, examining, smiling sceptically; Asquith's celebrated "wait and see"; and Balfour's faint, slightly ironical smile, which has disarmed dozens of his opponents before now. A smile that implies superiority; a feeling of having an advantage, of being someone, yet which also suggests an indulgent attitude, the art of persuasion, and the faculty of concealing malicious thoughts beneath an urbane demeanour. The philosopher is equally sceptical as regards himself. A man like Balfour is profoundly impressed with his own superiority, but he sees his limitations. All his utterances, essays and books, are very diffident in tone, the diffidence is positively studied. Phrases such as "I cannot tell", "I have no counter-suggestion to make", occur in almost all his studies. Yet his essays are far removed from dilettantism. His chief work, *The Foundations of Belief, a Defence of Philosophic Doubt,* is very highly valued by specialists in this branch of learning. Balfour, who was born in 1848, wrote it as a young man. One of his books contains a collection of *Essays Speculative and Political,* written at different times. The opinions expressed are extra-

ordinarily carefully weighed, and give an excellent insight into this remarkable man's way of thinking, and the complex problems he studies. A clever study of Bacon is a masterpiece as regards clarity of language. In a *critique* of Bergson, the tactful modesty of his argument is seen in its most extreme form, whilst an article on Anglo-German relations, written in 1912, reveals the profound anxiety with which the English leader regarded the German naval armament.

Was he a leader? Is he a leader? His influence on British policy in decisive matters is undeniably great. To represent him as "a man of emotions, without a moral" is a Party caricature. Nor can he be said to consist purely of doubts and negations. There is a clear purpose in all his works. What Balfour needed was a warning against setting too high a value on knowledge, against attaching too much importance to scientific construction, against the danger of intellect triumphing over the soul. It is true that he is full of class prejudice, class consciousness, and class instinct. He thinks more of intellect and culture than anything else. He attaches little importance to modern, and perhaps inconvenient facts, for instance, the elementary fact that the masses have become articulate. But he nevertheless sets himself strict limits through his intellect itself, notwithstanding his sense of intellectual superiority. He bows before the unknown, before the eternal. In his philosophical and religious essays he tries to confine knowledge and understanding within their proper narrow limits, and to open the door to conjecture and faith. This led

EARL BALFOUR

him to join the Psychical Research Society, of which he is the President, and to take part in spiritualist experiments at his sister's house or elsewhere. Yet there is nothing to be found in Balfour's life for which he would have fought or striven with any enthusiasm. He has never sacrificed himself, or given his heart's blood for any cause. Little more remains of him at Westminster than a brilliant personal memory. He has made no mark on the times, he has not increased the popularity of the scholar-politician with the masses. Politically he has been alarmingly sterile. Therefore the people only saw him as Arthur Balfour, the upholder of class privileges, the guardian of a caste of whom they knew too little to think very highly of them, and too much to care for them. What are all the treaties, all the diplomatic successes, all the tactical political triumphs worth? Of what value are the superfine speeches, and the superior wisdom? Balfour was never a platform or election-meeting speaker. He had only something to say to those who already understood him. Balfour had no message, not even comforting words for the millions who had been enfranchised, whilst he grew old in peace. He is a democrat in spite of his aristocratic mentality, but his is a different idea of democracy to that of the men who follow demagogues.

Much depends on personality, it may indeed be decisive. The misfortune of all scholar-politicians is that they date from bygone days, both they themselves and their type. In the future, they must earn their place and their pre-eminence afresh—both must be reconquered. Hitherto their lives have not

been spent in their constituencies; they have ended in the House of Lords without any trouble. There was no need for them to wear out their brains in studying innumerable documents and Parliamentary papers. They live, carry on their work, and study; incidentally they are also Ministers. But nowadays a politician must devote himself heart and soul to his work; he must abandon his seclusion, and be prepared to make sacrifices.

The big man yonder, walking towards the Duke of York's steps, with his hands behind his back, and his eyes fixed on the distance, rather slovenly and inelegant in appearance, like all the Cecils, is Balfour. He may be going to his office, but at heart he is lingering in the cool halls of the Athenæum, where, surrounded by books, a few old gentlemen, with Plutarch or Plato in their hands, are dozing in comfortable armchairs, blissfully dreaming.

HERBERT HENRY ASQUITH

HERBERT ASQUITH is not a visionary. There is no trace of romance in his life; the delicate tints of spring, summer, and autumn are lacking. He may be likened to an architecturally faultless structure, the façade imposing, even grandiose, the interior admirably planned, well and solidly furnished, even adorned here and there with silken draperies. He is the only man of whom it is related that his voice was once choked with tears in the House of Commons. That was long before the war, on an occasion when he was vainly trying to avert a strike in the coal mines. Assuredly therefore he is not a heartless man. To those who know him personally his occasional asperity is but a mask. In dreams he may perhaps wander in gardens radiant with flowers, breathing in their perfume, but, as he is known to England, he is like some city mansion, sober and convenient, but lacking all outlook upon Fairyland. He resembles Balliol, that most learned of all Oxford colleges, a Balliol shorn of its gardens, its recreation grounds, its links with that warm, sparkling, but alas! foolish life so dear to us. His second wife, Margot, might have upset this view; she drew him into Society, and did it like a whirlwind. The marriage will always remain an enigma. "I have broken both shoulder blades, my nose, ribs and knee-cap. I have dislocated my jaw,

fractured my skull, and had concussion of the brain five times. But, although my horses will be sold next week, I have not lost my nerve." So Margot tells us in the memoirs which startled England, and whose indiscretions far outdo anything that Society ventures, as a rule, to say against itself. Such is the wife of the silent, tactful Herbert Asquith, the reckless helpmeet of the most discreet of English statesmen, the female volcano, whose activities not infrequently threaten to extinguish her husband's political existence. When Arthur Balfour was once asked whether it was true that he was going to marry Margot Tennant, he said, "No, I rather think of having a career of my own." Asquith, however, was brave enough to do so, and yet has kept control of his career. The foundation must be strong indeed that could survive so many shocks!

The foundation is Balliol, and Jowett was the man who set Asquith so firmly on his feet. Jowett's Balliol in the early seventies was the school of thought which produced a Curzon, a Grey, and a Milner. There is something set, something artificial, rather too premeditated about them all. The education was rather stereotyped. It is true that it was the very highest that Oxford could give. It imbued the young men with the constant ambition to achieve high aims in the public service, with pride and an unswerving purpose, but it relied too much upon pure reason. Jowett taught his pupils to base their judgments, their words, and their actions on facts alone—bare, plain facts. He taught them to hate mere talk, and inspired them with a horror of anything demagogic. Gardiner says in a clever

essay, "The Balliol mind distrusts great thoughts, even if it thinks them." Be strong, think strongly, act strongly! That was Jowett's advice. No sentiment, no yielding. Intellect is everything. To display emotion would be disloyal to the Balliol spirit; therefore it is suppressed. It was in this atmosphere that Lord Curzon learned to don the armour which appeared to render him insensible to all that the people felt. In this High-School of intellect Edward Grey learned a technique of thought far superior to any gift he had for it. Lord Milner acquired the polish which dazzled the English people until the bubble burst in South Africa, and they exclaimed in horror, "What a Prussian."

Asquith eagerly absorbed Jowett's teaching. His brain became a marvel of precision. He was quicker of apprehension than any of the others, and soon learned to master facts but Jowett did not teach him to rise above them. He could not open the door and show him life, free, flowing, creative life, and Asquith turned a deaf ear to the whisperings of his own soul. He never felt the faint quiver in the atmosphere that surrounds us. He, the head of the Liberal Party, was never a man of the people, never a leader, never a creator. As Premier he presided like a judge over the groups in his Cabinet and his Party, holding the discordant elements together and acting both as peace-maker and interpreter. The driving forces were supplied by others. Amongst them were Imperialism, the anxiety of the Foreign Office and Admiralty to preserve England's independence against Germany's increasing strength, and lastly the semi-Socialist, Lloyd

George's Radical ideas. Asquith restrained here and gave encouragement there, but he had neither the energy, nor did he probably think it his duty to do more than preside wisely and with Olympian calm over the committee which governed England. This necessarily brought about his fall during the war. A leader was wanted, and Lloyd George was ready.

In spite of all this, Asquith was a personality, able to hold his audience in the House of Commons until quite recently, when he was raised to the peerage and thus to the House of Lords. In opposition against Lloyd George's Coalition Government he was necessarily ineffective, it is true, for in most things he did not think Bonar Law and Lloyd George as mistaken as did some of his friends on the Liberal benches. And yet, when he rose from his seat, and walked with short stiff steps to the place from which he was in the habit of speaking, a respectful silence fell on the House. He never ceased to be the great authority there. He was trusted because he was always objective. He understood how to give back as good as he got, but he was never personal and never lost his equanimity. Asquith was no climber, no party-political intriguer, no boaster, and no demagogue. He had no illusions and did not encourage them in others. He made no promises, consequently never undertook to do anything impossible of fulfilment. He was always moderate, and was as little a party to Lloyd George's Socialism before the war as to the Reparation imposture later on. Asquith never tried to gain popularity either for himself or for his policy by the modern system of advertisement. He let

things speak for themselves. The result was slow, sure, and consequently permanent success. "Take it or leave it," was his principle. He knew he was doing his best, and there it rested. They might follow him or desert him—he would never change his political methods, for they were simply the methods natural to him.

As a speaker, he expressed himself simply, carefully selecting his words and never making long speeches. The classical purity of his style was occasionally marred by a tendency to use formulas borrowed from the Bench, but he was never tedious. His jokes were of the good-natured kind, which merely take the form of gentle hints or a graceful expression of irony. He so happily blended the grave and the gay that he never ceased to be a sympathetic speaker and to carry weight.

Nothing alters the man as we see him: a commanding, almost portly figure standing upright and dignified, his hands in his coat pockets, the powerful head, with grey hair falling over the back of the neck, held proudly erect, a ruddy complexion, steady eyes, and resolute lips. The voice raps out; the words come in jerks, are often uttered in an undertone and always difficult to grasp, but they are always words of wisdom. What he says is often convincing, but never calculated to inspire or rouse the hearer, for he speaks without enthusiasm.

A calm and collected man at the wheel in calm and untroubled times.

But the times have long ceased to be calm and untroubled. The spirit of Jowett's Balliol is con-

servative, and in these days to be conservative is not enough. With all his worth, wisdom, and learning, it was the lethargy and sterility of an Asquith and his Whig traditions that allowed Liberalism to languish during the decisive years and brought it to its present pass. The battle-cry of Free Trade alone can never inspire it with fresh life and vigour. But what more has the Party led by Asquith almost until 1925 offered its electors hitherto? The political conditions in England have changed very much during the last fifteen years, owing to Lloyd George's franchise reform. The programme on which Asquithian Liberalism depended has either been carried out in essence, or has depreciated in value. The fine new catchwords and promises are those of the Labour Party alone. But it would never occur to an Asquith to compete with Labour demagogy in encouraging political and economic illusions. That is the tragedy of Liberalism. The best Liberals may recognise that the new times necessitate their getting into closer touch with the people, and abandoning the isolation into which they had drifted during the last century of capitalistic arrogance, but they are honest enough to know that the Socialist jargon would be a more intolerable lie if uttered by them than by many a Labour Leader. The Jowett spirit would safeguard Asquith against such a mistake, even if he had not learned at Balliol to believe that a certain aristocracy of education creates the invisible barriers by which the Liberal generation of yesterday feel that they are divided from the masses of to-day. Asquith, the Whig, would never have been able to overstep those bar-

LORD OXFORD AND LORD HALDANE

riers. Whether Lloyd George, the Radical, still has the strength of mind and above all the moral courage required to give a new Liberalism new aims, may be doubted, and assuredly cannot be prophesied with any certainty. The one thing certain is that the world war and world revolution wrought sad havoc with Herbert Henry Asquith and his work. What remains is "Lord Oxford and Asquith," a reminiscence of Oxford and Balliol. Jowett's pupil is wending his way quietly back to his Alma Mater. His eldest son has become a director of the Sudan Plantations Company, and the youngest, Margot's son, has entered the film business.

The life of a great and true Englishman is nearing its end. The work of a century, the vast bulk of a precious political inheritance is laid low. Must it be forever? *Veni creator spiritus.*

THE CHAMBERLAINS

IN his life of Chatham, Lord Rosebery advises us, in reading a biography, to skip the part giving "the hero's genealogical descent." With all due respect for this great man's disinterested counsel, it would be a great mistake to disregard pedigree in the case of Austen Chamberlain. From his appearance, the tall, slight, distinguished looking man with his small, well-proportioned head, might be taken for a descendant of a great historic house. But Sir Austen Chamberlain is neither related to a peer of ancient lineage, nor can he boast of being descended from a family which either through merit or tradition is bound up with the history of England. His forefathers were artisans—shoemakers in the City of London, and remained so till the last generation but one. There are no records of the family which go farther back than the great fire in the City in 1666. Austen's grandfather still worked at his trade in Milk Street, and Joseph Chamberlain, the statesman, and father of the present Minister, learned shoe-making in his youth, and was for years an accountant in his father's business, which had developed into an important industry. It was Joseph Chamberlain who installed the family in Birmingham, where he became almost a king later on. At first he was only the representative in Birmingham of his father's London business; then he

built, in connection with it, the screw factory, which is still the main source of the Chamberlain wealth. They are quite well off, but not a rich family.

The history of the Chamberlains is the history of the English middle-class in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. It was the period when men rose very rapidly, when prosperity was rapidly achieved by the steady-going class of small tradesmen who, beginning as artisans, ended by becoming industrialists. Such a development was in itself a source of pride and distinction, but it became less vigorous as it approached the final great industrial stage. The Chamberlains held their own for centuries in the City of London as artisans, but in Birmingham the industrialist was drawn into the whirlpool in which he may be engulfed at any time. At that time the rising middle-class in the City of London still retained the ardour of its political youth. Joseph Chamberlain threw himself enthusiastically into politics; the son is only his father's heir.

"Birmingham" stood god-father to Joseph, politically,—the Birmingham of Thomas Attwood and the Reform Party of 1830. He thus became imbued with the Radical middle-class tradition which led England to the Liberalism of the second half of the century. Gladstone frowned suspiciously on the new-comer. Truly Joseph was not a man of the Gladstone type. Gladstone was a "burgher", to whom the very sound of the word was almost awe-inspiring. His ancestors had been merchants in Liverpool for generations past, and he had an equally profound respect for the word "Liverpool".

Tradition from first to last. Educated at Eton and Oxford, he was a scholar and "burgher" through and through. Joseph Chamberlain, on the other hand, was a parvenu and—what was far more dangerous—a rebel in spite of it. Yet he wore an orchid in his buttonhole, and a monocle. At least, as Disraeli sarcastically remarked, he wore it "like a gentleman"! But was he not a wolf in sheep's clothing? Was he not a traitor to the class whose manners he so carefully studied and copied? Gladstone was horrified to hear that this fastidious Radical whom he had admitted to the Liberal Cabinet was preaching revolution. War against the House of Lords! Death to the Church! Down with land monopoly! Gladstone took him to task, but Disraeli reassured his Tory friends; orchids and a monocle did not look like revolution. Disraeli knew what all that meant: the man was a second Randolph Churchill, might even be a second Disraeli. And so it turned out. Joseph Chamberlain broke with Gladstone; ostensibly on account of his Home Rule Bill; in reality, because he saw clearly where his future chances lay. He joined the Conservatives.

Austen Chamberlain, the son, had the misfortune of being obliged to look on at all these turbulent proceedings, and take no part in them. He himself had but few of his father's brilliant attributes, but fate had also preserved him from inheriting Joseph's often shocking, and sometimes monstrous weaknesses. Austen's endowments are less those of intellect than of character. Above all, his whole education from the very first has been on different

lines to his father's. Austen began life in the aristocratic atmosphere of wealth, as the son of a well-known statesman. He began it at Rugby and Cambridge, and with definite purpose—to be his father's successor. He was trained to be a politician, just as a racehorse is trained, but without special regard to staying power. Joseph did everything for his son that could be done. When the English schools had been exhausted, he sent him to the *Ecole des Sciences Politiques* in Paris and later on to Berlin. Only one thing was not done that might have been done—the young man was never left to himself. It was therefore perhaps hardly surprising that whilst the great revolutions, which aroused so much excitement and such strong feeling, were taking place in the father's political career, young Austen followed in his wake like a shadow, afraid of losing touch with the object to which it owes its existence. When Joseph Chamberlain departed this life, nothing but his shadow remained. It had no object.

The remarkable fluctuations in Austen Chamberlain's political attitude in the course of his career are due to this peculiar unreality of his political life rather than to any lack of character or change in his opinions. As an illustration of this, we need only go back to his Cambridge days. At that time, Joseph Chamberlain was a red-hot Radical. A young man, well turned out, to all appearances as nearly as possible a replica of Joseph, and in those days full of life, joined the Cambridge Debating Society. There he fulminated against the House of Lords and its privileges like the worst Bolshevist. He cursed political toadyism, the land system,

and the aristocracy. Down with them all! That was the son of Joseph the Radical. Then there was a sudden change: the father went over to the Right, he fulminated Jingoism, Imperialism, and Protection. The son faithfully echoed—Imperialism, Protection! A feeble echo, it is true. The father was a powerful speaker, the son is a skilful debater, but was never an orator. The House of Commons lends him a willing ear because he generally has something to say, but he is very often dull, and his voice is harsh and unmusical. On the other hand, he has a certain dignity, and speaks with a simplicity which is in pleasing harmony with his courteous manner and inoffensive personality. Dialectics and mental gymnastic feats are not expected of him. He speaks as an honest man who is giving an honest explanation, and his lack of "cleverness" reassures his hearers. It is always satisfactory to be told the truth in politics. The House of Commons knows that Chamberlain is a very hard worker, a capable official, and anxious to discharge his duties to the best of his ability. For the rest, England has her experts.

Austen Chamberlain has no personal enemies. But neither will anyone ever rave about him. He will never inspire enthusiasm, but he will always be regarded as the essence of good nature and courtesy. This quality alone will suffice to show how little he resembles his father. With his kindly face and great, almost appealing eyes, his engagingly awkward stiffness and unfailing tact, he dispels all anxiety, for although one may be sure that he will have no new ideas, it is certain that he will do all he

can to smooth over existing difficulties. He would never consciously wound anyone's feelings. Joseph was, on the contrary, a past master of cynical malice. His arrows were sharp—and poisoned. He was capable of being a very true and self-sacrificing friend, but a hard and merciless enemy. When Austen enters the House of Commons, the feeling is, at the worst, one of complete indifference, but when Joseph came in there was always excitement in the air. If he rose to speak, there might be a crisis, there might be a danger of war—whether over a great or a small matter made no difference. When Austen speaks, there is always the risk of being treated to pastoral platitudes, but one can go home with an easy mind. Joseph would fling down the gauntlet openly, and say with flashing eyes, "What I have said, I have said. Do I contradict myself? Very well, then I contradict myself. I give no explanations, I offer no apologies." Perhaps the son, Austen, might have said the same in his father's lifetime; now that he stands on his own feet, he would blush to think even of the possibility of such a challenge. He would never hesitate to apologise. He has courage, certainly, but is also eminently tolerant. He sometimes flares up —he did so in particular before the war, when his Party was in opposition—and then he storms and uses hard words, but they seldom elicit more than a friendly smile. He barks, but does not bite. Austen is most effective when words fail him, when he is carried away by his feelings and struggling to express them. His eyes open still wider and, working his arms stiffly up and down, he seems to be

mutely appealing to the House to recognise how good his intentions are. Then, when he recovers himself, he often rises to great heights, and is very convincing. He never spoke better than when he supported Lloyd George in endeavouring to conclude peace with Ireland in the first years after the war. Then came Locarno, and with it the success of his life.

There is a world of difference between the father and the son—not only a difference in intellect and temperament, in their aims and tasks; it may be doubted whether their tasks have differed very much. What divides them is the metamorphosis of the class from which they have sprung. To-day that class consciously assumes an air of aristocracy. But what it may have gained by its rise, it has lost in other ways. Outside the Labour Party, where are young men of the middle-class to be found who would venture to take the liberties a Joseph Chamberlain presumed to take? Lloyd George has started his land campaign again. That is all. The move to Birmingham, the development of their business into a factory, and their promotion to Industrialism has had the same enervating effect on the Chamberlains as on their whole class. Joseph threw away the weapons of his youth. In rising he lost his Radicalism. The son, Austen, followed in his father's footsteps, and, after storm and stress, arrived at the Treasury Bench of the House of Commons. There he may be seen—worthy, decorous Austen, with a silk hat on his head, and his long legs comfortably extended on the table of the House (the privilege of members of the Government and of the Leader of

SIR AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN

the Opposition), governing and guiding England, as has been done for the last thousand years. He does his duty and more than that. But if he were to hear his father's speeches now, or indeed those he made in his own youth, he would be horrified. Austen Chamberlain started with a political programme that was not his own, and has now no meaning. But he was not strong enough to draft a fresh one. Sir Austen has but little new to offer his countrymen, but he will always serve them faithfully and whole-heartedly, and when England has something to say, he will give careful expression to it—in due course.

A SERVANT OF THE STATE: LORD CURZON

WHEN George Nathaniel Curzon, Marquess of Kedleston and Baron Scarsdale, died, the Press inscribed on his tombstone "A great Englishman." Such a verdict carries double weight nowadays, when all English greatness comes from Scotland. A great Englishman. But was he at the same time a great man, or even a typical Englishman? Lord Curzon had two attributes which prevented his being either—therefore he was nothing but a great Englishman. These attributes made him very nearly the kind of man who would also have won great distinction in Wilhelminic Germany. To him the State was a divine institution. He devoted himself to its service with a religious fervour that raised him to mental heights far above the cares that trouble the ordinary mortal, and he carried out his work with that conscientious zeal and self-sacrificing diligence for which, as a rule, only Prussian officials are given credit. There was no man in Europe more thorough, more industrious, and perhaps more pedantic, than this English aristocrat. He never delegated to others any work that he could do for himself; he was his own Secretary, wrote his own letters, and he, Leader of the House of Lords, and Secretary of State for the foreign affairs of a great Empire, even went so far as to keep his own housebooks! Lord Curzon was a pedant and a schoolmaster to the end.

These few sentences will suffice to explain what there was about this great and loyal statesman that, with all his fine qualities, made him almost ridiculous at times, and a positive danger to the State to which he devoted his life. He was neither hard nor unfeeling. For years he could not speak of his first wife without tears in his eyes. But he had no sympathy for the masses on whose behalf he held office; where a statesman's understanding, interest, and sympathy should begin, his seemed to end. Lord Curzon was an admirable official, but no statesman, and not even a politician. His sense of duty made him an invaluable administrator, but he lacked the geniality which as a rule is such a marked feature of English Conservatism. He was too much in earnest to be a demagogue, and too "superior" to have any attraction for the man in the street. Without one or the other, no one can achieve lasting political success in England nowadays. Democracy or its semblance is indispensable.

In his early youth in the House of Commons, Curzon was impossible, and later on, in the House of Lords, he was an authority on Foreign Affairs, but not a guide through the thorny paths of statecraft. In this respect, the principle of English education broke down in his case; in this respect, he was not typical of his country. Had he been simply a haughty unbending aristocrat, he would not be worth studying, but that was far from the case. He was a highly cultured man, in fact a scholar, and although as a student at Oxford he did not succeed in gaining the highest distinctions to which he aspired, he won an imposing array of prizes and hon-

ours, and pursued his studies throughout his life. Yet he had neither the ability nor the temperament that would entitle him to be classed among the "scholar-politicians". Curzon acquired an intimate knowledge of all oriental countries. His great work on India, completed shortly before his death, is one of the most instructive books that has yet been written on Anglo-Indian administration.

But of what use was his knowledge to him? He was an able recorder, but not a practical philosopher. He was neither constructive, conciliatory, nor creative. He was a man of yesterday, not of to-day, and least of all, of to-morrow. He represented a sterile idea: he was imbued with the greatness of the British Empire, and of British ideals, and did his best to represent them worthily. England never had a more dignified advocate of her claim to rule the world, and if it were possible by a display of regal magnificence to make the Indian people forget that the English do not rule over their country by the grace of God, or for all time, Lord Curzon would have been the most successful of Viceroys. He was certainly a most capable and upright governor of India. It was his belief that if England made her system of government a marvel of efficiency and uprightness, everything would have been done that could be done; but he did nothing towards opening up a path to the future. He could not see that the Indians preferred the worst Government of their own to even the best government by England. The result was that the turning point in the history of India was reached during his term of office: the desire for self-government became a bit-

MARQUESS CURZON OF KEDLESTON

ter reality for the British Empire. *Pax Britannica* in the East! If Lord Curzon had any vision at all, it was this. And it deceived him!

He was more fortunate in his views as to the necessities of European policy, but even here he showed no originality. Ever since England's policy at Versailles had been to countenance the French aspirations to power, all the leading men in England had thought as he did, and made the same mistake, although they recognized it. As Minister for Foreign Affairs, under Lloyd George, Curzon had no decisive influence. He was merely a figurehead in the Coalition Government. Later on, under a Conservative Premier, he played a more important part, but his European policy had no very definite aim. The general course to be followed was as clear to him as to all England, but he knew just as little as anyone else how it was to be done.

His limitations were even more apparent in the field of domestic policy. If anyone were to maintain that his oriental policy was dictated less by his personal proclivities than by the autocratic bent of the English race in general, Curzon's fate would be tangible evidence of the contrary. Modern England—ought we to say post-war England?—has no liking for this kind of pompous autocrat. If the type is tolerated at all, it is only in the case of isolated foreign political questions, but even this becomes more and more doubtful. Curzon has been rightly described as an anachronism. He was an aristocrat and a Conservative, but not in himself reactionary; it was only his view of himself and the State that was an anachronism. England may in

many ways be regarded as an autocratic State, but it certainly is not a nation of non-commissioned officers and privates, and assuredly not a State that wields authority in the sense that describes Curzon's attitude towards the world. Lord Morley said that he had "the air of a grand drill sergeant". That being the case, how could Curzon hope to be the political leader of the English people?

His equals in rank, men of his own class, objected to his ways almost more strongly than the man in the street. This is as characteristic as it is intelligible, for the English aristocracy make a point of disguising their feeling of superiority as far as possible, and even of overcoming it. This introduces a certain human, democratic element into English politics. Leaders do not force themselves upon the people. The political system does not admit of the nation or of any Party being compelled to accept this or that aspirant to power as their leader, nor could any Ministers be imposed upon the nation, in the character of experts, merely as a matter of political convenience, or for any reason of that kind. They must have passed through the school and test of Parliament, and thereby of the electorate itself. In the House of Lords, where the electorate has no influence, a politician's chances of rising to be a Minister are very small, and nowadays he has practically no chance at all of becoming Prime Minister. Lord Curzon went through the school of the Oxford Debating Society in his youth, he passed the test of the House of Commons and might have carried the House of Lords with him, but he was a Parliamentary failure. Why? Be-

cause he was a failure from the human point of view, in spite of all his good and his many brilliant qualities, such as his wonderful gift of speaking in perfectly chosen language. He shed no warmth, there was nothing conciliatory about him; he was not a human being among human beings. He had no democratic instinct.

In private life, he is said to have been a delightful companion, but in public life he was intolerable, with his duty, his untiring industry, his oppressive dignity, his air of knowing everything, and his arrogance. Everything turned to ice in his vicinity, without his intending it. The tragic part of it all is that he did not mean to be either freezing or arrogant. As is the case with many Englishmen—a phenomenon that often deceives—shyness, lack of self-confidence, and bad health often made him exactly the reverse of what he really would have wished to be. An attentive observer will find that in reality there are in England more shy than self-assured people, more diffident than self-confident characters, more timid than arrogant natures. This is most evident in the case of young people. The intense nervousness from which even the best speakers suffer is a further proof of it. And, as so often happens, an air of arrogance is assumed to disguise the shyness. The individual goes through life as though there were only one person worth speaking to—himself. On one occasion, when Lord Curzon received the Ambassador of a State to which he wished to show coldness, he went into the room in which the unlucky man had been kept waiting, took over his credentials, turned his back, and left the room without a word. That

was studied rudeness, and even shyer men may be guilty of this occasionally, but the fact remains that the rudeness may very often be quite unintentional. In the case of Lord Curzon, the interpretation was a matter of choice, and sometimes the choice was difficult.

Life was not kind to him. He suffered terribly from his bodily infirmities. His spine had been weak from his childhood, and he went about cased in iron. Most certainly it was not intentionally that he was as stiff as a poker in walking, and that he sat looking like a leaden-soldier king. He had always led a different life to others of his age. No games, no sport—nothing but books, and work, work, work, and this without conspicuous intellect. A mind without physique cannot be trained to the best advantage at a Public School or Oxford. Hence also his "aloofness", for, as he could not do as others did, he preferred not to associate with them. He was lonely. And how can loneliness and bitterness prepare and fit men for the great democracy of life? His solitary spirit aspired to heights that seemed to him attainable. The result was one disappointment after another. Lord Curzon, who was a Viceroy before he was forty, was never more than an average politician. Many years later, a combination of circumstances led to his becoming Minister for Foreign Affairs. But he never attained to the coveted position of Premier. His experience of life did not make Lord Curzon a happy man, the scales were heavily weighed down against him from the first. One thing might have saved him, and brought him unalloyed happiness—just

a little of the blessed humour of a G. K. Chesterton—just a little tolerance—just a little of the ability to laugh at oneself. Destitute of this saving gift, a politician is hardly conceivable nowadays, and most successful Englishmen possess the faculty in a very marked degree, often rather more of it than is to their advantage. But Lord Curzon's temperament made his life a tragedy.

THE JOY OF LIVING
J. H. THOMAS AS A LEADER

ONE must feel proud to live under a Constitution which enables a humble boy with a meagre education, surrounded by poverty, to become in so short a time to the dignity of one of His Majesty's principal Secretaries of State." Ramsay Macdonald might very well think the same, but he would never say it. Robert Smillie, the miner, would rather die than be suspected for a moment of ever having entertained such a thought. His language is different; he proclaims himself a rebel against the present system of society. The remark made by J. H. Thomas, quoted above, is more descriptive of him than anything that can be said in a few words. It is not very surprising from the lips of the Right Honourable James Henry Thomas, M.P., His Majesty's Privy Councillor, and Secretary of State for the Colonies in the Ministry of the first Labour Government, but it is just as characteristic of good old Jim Thomas, general secretary of the National Union of Railwaymen, born in Newport, South Wales, on the 3rd of October 1873, in the wretched abode of parents who worked hard from morning till night. They sent their little Jim to a draper, as errand boy, when he was only nine years old; consequently his school-life was very short.

Jim was an intelligent boy; he soon went on to a

chemist, then to a painter, and after that he got a job somewhere in the docks. He was still only a raw youth, but he aspired to wash floors, drag packing cases about, and act as errand boy, in more interesting surroundings. In the docks he found what interested him most—machinery, and was not long in transferring his services to the Great Western Railway Company. There he cleaned engines for years, envying the lucky men who were allowed to stoke and even drive the marvellous constructions. Finally he climbed all the blissful steps of the ladder leading to the coveted position of engine driver, and ended by becoming leader of the National Federation of Railwaymen's Trade-Unions. At the age of thirty-two, he entered the portals of Westminster for the first time as J. H. Thomas, M.P. The Trade-Unionist official was now a politician. During the great war he supported the Government unreservedly. He recruited for the army, and did not spare words to make it clear to his fellow Trade-Unionists where the blame for the war lay. Certainly not in England! The Government sent him on a diplomatic mission to do propaganda work in America, and rewarded his services by making him Privy Councillor. He had frequent opportunities of becoming a member of the War Cabinet, but Thomas was wise enough to refuse the honour. After the war, whenever the question of Versailles and Germany arose, he was silent, like all the other Labour members in Parliament at that time. His particular job was the leadership of his great Trade-Union during the years succeeding the war—the years of the call for "direct action". After Bald-

win's fall, Thomas rose with Ramsay Macdonald and others to the rank of "professional" statesmen, and discharged the duties of his office as Colonial Secretary with great ability.

Thomas, who is still fairly young, has had an exciting career, but he is not alone as regards this. J. R. Clynes and Arthur Henderson have advanced equally rapidly. In the space of a few years they rose from obscurity to high positions in the State, thanks to the power of their Trade-Unions and the Labour Party. Both of them became members of the War Cabinet, Henderson as a Minister without Portfolio; as such he shared the responsibility of the Government to a greater extent than any other Labour leader. Compared with Clynes and Henderson, Thomas is a giant. Henderson is now indolent and complacent; in that respect he is quite unlike most Scotsmen. He has done a great deal for the Labour Party, and his influence in it is strong, for he is the real Party organiser and *deus ex machina*, a Party Secretary of recognised tactical ability. He has achieved everything he can, or that he wanted, and the honours conferred on him have turned him into a reserved, self-satisfied official. Sacrifices are hardly to be expected of him.

Clynes is of a more simple, sympathetic nature. He is a Lancashire man, silent and cautious. In the years on which so much depended, from 1921 until Ramsay Macdonald came to the House of Commons, he was Chairman of the Parliamentary group of the Labour Party. The Labour members, who might have been expected to speak their minds freely after the war, had almost lost their good

name, even in England, through the inactivity of his predecessor, Adamson. Clynes was quite unequal to this responsible post at such a difficult time. He is slow and humdrum as a leader, and has no political ideas.

In such a *milieu,* a Thomas seemed to have unlimited chances, for he has brains, and is a most effective speaker, energetic and direct, with a loud clear voice. When he does not raise it too much, and is not unnecessarily dramatic, it is a pleasure to hear him speak. He is very quick and ready, never aggressive, never at a loss for an argument, and as canny as a lawyer. Thomas has the ear of the house, although he does not speak the language to which members are accustomed who owe their cultivated fluency of speech to the Oxford Union Debating Society. He drops his aspirates, but he is quite aware of it, and it is probably not without justice that His Majesty's very shrewd Privy Councillor is suspected of deliberately cultivating and retaining his plebeian manners and studiously unpolished way of speaking, for a Jim Thomas is only possible so long as the proletariat sees in him its own likeness, exalted no doubt, but still plainly recognisable. Thomas is a perfect product of modern English democracy. Quite incidentally, he is also a statesman, but he has only become one very recently, as far as foreign politics are concerned, so he has a future. Before that, he was nothing more than an advocate for democracy, acting for Labour as prescribed by English Trade-Union tradition. Now, thanks to the democratic system, he sits at the same table with dukes, Prime Ministers, and plutocrats,

as the proletarian representative of the millions amongst whom he grew up, and to whom he belongs, and all this seems so natural to him, and so nice and amusing, that he is continually bubbling over with good humour and merriment. "Good Lord," he seems to say, " 'aven't I got on!"

Jim Thomas would not hesitate to take this or that noble Lord by the arm; he delights in clapping men of the highest standing encouragingly on the back; he twists the buttons off bankers' coats, and digs them playfully in the ribs, when every other argument fails. Thomas embodies the highest philosophy of his country—"Cheer up, old man." His jovial, free and easy manner seems to be quite genuine. It very often does more for him than could be done by the cleverest speeches. Naturally his unceremonious ways and the liberties he takes have a great attraction for the working men for whom he thinks and speaks. What a fellow! They know, or at least believe, that he is the best man to champion their demands. But they must demand something reasonable! Thomas insists on reason and order. He is no more afraid of his Trade-Unionists than of anyone else, and does not hesitate to tell them what he thinks, in no measured terms, even at the risk of losing his post. That is his strongest point. The men know how to appreciate his courage. Years ago, in September 1918, a section of the railwaymen started an unauthorised strike that looked very serious. Thomas hurried to the scene of action, and began a furious struggle with the strikers. He rated them soundly, and at the end of four days, he had won; they called the strike off.

But what did Thomas do? He resigned. He refused to act as their leader if his authority did not suffice to prevent such a breach of discipline. It was a cleverly calculated move. He was besieged on all sides, and entreated to retain his post. He was stronger—and more cheerful—than ever.

That was at a critical time in 1918, when England was still too strongly under a military régime for there to be any question of Thomas having given the working classes the free choice between democratic discipline and Radicalism at any price. It is doubtful whether he could have acted similarly the following year, when another railwaymen's strike broke out. This time it was an official Trade-Union strike, so he sided with the strikers, but took care that there should be no violence. In his heart he hates direct action. He has altogether but a very poor opinion of theoretical Socialism. Between 1919 and 1921 he seemed to incline rather strongly towards Radicalism, but this succeeded a still more violent turn in the opposite direction. He led the railwaymen in the 1919 struggle, and secured very good terms for them. It is clear that however much his personal qualities may appeal fundamentally to millions of British working men, they would not have sufficed to keep him in power if he had not succeeded in producing tangible practical results. Before the war, many thousands of railwaymen were earning less than a pound a week. Now their wages are amongst the highest paid in any British industry, and the conditions of work are radically improved in every respect. But the political pressure exercised by even the English Trade-Unions,

during the period of European revolution after the great war, was so strong that for a time Thomas himself was carried away by it.

He believes in straightforward, eye-to-eye negotiations between employers and men over conditions of labour, strikes being only resorted to in case of extreme necessity, and politics left entirely to Parliament. But from 1919 to 1921 the Trade-Union movement was strongly political. The doctrine of direct action was preached under the leadership of Robert Smillie, and the Triple Alliance—miners, railwaymen, and transport workers—was formed. Important Socialist political aims were adopted by the Trade-Unions as part of their programme, and a tremendous avalanche seemed to threaten British capitalism. Very little might have brought it down. Even foreign politics, which were not closely connected with Labour politics until quite recently, and in which Ramsay Macdonald and his friends first gradually interested the Labour Party, seemed to be suddenly dragged into the Trade-Union political agitation. It fell to the lot of Thomas himself to propose the famous resolution on the 13th of August 1920, which stated that the Trade-Union Congress approved of the appointment, by the Triple Alliance, of a "Council of Action", whose task would be to take measures to set limits to the Government's anti-Bolshevist policy. . . . Yet the avalanche did not descend. Instead of that, Thomas destroyed the whole mechanism of the industrial Triple Alliance, when the miners began to make the decisive advance towards enforcing nationalisation with its assistance. Thomas won the

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day, and Smillie left the field of battle with bitterness in his heart.

A few years later, after a period of comparative calm, and the first experiment in Labour Government, the position of the more moderate Labour leaders became increasingly difficult. The gathering forces of Radical Socialism had been strengthened by intense propaganda, and there were many to whom it seemed better, from the capitalistic point of view, that the battle, if unavoidable, should be fought at a moment when the watchword would be "Save the country", rather than "Save Capitalism". As the leader of one of the largest Trade-Unions, Thomas was bound to play a prominent part in the crisis which followed the failure to bring about by peaceful means an agreement between the mine owners and miners, on the question of wages and hours. Few who listened to the great speech he made on the eve of the general strike, could have failed to be profoundly impressed by his sense of responsibility, both towards his country and the working class he represented, and by the earnestness with which he strove to avert the impending disaster and pleaded for peace. It was clear that he blamed the action of the miners' leaders as much as the obstinacy of the mine owners, and the supineness of the Government. But it was too late to save the situation.

Whatever may be said as to the revolutionary aims of some of the Labour leaders, and of the propaganda within the Trade-Unions, which only those who deliberately deceive themselves could regard as non-political, and however much this revolu-

tionary agitation may have contributed to the outbreak of the great industrial war of 1926, the mere fact that a man who could make such a speech, and others like him, felt bound to associate themselves with the so-called general strike, is proof in itself that it was never intended as a revolutionary attack on the State and the Constitution, except by a small minority. It was merely a dramatic public protest against the impotence of the Government in dealing with what Labour regarded as brute force exercised against a section of the working class—a tremendous demonstration of what was felt by millions of the people. Even if they could not share this feeling, constitutional leaders like Thomas were bound to respect it. This explains why His Majesty's Privy Councillor, the Right Honourable J. H. Thomas, was amongst those against whom Stanley Baldwin was compelled to mobilise, whilst Winston Churchill made his comments in the *British Gazette*. Many of these Labour leaders were fully aware that no Government, certainly no Conservative Government, could countenance the view they took, or accept it as an excuse for their action. Thomas, of course, did all he could to restrain the extremists, and shorten a struggle so fraught with danger, but with little hope of success.

There are many who hate the man's opportunism, and regard him as a traitor. They point out that he kept a car of his own long before every house in the suburbs was provided with a garage, that he has made money, and sends his sons to the rich man's Universities, that he has been loaded with honours and favours whilst the proletariat went hungry,

and that he has compromised time after time, whilst men like Smillie, on the other hand, do not live in town and fraternise with the *bourgeoisie* and snobs. Smillie himself lives in a little cottage somewhere in Lanarkshire amongst his brother miners; he is not ashamed of being a working man, he wishes to remain one; he is loyal, and has never forgotten how the poor and humble live. Smillie will never forget that, as a small, sickly child he stood at a pump in the depths of the mines for twelve hours uninterruptedly every day, and that once a fortnight he had to remain at his post on a Sunday for twenty-four hours without a break. The flourishing land above him belonged to the Duke of Hamilton: 56,000 acres, bringing in an income of £113,000 a year, because there chanced to be work for miners, ponies, and little boys, beneath the inherited soil. Smillie can never forget that. It acts as a stimulant and makes him unyielding and rebellious. Parliament is useful, in so far as it ceases to be a "rich man's club", but direct action is better. Amongst those still living who inspired the original political agitation in the Miner's Federation, and thereby in the whole of England's organised labour, Smillie was the most important. He gave the Trade-Unions a fresh aim—Down with the system. The industrial Triple Alliance was his handiwork, Thomas—his enemy.

And yet, many friends and foes as they both have, it is clear that Thomas's methods are in the long run more suited to the great majority of the English working class, than the methods of the extremists. True, it still remains to be seen whether

Labour is prepared to leave its political aims to its Parliamentary representatives, and only employ the powerful organisation of the Trade-Unions for the furtherance of such economic aims as a living wage and tolerable conditions of work. There is a split in the ranks of the Trade-Unions and of the Labour Party. The ways may part, and many fear that this may lead to the formation of two great future Parties advocating on the one hand the constitutional parliamentary system and on the other direct action. The principles of democracy and Parliamentary Government are imperilled from the Right, through the criticism passed by intellectual men and women on the general results of formal democracy; the strongest attack however comes from the Left. Genuine Radicals like Smillie, or like lesser men of the stamp of Buchanan, Purcell, or Kirkwood, who make more noise, are apt to fall into the hands of speculating demagogues who try to exploit the honest instinct of rebellion which is dormant even in the more cold-blooded Englishman. At this juncture, a man like Thomas is of inestimable value to constitutional England, where the Conservative feeling is deeply ingrained in millions of needy working men and women. "One must feel proud to live under a constitution which enables a humble boy with meagre education. . . ."

The ordinary Briton does not rebel for rebellion's sake. Robert Smillie rebels because of the misery of the poor and the unreasonableness of the rich. Thomas would point to himself, and reply that these things can be remedied without a revolution and without rebels. The British temperament is acces-

sible to reasoning of this kind. The people will listen to it as long as they can see a trace of goodwill on the other side. This is why Baldwin's "goodwill" speeches are of such practical value. But if there is to be no rebellion, it becomes a question of compromise, and the ambiguity and vagueness which are probably meant when reference is made to the "varieties" of J. H. Thomas's character, will then begin to cloud the sky. Thomas is as little wedded to any political faith or very clearly defined Socialist philosophy, as Lloyd George to any political dogmas or irrevocable principles. Thomas is not a Marxist, and there are probably very few, if any, Marxists, among English Socialists. The Englishman does not care to be tied to an ideal scheme, least of all to State-Socialism in the Marxian sense. Disinclination to be bound by a dogma naturally implies an independence of thought and action which appeals to the English character, with its inherent preference for elastic formulas, and is often a danger to it. Besides that, Thomas is a Welshman, like Lloyd George, whom he resembles in many respects. An English writer once said, "To be Welsh is to be gifted with several personalities, and to be able to speak in the character of each in turn, as though it were your one and only self speaking." That is a description that exactly fits Lloyd George, but it is equally applicable to J. H. Thomas. The many-sidedness of his character, his agility in changing his rôle, and wonderful power of adapting himself to his company, whether lords, signalmen, capitalists, or proletarians, give the impression of unreliability. It is difficult to believe that he is nevertheless in ear-

nest. Perhaps his Welsh origin may be the true explanation, for in reality he has always been a courageous representative of the class from which he sprung. He only asks one thing of his friends. They must wish to rise. He will help them, but without violence or injustice to those already there. Thomas is also a legatee; he has inherited British tradition. He does not want to destroy the system. He wants to improve it, but he does not find the world by any means so bad. It is all a question of chance in life. Socialism and the Labour Party are there to give the people better opportunities. But, taking all in all, life is a joy, and "one must feel proud to live under a Constitution which enables a humble boy. . . ."

DECLINING POWERS: LORD DERBY AS A BULWARK

OF the two great ambitions of his life, Edward George Villiers Stanley, seventeenth Earl of Derby, has only been able to realise one: he won the Derby with Sansovino in 1924. No Stanley had achieved this highest triumph of the English turf since 1787. In that year Sir Peter Teazle, owned by the founder of the Derby himself, came in first in the great race. The seventeenth Earl is consequently a happy man. "On, Stanley, on!" is the motto of the Earls of Derby. They have held their earldom with honour since 1485, and their pedigree goes back to the Normans. The second son of Adam de Aldethly, who came over with William the Conqueror, married the daughter and heiress of a Thomas Stanley of Stafford. Their descendants became a powerful race.

The Stanleys have always held high offices at Court, and had many prerogatives and distinctions conferred upon them. They became, in fact, one of the most influential families in England, and reached the height of their power in the nineteenth century. The fourteenth Earl, at that time the reigning head of the family, was a man who tried to march with the times. He was a Whig, a man of culture, in fact a distinguished scholar, educated at Christ Church, Oxford, a prize winner in Latin verse, an orator, a

Minister, and a statesman. This Lord Derby was Prime Minister until Disraeli ousted him. In some ways the family really did seem to be no longer in harmony with the times. The day of Tory democracy had dawned, and with it, there had been a fresh influx of commoners into the Conservative Party. The Stanleys never quite recovered from this blow. They have tried to understand the modern world—no one is more anxious to be liberal-minded than the present Earl—but, up to the year 1927, he has only achieved one of his aims. He has won the Derby, but his great political ambition has not been fulfilled; Lord Derby has reached the age of sixty without having been Prime Minister.

His influence is still great. When the question of the powers that govern England is considered, it will be found that amongst the innumerable contributing factors, social, political, financial, and economic, moral and material, not a few are connected with the Stanleys. Their interests are multifarious. This accounts for their having retained their power. They were fortunate in being a Lancashire family, for contact with Liverpool, which is at the gates of Knowsley, the family seat, and constant communication with Manchester, where they have valuable property, have prevented their being as behind the times as the landowning class in the south of England, or sharing their Diehard political views. Yet the Stanleys were first and foremost landowners, until quite recently. At the end of the war, they owned 70,000 acres; nothing in comparison with the millions owned by the Duke of Sutherland in Scotland, but Lord Derby's property was in the heart of

LORD DERBY

Lancashire, and exceptionally valuable. Direct contact with Lancashire's industrial and overseas' interests, has so changed the Stanleys' mental and political outlook that the instinct common to landowners is hardly perceptible in their case. The present Lord Derby is a Free-Trader, and will remain one, no matter how much a tax on corn and cattle might add to his income. The Lancashire school of thought has made great headway amongst the landowning classes. Lord Derby is at the same time an important link between agrarianism and industry, between the actual Tories and the Liberalising elements which combine with them to form the Unionist Party and the six million Unionist electors. It is thanks to the Stanleys, and above all to the influence of the present head of the family, that Lancashire and its great industrial towns, Manchester and Liverpool, have remained preponderantly Conservative, although they were the actual centre of the great Free-Trade agitation which brought about the new Liberalism of the pre-war period.

When Baldwin inscribed Protection on his banner, at the 1923 election, no one was placed in a more difficult position than Lord Derby, or worked harder to avert its worst consequences. He was strongly against a step being taken which might have put the Labour Party into power for years, and saw the folly of it, but Amery, Cunliffe-Lister, and the Chamberlains had more influence at that time—anyhow, Baldwin followed their lead.

Probably, however, Lord Derby made no effort to dissuade the young Protectionists from their intention. There may be some little doubt as to

his intellectual abilities, but there can be none as to his entire lack of political energy. He is a stout, heavy man, of massive build, with large hands and full cheeks, half closed and rather nervously blinking eyes, and a drooping moustache.

The whole appearance of the present Earl suggests complacency.

And yet what endless trouble this big man takes! Could anyone take his social, political, and general public duties more seriously? The author has never been more profoundly impressed with the tragedy of this sense of duty than on the occasion of one of those public dinners over which Lord Derby presided, when he received the many hundred guests at the foot of the stairs, standing for almost an hour shaking hands with one after another, always smiling, never resting. He was obviously heated and exhausted by the time the dinner began, one of those wearisome banquets, with food supplied by Lyons, with the same wearisome port wine, the same tiresome speeches—but how delighted everyone was with the calm and dignified way in which Lord Derby presided, and his successful effort to make his speech bearable, if not actually enlivening, by introducing a couple of neatly turned jokes. He goes from one public duty to another—congresses, banquets, election meetings, Party conferences, and meetings of world historical importance. There is no end to it. Other men of his standing may be chary in making such sacrifices, but Lord Derby never spares himself or hesitates. He did his duty with the same unselfish zeal as a soldier (he was educated at Wellington College, and went into the Guards), later on

as private secretary to Lord Roberts, and finally as a public official and diplomat. The highest post he held before the war was that of Postmaster-General, and in this capacity he dealt courageously and somewhat summarily with the strikers in the Post Office, whom he called "bloodsuckers". During the war he was given the important post of Director of Recruiting, and had to exert his influence to effect the gradual change to compulsory service. From 1916 to 1918 he was War Minister in the Coalition Cabinet, and from 1918 to 1920 British Ambassador in Paris. Even for a Derby, that has been a great career, but it must not be forgotten that Lloyd George, to whom the moral support of a Stanley might very well be useful, was Prime Minister at that time, and that Lord Derby's chief mission, as Ambassador, was to show the French people how much importance was attached to the cultivation of a friendly feeling between the two victorious nations even by the hated Premier, who found himself more and more obliged to impose limits on the French policy. There can be no doubt that Lord Derby was the most popular diplomatic representative England has had in Paris within living memory.

The high esteem in which the present head of the Stanley family is held by men of his own class, and industrialists in Lancashire, is not confined to them alone; his prestige is equally great amongst many of the smaller people and working men. Lancashire is the real home of the Conservative working-man. Disraeli discovered this type, and turned it to account. Lord Derby has cherished the legacy. No Conservative régime that is not based on this foun-

dation has been possible in England, since the great franchise reforms introduced by Disraeli and Lloyd George. Lord Derby holds one of the keys to the men's hearts. The Stanleys abandoned the rôle of feudal lords in good time, and became democrats. The present Earl acts as a man amongst men, not as the pompous representative of a ruling class. To millions he is only the cheery breeder and owner of the superb winners he leads back to the weighing machine with a beaming face, amidst the cheers of the crowd. Millions of betting men and visitors to the races, know and appreciate the fact that the Stanley colours are not those of parvenus or profiteers.

There are even stronger social ties than Trade-Unions. It is true that the bond which existed in industry between the small capitalist and his workmen—often one almost of familiarity—is completely severed,—or did it never really exist? But in country districts and in agriculture, the patriarchal system is by no means extinct in England. The landlords are still in many cases social centres in the country. They are the nucleus of a partly visible, partly invisible organisation, holding recognised privileges, and not infrequently take the leading position custom and their superior social advantages give them. In the social construction of the community they are the precise equivalent of the grain of sand, which forms the nucleus of the pearl in the oyster shell. The English nobility and landed gentry may be depicted in many different lights, according to the various phases through which they have passed in the course of time. They may be re-

garded as harsh feudal lords, who oppressed and ground down their tenants, and robbed the peasants of the land, jolly foxhunting squires, reckless, dissolute men, who rode hard and drank hard, and again, as the praiseworthy, Christian gentlemen familiar to readers of the history of Puritanism. As a whole their existence appears to have been an asset of no small value to the country. The English State has been built up less by its rulers than by the people themselves. The more seriously each individual takes the part he has to play as one of the social germ-cells, the greater the strength of the structure itself. In this sense, Lord Derby lives for his country, in accordance with the best traditions of the aristocracy. He is one of the strongest pillars of its social organisation. That gives him a power that neither his wealth nor his ancient title could guarantee him in these days.

This is the more clearly felt when comparing a man like Lord Derby, or his son Oliver, who seems to have inherited the belief in Tory-democracy in a still more undiluted form, with Diehards, such as the Duke of Northumberland. The Conservative Party finds it truly no easy task to restrain this rash Hotspur, who is still in the forties. Since the change in the ownership of the *Morning Post,* the Duke has had a voice in the management of this remarkable Tory newspaper. Everything about him, his screwed-up eyes, hawk-like head with no forehead, prominent nose, and bright red hair, is aggressive and extreme. One of his Conservative admirers said of him, "Narrowness of mind is not always a defect." What his enemies think of him may be

imagined. The Duke's clarity of thought is amazing. He always thinks the same things. Down with the Socialists! Down with the Huns! *Pax Britannica!* Up with the clever aristocrats! He is rich enough; the mines alone, that chance to be underneath his property, bring him in a princely income without his having to stir a finger to produce it. When he was asked, before one of the Commission appointed to inquire into the conditions in the mining industry, whether he did not consider it wrong that one man should have such great possessions, he gave the classic answer, "Certainly not, I think it an excellent thing in every way." He is one of those autocrats who do more to break up the State than could be done by several hundred thousand Communists. Lord Derby may be just as self-sufficient as many other Englishmen, but it is easy to understand his being regarded as a national asset, as compared with the red-headed Duke of Northumberland.

Even in the form of moderate Tory democracy, "landlordism" is doomed to extinction. When the Stanleys have to leave Knowsley, their ancestral home, another chapter of English history will be closed. It will hardly be in the lifetime of the present Earl, but his son may live to see it. The age of landlordism in England is approaching its end. Speaking in December 1924, the Right Honourable Edward Wood said "Something like a silent revolution is going on in our midst. We are witnessing the gradual disappearance of the old landowning class." Dukes and lords are, in fact, selling their inherited property bit by bit. Society life swallows up an

enormous amount of money, the cost of keeping up the fine old country houses is far greater than it was, and servants are difficult to obtain. Rates and taxes have been multiplied, but the farm-rents have not risen at all in proportion to the increased cost of living. The death duties, which often amount to half the value of the estate, oblige many to break up their large properties. Lord Howard de Walden, whose barony dates from the sixteenth century, was the first to transfer the ownership of his landed property to a limited liability company—"General Estates Investment and Trust, Ltd." The Marquis of Bute, the Duke of Buccleuch, and many others have followed his example. The Company takes over the estates, appoints the former owner a director with a fixed salary, and makes him a shareholder. The choice between bankruptcy and breaking up the property is thus avoided, and a further advantage is that a good deal of taxation is escaped. Very often the owner sells to pure speculators in land. Dreadful little colonies of small houses are springing up in the most lovely parks, all over England. Magnificent trees are coming down. . . .

Nor has Lord Derby been spared. His property in Bury, Radcliffe, Whitefield, Manchester, and Salford, part of which had belonged to the Stanleys since the fifteenth century, has been sold to an important land agency. This great sale of the Derby property included sixty farms, five hundred houses, two thousand leases of factories and shops, and the royalty rights of two mines. It fetched enormous sums. It is said that Lord Derby has either sold or is selling another portion of his property to the

Liverpool Corporation for a million of money. These are ominous signs of the times. The whole historic system of landownership is giving way, and each compulsory sale of the old landed proprietors is a fresh shock to agriculture and the State. The motto "On, Stanley, on!" no longer applies. The day of even these kings is over.

REFORMERS

THE NEW MESSAGE: STANLEY BALDWIN

STANLEY BALDWIN, Prime Minister of England, presides over a Conservative Cabinet that may govern England for years to come,—a Cabinet into which a Birkenhead has graciously been admitted, which includes a Chamberlain, and which has even cordially invited a Churchill to come in as a guest! This Stanley Baldwin is a man of the people! It is true that he is an industrial magnate, and the son of a well-to-do merchant, that he is a wealthy man, that he was educated at Harrow, that he is a Conservative, and has been a member of Parliament for years, but, for all that, he is just a man of the people, plain and simple, and unpretentious in his dress. It may well be asked how he rose to his present position. Was it a triumph of common sense, or a miracle, like that of St. Joan? Undoubtedly common sense had a great deal to do with it, but it is evident that, like St. Joan, Baldwin has a mission in which he firmly believes. Filled with religious fervour, he bears the banner of England aloft: a St. Joan alive to the prevailing tendency of the Stock Exchange and conscious of what is practicable in England. Is it not possible that the same fate may await him politically as that which awaited the inspired Maid of Orleans, whose martyrdom at the stake was welcomed by the English people? Is it not even possible that the match may be set to the

funeral pyre by a Churchill—on his way from the Treasury to the historic abode in Downing Street? The miracle is still working, however. Baldwin's new message is sinking deep into the hearts of millions of English men and women. Their Prime Minister is no politician, still less a diplomat. He is far from being a genius, and is not even what is called "clever". He never resorts to stage-craft of any kind, nor is he an English Pythia, who thrusts her nose into the vapours rising from the political and capitalist swamp. He is simple, and politically as unsullied as St. Joan. Like her, he walks hand in hand, as it were, with the Almighty, and follows a distant light. One who professes to know him believes that, in his eyes, the ideal statesman is "the politician who tries to do the will of God". In this faith Baldwin pursues a fixed and unwavering course through the turmoil of political life.

It may perhaps be difficult, at the present time, for other countries to realise clearly what a profoundly important part religion still plays in English public life. There are people who complain that many of Ramsay Macdonald's utterances might be interpreted as meaning that he believes he increasingly resembles the Almighty. Perhaps he does. What is far more important is his belief in his divine mission, and, to put it plainly, his intense trust in God, his practical religion. And as he thinks and feels, so very many of the leaders also think and feel, even those of the extreme Radical Left. In these matters, hypocrisy and sincerity are almost imperceptibly, and almost always unconsciously, blended. Consequently, it is hard to say how far

England's religious life, particularly in the case of the leading statesmen, is genuinely and absolutely sincere. It is certainly far more sincere than many believe. Anyhow the English people have the blessed gift of not being ashamed of their religious feeling. It is one of the few feelings an Englishman does not mind showing. Sceptics and cynics, like Lloyd George, take their religion absolutely seriously, even though they may daily, if not hourly, act more or less deliberately against its principles, like the Boy Scouts against their Ten Commandments. But a man like Baldwin is certainly not a religious hypocrite. With him it is a very deep-seated feeling, and he draws a few simple, practical, and political conclusions from it. His system of thought is so simple, so straightforward, and so clear, that every Englishman can understand it. A good deal of what he says may seem to us rather dull and prosy—the English intellectual world can only regard the miracle with amazement—but to millions of men and women it is not mere talk. They feel what he, the man of the people, feels. As the wind plays on the Æolian harp, so his words find an echo in their hearts.

There has been a great revulsion of feeling since the war. It is hardly to be supposed that Englishmen can think of Versailles without a sense of discomfort—without realising that their statesmen were diabolically clever. Had not England's whole political existence been entrusted to a few jugglers, wizards and others whose judgment was warped? And through this, had not democracy, in its truest and deepest sense, become more and more

a dead letter in England? It could not be worth anything at all, when, instead of emanating from the people, from the nation, it was dictated, as though from Tammany Hall, by a couple of autocratic leaders imposed upon them. The natural principle of all democratic policy had been destroyed by the war. This was recognised. Consequently, a strong feeling in favour of going back to the natural order—to true democracy—began gradually to assert itself. Coalition Government had been just as pernicious in its effect on the Conservatives as on the Liberals. Therefore down with the Coalition! That was the watchword. It was with this in mind that Baldwin went to the famous meeting at the Carlton Club in the autumn of 1922. Politics had become an imposture, controlled by skilful jugglers. "Cleverness" was the great danger to the nation, for it had a simple and perfectly natural duty to perform: the Parties must regain their true spirit, even if it involved loss of office.

A short speech at a critical moment, and Baldwin, like Joan of Arc, had an army behind him. He was the man of the hour, not like Lloyd George or Birkenhead; but just the reverse. He was "anti-clever", a guarantee of simplicity, of the beginning of a period when English common sense would be able to reassert itself. First Bonar Law became Prime Minister, then Baldwin himself. The whole idea was to shake off the war potentates. Away with the high priests, but away too with the Rothermeres and Beaverbrooks! Bonar Law showed Rothermere the door, and Baldwin scorns to pay court to Lord Beaverbrook. These are in-

significant details, but the tendency is always the same.

England, as she really is, intends to think for herself; the days of mere cleverness and ambition are over.

An atmosphere of goodwill all round—that is all that is needed, in Baldwin's opinion, to enable employers and men to come to an understanding. "We don't want masses, we want Englishmen." His aim is to develop and give full play to all that is good in the English character. Most of his speeches are confined to generalities. The weight they carry is chiefly due to the personality of the speaker. In themselves they contain nothing new. They are the speeches of a good father, admonishing and reasoning, preaching on morality, culture, education, character, "Englishism", and above all, the Empire. Kipling is his cousin. He likes Kipling and his self-complacent patriotism. With all his realism, he is sentimental like every Englishman. He is an ardent lover of nature like Lord Grey, but is better read and more of a scholar. He comes of business people, but nothing gives him the same pleasure as the country, with its cornfields and endless meadows. There he loves to wander, with his dog and his pipe, with light and sunshine and nature around him, and gratitude in his heart to the Giver of all. Books and pigs are his favourite occupations; he has often said so himself. He is a good-tempered looking man, with a frank, kindly, rather rugged face, and blunt manner—not at all a Society man. He speaks rather slowly and very clearly, expresses himself well, but in quite simple language. He is very clear-sighted,

alarmingly well-meaning, and modest to excess—a man with no enemies, and with none of the vulgar ambitions or trivial jealousies so often found amongst politicians and diplomats. Intrigue is absolutely foreign to his nature. He prefers the peace of his home in the country to anything else. Nothing but his vision, his belief in his divine mission, keeps him at the post it has fallen to his lot to fill, almost by chance. The vision came to him when he was only a boy: he had a feeling that he was predestined to be Prime Minister. Rather presumptuous, for he seems to have been a little scamp. He still speaks of the inveterate dislike every true English boy has to having too much knowledge stuffed into his head at school. The vision faded from his horizon fast enough, but now, of course, everyone sees its true supernatural significance, and many smile. Insufferable cynics! But Baldwin is not perturbed, "second-rate brains" and common sense have triumphed, and, as already stated, Birkenhead only holds his seat in the Cabinet at Baldwin's pleasure.

Under Baldwin, the new English Conservatism, a policy that, but for a few customs duties, might just as well be called Liberalism, seemed to have a unique opportunity. In a speech at Leeds, on the 12th of March 1925, the Prime Minister said: "I feel that we are now living in one of the great creative epochs of history, that our responsibility is immense, and that we might achieve great deeds." He was speaking of the necessity for bringing Labour into line with Industry and the State. "I am confident that, working hand in hand, we could bring about great improvements in the conditions of life of our peo-

STANLEY BALDWIN

ple." Who? Owners and employees? Those who control the great amalgamations of capital, and the equally powerful Labour organisations? The days of individual industrial concerns, as Baldwin himself learned to know them through that owned by his family, are over. The relations between workman and owner are changed; they have become less personal, less direct. One great organisation is opposed to another, neither of them free from serious shortcomings, both prepared for war, both wanting to fight. There is war in the air. To bring about negotiations and agreement between them, before it is too late, is Baldwin's political aim, the aim of his life, and aim of his government. Therein lies his practical common sense, and—is it not his message?

A new message indeed! A new language from the Treasury Bench! In the midst of a political storm, the Premier rises and waves the olive branch. "Give peace in our time, O Lord." It was with these words that Baldwin concluded his great speech in the House of Commons, on the 6th of March 1925, in which he implored the Tories to preserve peace and goodwill in the new industrial epoch. Many regard such language as merely a vain attempt to avert a danger that menaces the State, without resorting to unpopular measures; many again suspect an intention behind it of using Baldwin and his ideas as a means of safeguarding the vast capitalistic industrial system of the present day; but there are others who feel that, with all his kindly simplicity, this Premier proclaims truths that are spoken from his heart to millions of the people. And it is true that life is often far simpler and

clearer than the very clever men will admit. But alas, the message has hitherto been no more than a message, an appeal, a confession of faith, it has never been translated into practical politics.

Stanley Baldwin is really only the head of a Government, the mouthpiece of a Party; he is not its strong leader striking out a new path. Hardly had the last words of his message of peace and goodwill been uttered, when England plunged into the great social struggle, the terrible strike of 1926. Baldwin certainly did not wish for war, but he had not the strength to prevent it. He left the Diehards amongst the mineowners and Trade-Union secretaries a free hand. It was "their" affair, "their" fight over wages and working hours. The same fatal mistake was made as that which drove the Great Powers to their doom in 1914.

Perhaps the Premier had no choice, perhaps the English conception of democratic policy made it impossible for the head of the Government to take strong measures to avert a disaster while there was yet time. It is more likely, however, that his not having done so was the first serious proof of a weakness of character which must be fatal to Baldwin's message. After the struggle had begun, and the General Council of the Federation of Trade-Unions had felt obliged to take part in it, against their own wish, the only thing Baldwin could do was to defend the State against the attack on its authority, particularly as the fanatical language used by men like Cook called for a definite answer. It is easy to understand how Baldwin must have suffered at that time, for no one who heard his speeches in the House

of Commons can doubt their sincerity. He gave a pledge. He said that his social policy, it was true, had fallen to pieces like a house of cards, but that, as soon as the terrible struggle was over, he would begin to build it up again with the old courage—peace and goodwill in industry. Will the Prime Minister's having allowed a Bill to be introduced into Parliament, against which the whole of the Labour organisations are presenting a united front, help him to fulfil this promise? Is the new Trade-Union legislation likely to bring peace to the country? Perhaps peace, but certainly not goodwill, and how is the one possible in the long run without the other?

Everyone knows that a Prime Minister's thoughts and actions may differ very much from the thoughts and actions of his Cabinet, but would France honour her St. Joan if she had feared death at the last moment? Truly this raises a doubt, not only as to the English miracle but even as to Baldwin's common sense. The Prime Minister, the evangelist of 1925, will need all his courage, if he does not wish the great hopes he roused to end in disappointment.

DAVID LLOYD GEORGE

THE TRAGEDY

AMONGST the Radicals, Lloyd George is the most remarkable. This class of man and politician is not new in England. It does not represent the extreme tendency of any Party, but may rather be described as a peculiar, self-willed turn of mind, which prevents the individual from holding a definitely orthodox Party opinion, and raises him, as it were, above Party, in so far as political custom permits. The Radicals are men of action, but certainly not necessarily Radicals in the continental sense. They may often belong to the Left, but they also very often belong to the Right.

Without ascertaining what all the great interests of the different classes and groups of the people demand, no conclusion can be reached as to what the nation requires, and it is only by studying the programmes and doctrines of the different Parties that a national policy can be devised which is suited to the community as a whole. This process of combining the different ways of thinking, and compromising between them, in the common interest, is true statesmanship. Practical state-craft seeks for the "possible" amidst the tangle of Party opinions, and determines the programme accordingly. Nothing has done more to strengthen Parliamentary life in England, and justify its existence, than the constant in-

terchange of views which has enabled each Party to imbibe something of what is greatest in the other. The most notable achievements of British policy have been due to the Conservatives having found it necessary to compromise, in order to avoid unduly widening the gulf between them and the Liberals. They contributed a great deal towards political reform in the nineteenth century, because they knew that if they could not see their way to compromise over the question of reform, the tide would turn so strongly in favour of Liberalism, that they would have no chance of being returned to power.

That was true statesmanship. But it is too wearisome to commend itself to a Radical. He sees the goal before him, sees what is necessary, realises what is possible, and boldly tries to attain it by a shorter path. The battle between the different Party views is fought out within his own mind. His instinct tells him what can or cannot be done. Why the long weary struggle with the others? He knows no Party but himself, no policy but his own, compromises only with himself, and is his own Coalition. He regards himself as the embodiment of a corresponding spirit in the nation. The Radical is the sworn enemy of all doctrines, of all principles, and dislikes being bound by any programme. He cares nothing for Parties, except in so far as they can be of use to him. It is a matter of indifference to him what the Party is called to which he belongs; he only wants a majority, a sufficient following to enable him to carry out his own ideas. His tactics must necessarily be to mobilise all the forces that will follow him, no matter from whence they come. He breaks up Par-

ties, in order to provide himself with a working majority. He pulls down, in order to build up. In his excellent book on England *(England im Zeitalter der bürgerlichen Reform),* Bernhard Guttmann speaks of the "profound faithlessness" of English Party life. What he means is the way in which public opinion suddenly changes under the two-Party system, and inclines to favour first one and then the other side. May it not be the Radical tendency which makes the English elector faithless in this sense—the same disinclination to be too closely associated with formulated Party opinions that we see in the leading Radicals? In reality, every human being, every genuine, natural human being, must have something of the instinctive desire that the Radical has to be independent of Party, for, as Guttmann truly says, we all have "two political souls, one bound, the other free—self-determining". A man can "never be wholly bound to one Party, unless he wishes to tie himself down to a formula, because he is at the same time both an individual and a member of social, religious, and economic groups. . . . The nation listens to the continual discussion that goes on within its divided mind, and agrees first with one, then with the other side". These words are equally descriptive of the Radical soul. The Radicals, too, listen to the conflicting voices within themselves, and their efforts to reconcile them, and their longing to escape from formulas and fetters, are leading them to heights of which only the broad outlines can be discerned as yet, whilst Party limits and doctrines are fading from view.

The Radical is not inherently faithless. He may

be faithless like Joseph Chamberlain, if this much discussed man can properly be classed amongst Radicals at all. He threw off his Liberal past, without the least scruple, because he instinctively felt that he would have more chance of rising if he joined the Tories. He could not endure being associated with Gladstone, whose claim to lead the Liberals was obviously far stronger than his own. An Englishman has no great objection to a man changing his Party, and the influx from the Liberal into the Conservative camp was essential for their mutual progress, but he likes to be able to feel the inner necessity for the change from one creed to another, and does not unhesitatingly forgive any but a genuine Radical for such instability. England has a traditional respect for independence of mind; and is most easily inclined to forgive a Liberal for forsaking his faith, when it is because the Whig tradition has become intolerable to him. Herbert Sidebotham frankly regards horror of the Whig tradition as the hallmark of a Radical. Sidebotham is a Radical himself, and wrote this opinion in the Coalition days, to show that Lloyd George must necessarily have the strongest aversion to everything connected with the Whiggism of those days, from Asquith to Lord Grey.

What is the Whig tradition nowadays? At one time it was the most vigorous current of thought in the British Empire, the force which fought the Tories for social and political freedom, and won a victory for England, the victory of the individual over an authority dating from the Middle Ages. The Whigs were the great creative force in

England. Illustrious names, like those of Walpole and Chatham, are associated with this Whig tradition. That was at a time when the struggle for freedom and reform was still being carried on between two Parties, both of which—as compared with the present day—represented practically the same class in England. But since those days, the masses, which are so powerful in modern England, have formed another class beneath this, composed of the millions of working men and women to whom the twentieth century belongs. The descendants of the old Whig families and their spiritual heirs are little more now than aristocratic snobs, and the Whig tradition is painfully associated with recollections of what was known as Liberal Imperialism, a factor which played no small part in the crisis of 1914. But if Whigs and Tories are considered in relation to the great problems of the present day, and their views with regard to the masses are compared, there is really no deep-seated difference to be found between them—any that exists is certainly trifling as compared with the difference between their way of thinking and that of the third new group, the Labour Party. The Radical is not in the same position. He represents all classes, and is in touch with them. He never entirely loses his connection with the working class, even if he strays into the Right camp. He thinks nationally in the widest sense, and that necessarily prevents his being hostile at heart to the masses.

A national crisis is the Radical's great opportunity. His whole aim is to save the nation, and with that in view, he tramples tradition underfoot,

LLOYD GEORGE

and casts principles, dogmas, and Party considerations to the winds. The appearance on the scene of a great Radical, in this sense, always synchronises with a national crisis in the history of England: a transitional stage in political life, a spiritual or social upheaval, a world war or internal convulsion. The two-Party system seemed to be an immutable political principle for centuries. In reality, however, none of the great crises passed away without this system having been strongly affected by them, and the tendency to rise above it is always at work in the minds of Radicals. Lloyd George was the greatest of the Coalitionists, but he was not the first. In proportion as the tension in the political atmosphere in England increased during the epoch of the great reforms of the last century, and the danger of a great political explosion, which must shatter the old system of misused authority, became more imminent, the conviction was strengthened in many minds that it would only be possible to save the old order if the reformers defied tradition, and boldly introduced reforms regardless of Party. This was what Chatham thought, and what his son thought; Canning thought the same. "The younger Pitt", Guttmann says, "smashed the Whigs, and carried on the administration on behalf of the public, with a mechanical majority which he despised, until the revolution in France and the war compelled him to abandon the path of enlightened 'non-partyism', and become simply an advocate for authority." That was a century ago. And in the terrible crisis of the world war, the party system again broke down.

It was Lloyd George who upset tradition and

brought about the Coalition which governed England during that anxious period. He was the originator and mainstay of the great Conservative-Liberal combination, formed for the purpose of carrying on the war. His motive is beyond doubt. It was a mobilisation of forces to carry on and win the war. Lloyd George's "war work" was of untold value to England. He lent wings to the spirit of the fighting Empire—it is true that he also clipped the Nike's wings. His rise during and owing to the war was unparalleled. His wildest dreams were fulfilled. He was a man of extraordinary power. In him the Radicals had achieved an absolute triumph: the god of war was enthroned high above Party. He held all the trumps. The most ardent militarist could not have gained more than Lloyd George gained politically by the war. Yet he was a man who may be assumed to have as little wished for war with Germany as for the Boer war, a quarter of a century earlier. He belonged to the pacifist wing of the Liberal Party, sharing Lord Morley's views in that respect, and it is said, probably not without good reason, that Lloyd George would have resigned, like Lord Morley and John Burns, had not Belgium been attacked. The pre-war Lloyd George would certainly have had courage enough for that. How boldly had he defied the excited crowds at Birmingham and Bangor, when, in spite of all threats, he made speeches bitterly denouncing Chamberlain's brutal war against the Boers! The howling mob wanted to lynch him.

The Coalition was the crowning success of his political career. It was the acme of the Radical

political ideal. Untrammelled by principles and doctrines! Untrammelled by Party! Untrammelled by Asquith and Grey! He was a national hero, a benevolent father of the people. . . . But what a tragedy! Lloyd George had pursued ideals of this kind for thirty years. But where had he arrived? The Pacifist had become a demon of war. The Radical "People's friend" had become the idol of Chauvinism and reaction. How different to the world in which Lloyd George lived in his earlier days! How different the national danger which had impelled him to become a Radical at that time! For it was not the war that made him a Radical. He had always been one at heart, it was natural to him. But in rising to be one of the shining lights of the war, he lost sight of what had been the aim of his life until then, and he has never found it again. His feet are no longer firmly planted on the ground, nor are his eyes fixed on the stars.

Foreign policy had nothing to do with the national crisis which roused the Radical instinct in Lloyd George. The driving force was the elementary need for domestic reform. The crisis was brought about by the existing social and political abuses. It had been so in Canning's case, and was so again in the case of Pitt. The same recognition of the need for reform made Disraeli a Radical, and Joseph Chamberlain almost a revolutionary, in his young days. There was a similar spark of Radicalism even in Randolph Churchill. It may indeed animate his son Winston, if only feebly—whatever his Party may be. It was certainly, however, this recognition that led Lloyd George, thirty years ago, into a path of Radi-

calism that alarmed many of his Liberal friends, and made him abhorrent to the Tories. He saw clearly what had to be done: here were millions and millions of human beings, needy or enslaved, unorganised and still powerless, the millions of the future. The prospect of a Labour Party which was slowly gaining strength, a Party with an uncertain, perhaps perilous future, the approaching danger of Socialism —this was what made Lloyd George a Radical and the prophet of a new social order. Liberalism acquired a new aim, namely, to conciliate Labour, to win over the masses to the new Liberalism, and to educate them with that object. That was what Lloyd George's declaration of war to the Whig tradition and the Tory Diehards meant. Party doctrines, principles, and traditions, wherever he met them, were the enemy. Independents, reformers, and unprejudiced men were his friends, no matter to what Party they belonged. He was dominated by the vision of a new coalition, a coalition of reformers. The trumpet call was sounded. Down with the Lords, down with the landowners, down with the privileged classes! Help for the poor, help for Labour! The Budget of 1909 seemed to herald the dawn of a new era. The Limehouse speeches startled Europe. His social laws gave England a place amongst the leading nations. Lloyd George's star was in the ascendant.

Then came this terrible war, with Lloyd George in the Government, sharing the responsibility for the outbreak, conduct, and outcome of the war! His whole dynamic force, his inexhaustible energy, his wealth of cunning and intelligence, his unrivalled

eloquence, all this extraordinary man's gifts—good and bad—were thus unavoidably and unhesitatingly devoted to the service of one cause—War. The national forces were to be mobilised, not—as all the world hoped before the war—for social reform in England, not for an effort to solve the gigantic problem of the rising proletariat, not with a view to bringing about better relations between Capital and Labour, not in order to achieve a great Renaissance through a Liberal Party really friendly to Labour, not to carry out the great ideals and tasks of the new democracy in industry and the State; on the contrary, they were to be assembled for war, for victory, for the Versailles policy.

As each year, each month, each day went by, Lloyd George drifted further and further from the original path, through the inexorable course of fate and his own false steps. He fell out with his former Party friends, and increased the intense hatred and contempt felt for him by those who would have been his natural allies in his pre-war policy—the leaders of the Labour Party which was rapidly developing as a result of the world war. The unfortunate General Election in the year 1918 brought things to a crisis. It does not exonerate the Government, but it is an interesting fact that this most unsuitable date was fixed before the Allies saw Germany's collapse approaching. There seemed a prospect of the war lasting through another winter, which would be a very difficult time, and Lloyd George's idea was to rouse the national forces for a final terrific effort by means of those elections. Instead of that it was a Victory Election. An over-

whelming wave swept the country. It is hard to say whether Lloyd George would have been strong enough to swim against the stream. He had many enemies: amongst them were French Nationalism, Wilson's Utopianism and the excitement in England, not to mention Lloyd George's own temperament! The days of Birmingham and the Boer war had gone by. Lloyd George had not the courage to face being stoned, if necessary, a second time. The years of the war, his triumph, and his reconciliation with the ruling classes, lay between then and now. Lloyd George had become the enemy of the very masses without whom he could not have resumed the struggle for reason, and his pre-war policy. Macdonald, Snowden, and others, had captured the millions whom Lloyd George had enfranchised in 1917.

It was no easy matter to destroy the political Colossus. Lloyd George maintained himself in power with extraordinary skill for some time longer. He had desperate battles with Poincaré—often handicapped by German diplomacy—and tried to preserve the balance of power at home until he and his friends could succeed in forming a new Coalition—the Party of Radical reason, the Party of policy "in itself", the Party of Lloyd George and Co. The English people would have nothing to do with that kind of witchcraft. They wished for definite separation. The Party slogans are still mixed up, but the dividing lines are clearly visible. Intense longing for rapid, far-reaching, root-and-branch reform, as opposed to moderate progress, divides the Left from the Right. The *Morning Post* had more than once invited Lloyd George to become a Conservative, on

behalf of the Diehards, after the war. The great Radical of pre-war days stood out firmly against this last *capitis diminutio,* but in spite of this he now stands before us as a King dethroned and without land!

PERSONALITY

Who will succeed in solving the riddle of Lloyd George's character? It can easily be done by concluding that he has none at all. That is a frequent explanation given, even in England, of the tragedy associated with his name. Undoubtedly, the fact that this man, who could evolve a greater number of statesmanlike ideas from his brain in one minute, than most of his critics put together could work out in a lifetime, has been driven by fate into such a peculiarly complicated position, is very largely due to his personal shortcomings. But it would certainly be a mistake to doubt the genuineness of his Radicalism, and take him for merely a clever opportunist. In his inmost soul he is unquestionably a Radical, and his instinct and fellow-feeling for the masses is equally genuine. It is in his blood. Like Canning, like Disraeli and Chamberlain, Lloyd George comes of the people. His father, a poor schoolmaster, died young. Little David was brought up by an uncle, a cobbler in a village on the Welsh coast. The Welsh mountains and the boundless sea were all the boy had to inspire his young soul; and when he began to think and reflect, these wonders of nature filled his mind with dreams, and his spirit rose in revolt against the poverty and depressing conditions of

his home life. The young David's first victims were such Goliaths as the minister and schoolmaster.

The land of his birth, with its unpronounceable language, its shimmering mountains, its touching songs, its immovable determination to retain its own customs, and its aversion to everything English, has inspired Lloyd George through life with a devotion to everything Welsh that is truly national. A Welsh hymn or poem will thrill him with secret emotion. Wales made him such an ardent local patriot that, at the beginning of his political career, he thought life not worth living unless his beloved country were given Home Rule. This early sympathy with "small Nations" may perhaps have played no small part in influencing Lloyd George's policy in favour of Irish freedom, which he brought to a successful conclusion after years of deplorable mismanagement. Unquestionably, however, it was his native land and the experience of his youth that set his spirit free, and inspired Lloyd George to fight for the poor and weak, who, like himself, were heavily handicapped in life by all the disadvantages of lack of means, and the crushing weight of the social incubus.

Nothing but his enthusiasm and relentless purpose enabled him to rise from the village cobbler's wretched cottage to the heights he reached. There was an obstacle to be overcome before he could put his foot on even the first step of the ladder of limitless possibilities. He had to pass a preliminary legal examination, when he was barely sixteen years old, to qualify him for admittance to the office of Messrs. Breese, Jones, and Casson, solicitors of Portmadoc. French and Latin were amongst the subjects re-

quired. Uncle and nephew sat down to the books, neither of them with the slightest knowledge of the languages, but both equally anxious to enable the boy to make the great start in life. They succeeded. Lloyd George began to climb the ladder step by step. He always regarded his legal training and knowledge of law as most valuable possessions. But he soon turned his attention to politics. It was at a time when the landowners were making the farmers pay dearly for the result of the elections in the year 1868, the first General Election there had been since Disraeli's great franchise reform in 1867. A hard fight had to be made in defence of the new democracy, the new electoral freedom, and on behalf of the farmers who were being driven out of their holdings by the squires. Freedom for Wales! Down with the rotten aristocrats! Long live the Welsh people! The days of landlordism are over! These were Lloyd George's shibboleths in the eighties, when he was little more than twenty years old. It was with this rallying-cry that he won the political victory in 1890, which enabled him to take his seat in the House of Commons as Liberal member for Carnarvon at the age of twenty-seven, in spite of all the disadvantages of his humble origin, and the hatred felt for the hot-headed rebel by the dethroned overlords. "The Tories", he exclaimed, "have not yet realised that the day of the cottage-bred man has at last dawned." In addressing the crowd in the course of his triumphal progress through the town, after the declaration of the poll, he said in Welsh: "My dear fellow-countrymen, the county of Carnarvon is now free. The banner of Wales is

borne aloft and the boroughs have wiped away its stains!" He was full of youthful romance and enthusiasm, full of honest idealism.

But what disappointment awaited him at Westminster! The first debate at which he was present in the House of Commons was on a subject as sacred to him as his religion—the temperance question. In writing to his uncle, he said: "The debate was rather an unreal one, no fervour or earnestness characterising it. The House does not seem at all to realise or to be impressed with the gigantic evil of drunkenness." But although these things were a matter of deep concern to him, his chief anxiety was to further the cause of Welsh freedom. Home Rule for Wales was his political aim, and when he added a demand for Welsh Disestablishment to his programme, the Liberals became thoroughly alarmed. Encouraged by him, the national movement made immense headway in his own country. In his biography of Lloyd George, Harold Spender said: "The Welsh was a Nationalist movement in a religious dress, but English Liberalism had been chilly towards this movement and treated it with scant favour." The Liberals had other anxieties, particularly with regard to Ireland, but Lloyd George was inexorable. He held the Party firmly to his favourite theme, and the movement itself acquired dramatic strength. Lloyd George rapidly made a name through it. He went further, however, than even his Welsh compatriots liked. The Welsh representatives in Parliament refused to make him their leader. Consequently the Welsh question was allowed to drop more into the background, and al-

though Lloyd George never lost sight of it, he gradually came to see it in more reasonable proportion to the great State problems that were beginning to engage his attention. Wales defeated her feudal lords; she won her freedom in this respect, and cultivated the national language, poetry, and songs, with their merits and defects, to her heart's content. But the great Welshman devoted himself to other tasks from that time onwards.

This change took place about the middle of the nineties. In the debates on the Agricultural Rates Bill, in the year 1896, Lloyd George carried his spirit of rebellion far beyond the boundaries of Wales. All landlords became his avowed enemies. There were other questions at issue, but this was the problem that engrossed his mind until the war. It led him to study the great social question of the day, the problem of the masses, and resulted in the introduction of the famous 1909 Budget, and the Workmen's Insurance Act. England badly needed a new leader in this sphere, and at the time when the war broke out, it seemed as though Lloyd George intended taking fresh strong steps to override all the obstacles that had hitherto stood in the way of land reform. Since the year 1905, when he joined Campbell-Bannerman's Government as President of the Board of Trade, he had occupied a leading administrative and political position. When the war broke out, he was First Lord of the Treasury, with a life before him full of great possibilities.

How different to the others he seemed at that time. The one phenomenal statesman had appeared just at the moment when progressive England was

calling aloud for a leader, at a time when millions of working men still believed that they could find the path to light through the Liberal Party. He was a man of the people, a proletarian. "I am only a second grade clerk myself," was his reply to one of his advisers, who objected to the appointment of a young "second division" clerk to a "first division" post. Truly, he had risen from below, and the aristocrats and Public School men amongst his colleagues never forgave him that. Lloyd George was a political power with whom they had to reckon, although not a few of them hated and even despised him.

Outwardly he answers in every way to the description a novelist might be expected to give of an elderly statesman. Advancing years and experience have given him an air of romance, and his hair is silvery white. Inwardly the change may also be very great, but one thing he still retains—the unconventionality, so strongly reminiscent of the homely Welsh days, combined with irrepressible humour. Lloyd George is not a cultivated man in the ordinary sense. His life is full of intellectual interests, and he has also the logical mind of a lawyer beneath an inexhaustible flow of imagination and inventive power—but all that is the outcome of a versatile mind without any firm foundation. Lloyd George has read Mommsen and Ferrero, and is familiar with the classical English historians; he has a great gift for expressing himself, and making his meaning clear, and the pen of a ready writer—the paper for which he wrote in his early days was called *The Trumpet of Freedom*—but that does not entitle him

to be considered highly educated. In spite of their force and directness, his speeches are often slipshod and lacking in the repose characteristic of the politicians who are classical scholars. He has never had either time or opportunity for profound study. He probably felt the lack of this educational foundation himself, for he exclaimed, on the occasion of his first visit to Oxford: "I am glad I never came here. I should never have recovered from the influence of this place; it would have been with me all my life." The great aim of Oxford education is to be just this abiding influence. How far is Lloyd George from having this truly English spirit of the olden days!

He is in the true sense of the word a "proletarian" statesman. His sympathies—though it may often only be his political speculations—are with the stolid masses, not with the more sparkling spirit of Eton and Oxford. In many ways this is very much to his credit, for he has had plenty of temptations to become a snob and profiteer, and his incorruptibility in that respect is by no means a matter of course in England. The Marconi business was only an imprudence on his part; even his enemies say that. Lloyd George may have done other foolish things, and he certainly had one or two people about him, particularly during the war, who, as Sidebotham expressed it, have uncommonly "dirty boots". Be all that as it may, he has remained at heart a man of the people, and a good fighting man, a man who could still do wonderful things. There is no man in England with the same unerring instinct. It is true that the tragic turn his political career took has destroyed all confidence in him. His political agility,

the ruthlessness and naïveté of his tactics, his lack of stability, his indifference to principles and rules, and his amazing skill in extricating himself from awkward situations and even consequences by his method of reasoning and persuasive tongue, have given Lloyd George a doubtful name, and it is often difficult to say how far the complaints are justified. Many people are wiser to-day than they were in 1918 or 1919. Numbers of those who abuse him would have been inclined to tear him to pieces if he had done then what he would do now. Feeling in England at that time was so strong that he was carried away by it himself. He was no longer the defiant and fearless fighter who had made such a courageous stand against the war fanaticism of 1899 and 1900. In the years that had intervened, bringing increasing responsibility and success, the valiant rebel had more and more adopted the rôle of the great conciliator. That is another of the true characteristics of all Radicals. They try to discover what the opposing elements have in common, with a view to reconciling them. They try to compromise with life, and whether or not they lose their way in the swamps of the deceptive borderland that lies between the compromise and the ideal, is merely a question of sense and supreme tact. They must be guided by instinct.

Lloyd George felt what the masses needed as few other men of his day have done, and certainly before any others of his class. He was the first and only Liberal demagogue, in the era of great industrialism, to whose standard the people willingly flocked, and whom millions of working men and women en-

thusiastically acclaimed. He knew what they needed; he spoke their language, and he understood how to appeal to them.

One of the greatest thinkers in England, Graham Wallas, a man who works silently, but has made a profound study of the ethical side of political life, has written a well-known book, *Human Nature in Politics*. The object of the book is to show that knowledge of institutions is not enough, we must also try to fathom the spirit and soul of the people. It was written in 1908. Lloyd George had educated himself politically and risen long before that, yet the methods of his policy and demagogy might almost be the practical application of the professor's studies and advice. The characters of the two men differ fundamentally, however, the advantage being on the side of the professor. In comparing men, we see clearly that although state-craft carried to a fine art, and the more primitive forces of the modern demagogue, have the same origin and aim, there is a point in their existence where they become hopelessly divergent. Lloyd George has made human nature the subject and medium of his policy as no other man has done. The instincts and impulses to which Graham Wallas refers, the incomparably important part played by the purely human sympathy or antipathy of the elector for the candidate, in the ordinary political life of a democracy, the often decisive importance of good humour and always decisive importance of what Galsworthy calls the "sense of property", the diabolical way in which patriotic feeling can be roused and misused, and the untold number of imponderables, all these things that the scien-

tist has demonstrated with such care and discernment, are Lloyd George's political armament; they are the true pearls in his store of knowledge, and the true secret of his success. Just as his quick instinct does not take many minutes to divine the thoughts and anxieties which his opponent in a diplomatic discussion is carefully trying to conceal, so he instinctively recognises the "possible", when he is speaking to thousands.

He is in his true element on the public platform. He has said himself that the country is his audience. In Parliament, on the other hand, he often failed to strike the right note in his earlier days. He was like Gladstone, who, to old Queen Victoria's annoyance, always talked to her "as though he were addressing a public meeting". The Parliament of 1890 was, moreover, very different to the Parliament of 1925! Lloyd George is certainly now the greatest and most arresting speaker even in the House of Commons. He has studied the temper and ways of the House, and its weaknesses. Besides that, the elections that have taken place since the war have entirely changed the composition of the assembly; it contains a larger element of the people. Lloyd George has the ear of the House, in spite of occasional passages of arms with the fanatics on the Labour benches. But he still speaks more as though he were addressing a public meeting than in the manner regarded as traditional at Westminster, for his strength is in his ability to get into direct touch with his audience, to rivet their attention, to rouse their enthusiasm, and exert the magic influence which is just as capable of leading them to heaven as to hell. Except for a few

prepared sentences he generally speaks without notes. He thinks aloud, and is at the same time thinking with his audience. He feels their objections, is sensible of opposition, suspects the reason, and then gradually does away with it all and, for the moment, delights the crowd. Magic! Truly, seeing him standing there, hearing him speak, and realising how and why his thoughts come to him, how nervous he is now and again, because his audience does not seem inclined to agree with him, how he hammers in the argument again and again, first in one way, then in another—when one notes how skilfully he tries to evade this or that question at issue, giving prominence to an insignificant matter in order to conceal a weak point, when one listens to the rise and fall of the fine, clear voice, the proud pathos, the playful and deadly irony, and the marvellous power of his native eloquence, one can understand then why it is that thousands who hate this wizard, with his appealing gestures and all the nonsense he talks, from the bottom of their hearts, yet feel his magic power. Even now they listen to him with rapt attention.

Lloyd George, the wizard, and Ramsay Macdonald, the *bourgeois* Socialist, are great speakers and great demagogues. They recognise that this is a new era, an era in which Ministerial posts are no longer distributed amongst old Etonians, an era in which millions are knocking at the doors of Westminster, the new era of equal franchise and democracy.

Lloyd George succumbed to temptation to commit a mortal sin at the time of the General Election in 1918—what will be the fate of Macdonald? Many

thinking men in England believe that the future of democracy depends on the answer to this question. Not only rash fanatics like the Dean of St. Paul's, not only confirmed reactionary Diehards, but broad-minded thinkers like Graham Wallas, are of the opinion that the number is increasing of those whose abhorrence of "the cold-blooded manipulation of popular impulses and thought by professional politicians" may lead them "back to Plato." No more democracy! The grandiose, if perhaps problematic, appearance of a Lloyd George has given fresh food for reflection, but justice demands the clear recognition that here is a great life which was hurled wholesale into the most terrible vortex of the war.

RAMSAY MACDONALD

ANCIENT Scottish blood flows in Ramsay Macdonald's veins. Through the little fact that we call fate, he was born in a fisherman's cottage at Lossiemouth, far north of the Grampian mountains, on the Moray Firth, not far from Elgin, where gently rising hills, richly clothed with verdure, emerge from the shadows of the dark blue mountains and run down to the sparkling waters of the North Sea. Lossiemouth, charmingly situated and romantic in its poverty, lies in the heart of a country as different as it is far distant from England. It was in these surroundings that Great Britain's first Labour Premier was born and bred, far from the Glasgow docks, far from city life, far from everything, in his mother's home. Through his father, Macdonald is descended from one of those Scottish clans whose lives were spent in reckless brawling, strife, and deeds of valour. There are Macdonalds, just as there are Macleans, Mackintoshes, Gordons, and Forbes, who have nothing to do with these old Scottish families of robber-knights, and only bear the name because, whether they wished it or not, they held their land from these Dukes, Earls, or other chieftains. But Ramsay Macdonald is a true son of these chieftains; the shape of his head, his eyes, and his fighting spirit, all betray his descent.

He is now trying to reconcile the two worlds to

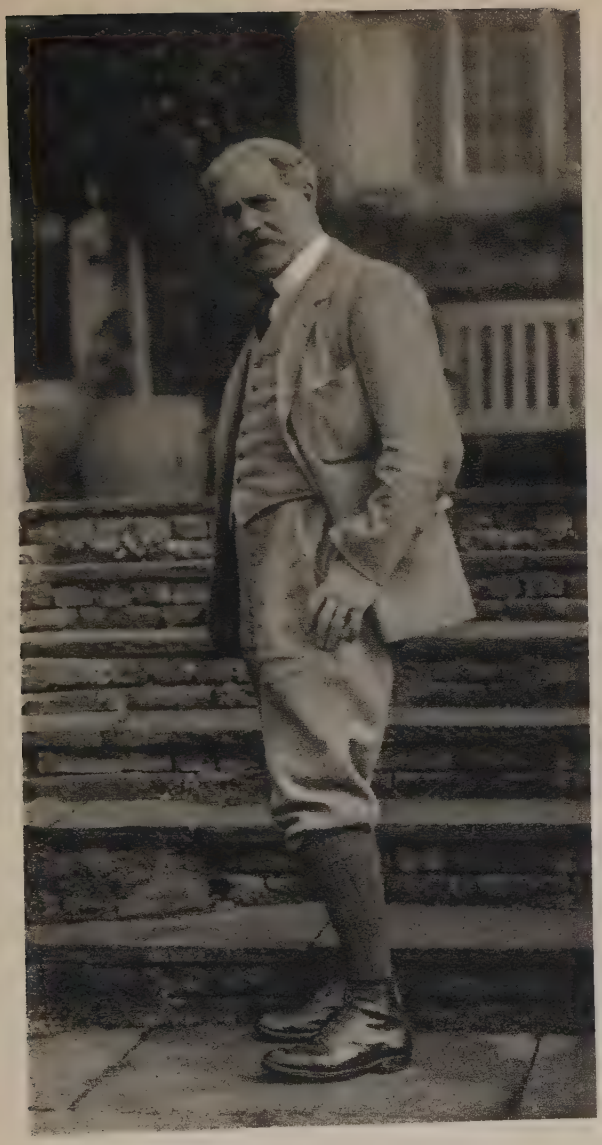
which he belongs by birth, the castle and the fisherman's cottage. Macdonald was brought up as a poor man. What he knows, what he can do, and what he has, he owes to himself, to his own strength and inexhaustible energy; but at the same time, the mysterious workings of instinct are clearly shown in his enjoyment of pomp and power. He has a secret liking for many things which are an abomination to millions of his present political allies, for the very reason which makes them attractive to him; they are a tradition. Macdonald has a revolutionary spirit, he rebels, fulminates, and rattles the chains, like the most ardent spirits in all agitations against existing institutions, but, at the same time, he is Conservative in practice, he does not smash up Society and the State directly they are given into his charge. Socialism is thus reduced to a school of thought, a point of view. Democracy in England is only a political attitude towards life, a mode of procedure. It is not a Party programme, for the spirit of democracy has become common property—although certainly not in a pure and unadulterated form. The same fate may perhaps await Socialism, for Socialism, Macdonald says, is not so much a definite demand for this or that measure as a mental tendency. This way of regarding it is consistent with the disinclination to be tied to Party programmes and dogmas, natural to the English people. Macdonald exemplifies it all the more clearly because his origin shows its two main sources: he is the embodiment of two classes, the ruling class and the class ruled, and he has been privileged to show, for the first time, how those would govern who regard

themselves as the class governed. The revolutionary spirit in him thus went boldly forward till the most critical stage of all revolutions was reached, the time when theory must be put into dull unromantic practice, when it must become evident to even the simplest mind that this spirit merely represents a tendency, eternal social youth, eternal pressure forward, eternal agitation, so much so that anxious minds begin to ask whether the people will stand the truth or whether a new and more radical movement may not take its place.

Ramsay Macdonald has no fears, because it is the inevitable course of history. Just as one stratum after another rises from the depths of the English soil, gaining increasing force, till it breaks through the protecting crust, so the revolutionary spirit works. The new element streams through the gap, even through what wreckage there may be, but, like the jets thrown up by the fountain, it mingles harmoniously with the quiet waters into which it falls. The new social element is permeating the State and transforming it, not without a struggle, but it is an inevitable development. In our generation the Labour Party is that element. It must make its way, that is certain. Its leaders have a present duty. A Party must carry on its work, even if that involves its destruction. It has otherwise no justification for its existence.

Conservative Liberalism and Macdonald's Labour-Liberalism are the only tendencies at all likely to increase in the lifetime of the present generation. A counterpoise to the Conservative-capitalist policy is essential to the progress of the State, but it could

not be supplied by Communist Socialism, either as a doctrine or as a practical form of Government. The result of the strengthening of the extreme Left would be what many of the reactionary Diehards wish to see: the people would unite to defend their heritage. The desired progress must be made through the moderate body of public opinion, not through the extremists on either side. Liberalism was immensely strengthened during the period before the war, because the Trade-Unions and the Labour politicians seemed inclined to carry on their work without breaking with the Liberal Party, and to turn its parliamentary power to account. Hence came, as we have seen, Lloyd George's Limehouse speeches. But the war has destroyed the halo that surrounded the Liberals, and created an undying enmity between the old Party and Labour, or at all events the prominent Labour leaders, like Ramsay Macdonald himself. The Labour Party have made destruction of the old Liberalism their chief tactical aim. That has robbed England and Europe of the invaluable chance that the English people might have been governed for ten or twenty years after the war by united English Liberal opinion. Macdonald thought a Labour interval would be a useful halting-place on the wearisome march he sees before him; and if valuable time has been lost, he himself is mainly responsible for it. When will England ever again be animated by as strong a Radical feeling as after the break-up of the Coalition? For the moment Macdonald has prevented a Coalition of Radical forces. If the Liberal Party, whose existence has now become somewhat purposeless, can



RAMSAY MACDONALD

continue to survive for a time, it will be thanks to him. But there can hardly be any doubt that all England's Radical-Liberal forces will eventually be represented by the Labour Party. Macdonald is waiting for this. It will not be a victory for the doctrinaire Socialists, but a triumph for Socialism as a practical aim in industry, in society, and in the State.

Many instinctively incline to a policy of this kind, but few have the strength of mind to formulate and carry it out. Macdonald imbues them with his spirit. Consequently the loss of prestige he suffered after his first attempt to govern, is one of the worst things that have befallen England's post-war policy. It may not be easy to rouse masses, but it is certainly not a task beyond human capacity; on the other hand, to lead masses to a goal fixed within moderate limits, when once they are roused, is surely the most difficult task a statesman can set himself. This is where Macdonald is peculiarly successful; he has the power of rousing people to enthusiasm and retaining their allegiance, although in practice he only makes small concessions to their Radical zeal.

Macdonald is essentially a demagogue, a real platform artist, a speaker full of intuition. But he requires a medium—the masses. Like all great orators and demagogues, he speaks as though dreaming and carried away by the strength of his imagination. He rises to the loftiest heights of eloquence, his voice now swelling in the triumphant ardour of battle, now working up to passsionate excitement and breathing forth fire and fury, then sinking to touching pathos. In such speeches, he pours forth

his soul. The effect may be sublime or ridiculous, according to the hearer. To those who, in their inmost hearts, feel as he feels, to the humbler classes, those who have not reached the same heights, but whose yearning to see the light is the same as Macdonald's, it is sublime truth. Not a burlesque, but truth. Certainly, the Limehouse speeches seemed equally true—as perhaps they were—but Macdonald has something behind him that few great demagogues have behind them. He has the memory of the terrible persecution he endured bravely, but with a bleeding heart, during the war. It is not so very long since Macdonald—the Privy Councillor, the late Premier, who appears in Court dress on State occasions—had to escape by back doors and over garden walls, to avoid being lynched, so violent was the feeling against him. It seems to have been forgotten that Macdonald's protest was against the mad folly of war, not against the Parliamentary régime or the capitalist system. He disapproves of the latter, but would hardly be prepared to risk his life in fighting it. Macdonald thus appears to have everything that is necessary to be a great leader of the masses: soul-stirring ideas, a rare gift for imparting them to the people, an origin that justifies him in rebelling against society, external endowments that have power to hypnotise, a breadth of knowledge acquired in long years of self-education —in short, although "a Macdonald", he is also a man of the people. But here again there is tragedy; here again the unhappy tragedy of temperament. Macdonald is a friend of the masses, even to-day, but of his own friends he is no friend. He is able

to confide the inmost secrets of his heart to thousands, to forget himself entirely and throw off all reserve in his excitement when speaking in public, but he cannot bring himself to say a single word in private that would betray his thoughts or intentions, even to his best political friends. Whilst he was in power, this led to incidents that were positively grotesque. No wonder he was called reserved, deceptive, hyper-autocratic, and self-seeking. No wonder he became more and more estranged from those without whose support he could not have got on for a moment, in spite of his influence over the masses—his colleagues and fellow workers in the Cabinet and in the Party. What annoyed them most was Macdonald's marked inclination to treat others, passing acquaintances, and above all, his Conservative Party opponents, with far more civility and friendliness, and tell them more than he told his Party friends. Was it not always *"I* say", *"I* think", *"I* shall"? Was he not a little "Willy", a little self-important King-Emperor? One of his own Party friends complained openly that he was rather too fond of alluding to his "divine mission", and speaking of himself as a "creator". With all his Socialism, it may be objected that he is an egoist, apt to be touchy and mortally offended at the first sign of criticism. He is annoyed if anyone disagrees with him, but is amiability itself, if either Mr. Chamberlain, or Mr. Baldwin interrupt when he is speaking, whereas he promptly shuts up any of his own Party. He seemed, as Labour Minister, to take sedulous pains to avoid all political and diplomatic difficulties, instead of riding roughshod over

them, as "good old Ramsay" might have been expected to do. Was even he a hypocrite, or still worse, a man whose strength of character had been sapped by his promotion to power?

This is an assortment of qualities from which a few may be singled out which are difficult to explain. Macdonald has his weaknesses. His statesmanship is not altogether consistent with his speeches, a fact that the working man will be quick to note, and there is an equal difference between his present and past speeches, which, in the eyes of his followers, have lost much of their colour. The change is doubtless largely due to the experience he has acquired as a statesman, and a sense of his increased responsibility as such. There is also no doubt that the transitional nature of the Labour Party in Parliament at present adds very much to the difficulties of leadership. Nothing can better illustrate these difficulties than the weakness shown by Macdonald during the strike in 1926, the most serious political crisis with which organised Labour in England has ever been confronted. In this case, he was hampered by circumstances over which he had obviously no control, and which will be beyond the control of any political Labour leader, while the Trade-Union leaders continue to carry more weight than the Labour representatives in Parliament, but Ramsay Macdonald clearly has shortcomings which have always stood in the way of his undisputed leadership.

The key to the most annoying weakness of his character is the very trait which made Lord Curzon's life a human tragedy, one so peculiar to

the Scots that it may be described as a national characteristic, the boyish shyness, the awkward (although quite inoffensive) reluctance to let anyone see into his heart, or guess his feelings. An anonymous writer for the Independent Labour Party, who endeavoured to describe Macdonald—long before he held office—devoted a whole chapter to this side of his character, and called it "The Secret of the Scot". Probably he felt that it explained things of which the average Englishman is not the least aware, even though he may suffer from the same evil himself. After all, a man is a man! That is true. But there are things against which not even the forces of a Macdonald can contend—his own weaknesses. Thus, through ministering to one another, they become more and more deep-rooted.

Macdonald shy! This orator! It seems incredible, and yet it is true, for on the platform he is another man; he opens his heart—in spite of himself, and perhaps for that very reason, to an extent which offends the sensitive hearer. When he shakes off the fetters imposed on him by nature, and in no less degree perhaps by the trace of serfdom he has inherited, then his powerful voice fills the air like the deep tones of an organ; he is a man speaking over the heads of his audience to a generation he sees in spirit. It is not difficult then, to forgive Macdonald his obvious shortcomings, both personal and political, for, when all is said and done, it is generally the fault of the disappointed—if their feeling can be expressed in a word which is almost indispensable to a critic of the international drama enacted since the war—disillusion!

DEAN INGE OF ST. PAUL'S

AS far as there is any dispute as to whether Christianity is gaining or losing ground in the British Isles, the Dean of St. Paul's, William Ralph Inge, is to be found, as usual, on the side of the pessimists. There are few questions bearing on life in the twentieth century that this tall, lanky controversialist can consider without compressing his thin, cold lips even more grimly. The only sign Ralph Savonarola showed of taking a less harsh view was on his return from "dry" America, when he frankly confessed to the reporters what a relief it was to him to get back to the cellars of his Deanery. It might be supposed that where there was wine there would be a cheerful spirit, but in his *Outspoken Essays* there is only one cheerful remark—and this is borrowed—namely that it is a mistake to picture the Almighty as a stern judge, he must surely have a strong sense of the humour of existence. The "gloomy Dean" no doubt says this with the regret a man feels for something he has to forego. He is a man of the world, but like so many Puritans, he judges the humbler folk, who people this world, from the intellectual rather than from the sympathetic standpoint. And alas, how does he judge them! With pitiless harshness! Writing to the head of the Anti-Vaccination Society, he said: "I cannot imagine a more disgraceful and unpatriotic agitation

than that in which you are engaged. If I were at the head of affairs I should have you shot summarily." It will be seen from this, that the personality of this combative Church-dignitary will repay study.

Truly, the Dean of St. Paul's is a refreshing oasis in the desert of British common sense. The Englishman can be sensible and practical to an unbearable degree. There is sometimes a deadly wearisomeness in the simplicity of sound common sense. But the Dean is amusing. To enjoy him thoroughly one must be a disinterested spectator. He provokes his countrymen beyond endurance, and yet does it with such delightful naïveté, so fearlessly and wittily, that many Englishmen are inclined to concede a privilege to the Dean otherwise only allowed to one man—Bernard Shaw—namely the right to say anything—and indeed everything.

Free expression of opinion in England is in itself a rather delicate matter. A crank or a fool, or any man of no importance, Hyde Park speakers and those sort of men, may say very much what they like, even against God and the King. But there is something in the English nature that fixes solid limits to what a man who is someone, and of whom something may be expected, feels he can say—quite apart from any question of a Censor. Anyone who oversteps these bounds without suffering for it achieves a miracle. Bernard Shaw is an artist, and the English people are sensible enough not to make themselves ridiculous by objecting to what he says of them. But Dean Inge is only a good scholar, poor, almost stone deaf, a man with a family. He lives

on his meagre stipend, and what he can make by a little journalism. Consequently he is not independent. Yet he is allowed to speak and write as he pleases, in defiance of all tradition. When he was asked whether it might not get him into trouble in the end, as the Bishop of London must sometimes be very much "disgusted", he replied contemptuously, "It's of no consequence; he can't do anything."

So he carries on his campaign against the Church and the clergy, against Governments and Ministers, against sacred institutions, against riches and Capitalism, against the proletariat and Socialism, against arrogance and large families, against the barbarism of our much vaunted civilisation, against Imperialists and democrats, against Moscow and Rome, against the Oxford Movement and modernism—against everything. If one were to judge him by the newspaper articles he dashes off hastily, and his occasional comments on questions of the day, he would seem an odious man, ridiculously fanatical, ill-informed, offensively arrogant, and superficial. A tragi-comical collection of absurdities might be made from his writings. "People infected with the revolutionary spirit," he said, "ought to be shot down like mad dogs." Democracy is a perverse sentimentality. "Thank God, the lads are still birched at Eton," for this "increasing orgy of sentimentality and indiscipline over England, is due in part to the fact that Board school boys are not caned." It is true that in spite of his prejudice in favour of the stick, the Dean regards such characters as Frederick the Great and Napoleon as "old fashioned brigands". Civilisation is a humbug, organised re-

ligion a failure. Man is and remains a "splendid fighting animal, holy and satanic"; the Trade-Unionists are robbers, and the "lazy miners" are already getting more than their fair share of the national income. The German militarists are dreadful, but for all that, Germany before the war was in many ways the best governed country in the world. The "State by Divine right" of William II and Hegel was a pestilence, but with the Kaiser this State, so the Dean believes, has disappeared for ever.

The Dean must not be judged by his newspaper articles or even by his sermons. What is the press, what is the Church to him? He is deaf, wishes to be deaf, he stands aloof, and wishes to stand aloof, for alas, the world is terrible! So he buries himself in his books, in the tangled web of his inexorable philosophy. Dean Inge, who came of a family of theologians, was an instructor of theology at Oxford before Asquith transported him to St. Paul's. The cool halls of a college were surely a more suitable arena for his activities than the sacred precincts of a great city cathedral. What should he preach? What has he in common with the masses? His library is his world. He has read a great deal and has written occasionally himself. The two volumes of his *Outspoken Essays,* some of which are very clever, throw the most light on his character. The whole impression made by his extravagant journalistic pronouncements, taken in conjunction with these carefully thought out treatises, is highly attractive, in spite of the many absurdly distorted views expressed, and a strong tendency to base his philosophy on other philosophies, particularly on

that of Plato; it is certainly startling in the case of an English divine. It explains why this singular man is allowed to occupy such a prominent position in English spiritual life, practically without protest, although he sometimes says things that are inconceivable, and his recent book on England shows that he is far too one-sided in his political views to be a fair judge of England's present-day problems.

Dean Inge personifies the British spirit in its original puritanical form, and the national feeling on which the Church of England is based. He holds views that are still held by the Englishman in his inmost heart. He is a remnant of a lost Paradise. The question is whether that Paradise can be recovered. The Dean is a national Conservative, the sworn enemy of all Internationalism, whether it comes from Rome, from Moscow, or Amsterdam, whether of a religious, political, or social character; and that in itself drives him into a position of opposition to all Socialism, even in the mild form of the Labour Party and the Trade-Unions. Both try to keep in touch with the social-political movements in other countries, and thus, in the eyes of the Dean, throw an obstacle in the way of national cohesion. And Rome! Even the experience of the war has not modified the violence of the Dean's opposition to everything connected with the Church of Rome, which only allows its members to be national citizens as a secondary matter. The theoretical idea underlying both the ancient Jewish conception of the State, and that of the mediæval Church of Rome, seems to him damnable. He considers the Papacy "in its Byzantine period of decay".

No modernism could save the Roman Catholic Church, for it would thereby more than ever be undermining its own foundation. His anti-Catholicism is not theoretical, nor is it only directed against Rome, for the idea that Catholicism is above nationality has also been taken up by the Anglican Church. This brings the Dean into open conflict with Bishop Gore and the Oxford school of thought, which resembles Roman Catholicism, and would not be disinclined to shake hands with the Pope on the basis of modernism. Enemies all around! All organised religion was and is a mistake. The Bible itself does not recognise any institutions, the Dean declares. Organisation is secondary, tertiary; the primary consideration is the spirit of Christianity. What is the use of a Pope, of an Archbishop of Canterbury with a seat in the House of Lords? The Dean's opposition to Institutionalism, the visible in Church and State, inclines him to mysticism, a subject to which he has devoted several books. He himself is certainly not divinely inspired—this he admits. The "organisers" of the Church drive him in the opposite direction, and he believes that many of the younger generation feel with him on this point. In his dislike to organised religion he resembles the Quakers, whom he admires.

The Dean takes the Church severely to task for its attitude during the war. "Lovers of peace have not much to hope for from organised religion." Truly, the Dean talked and wrote a good deal of nonsense himself in the war, but, as already stated, in his character as an anti-Internationalist he has a sort of Christian license to be unjust in such a mat-

ter, and after all, he makes distinct amends to Germany in his preface to the newest edition of his *Essays*.

"Christianity is a spiritual dynamic, which has very little to do directly with the mechanism of social life." It will be seen that his horror of the State by Divine right, and of the tradition of the visible Church, drives the Dean a long way towards the other extreme. He even goes so far as to be unjust to the Bible. The explanation is simple. It is not only to be found in his whole attitude towards the problems that the industrial age and increased Capitalism have raised throughout the world, but, to him, practical social work by the Church would mean extending a hand to the dreadful Internationalists, the plebeians of the Labour Party. It is exactly for this that he cannot forgive Bishop Gore and the Oxford school of thought. This school considers that the great problem of the day lies in the fact that the Church of England has hitherto been "a Church of Capital rather than of Labour", that it has thought more of upholding the interests of Capital than of protecting the workers, and that the clergy have associated with the gentry, instead of with the rising power, the working class masses.

This new tendency of the English Church fills the Dean with dismay. Bishop Gore is one of the most distinguished intellectual forces in England—the Dean records it with painful anxiety! The Dean is clever and eccentric, he upholds valuable traditionally English ideals, and that gives him a great reputation, but—whatever the result may be for the

Church of England—the modern, catholicising, social-political movement is gaining ground. The High Church celebrates Mass in accordance with the Romish custom, and is trying to make its peace with the masses, just as the old political Parties are attempting to do. But Dean Inge is no politician, no diplomat; he is a religious and moral Diehard, honest and inflexible. He would rather die than "sell himself to the Labour Party". He will fight hard for his freedom.

The Dean is not inhuman, but the masses, the proletariat, do not fit into his philosophy. There simply ought not to be a proletariat. The capitalists are to blame; their senseless love of money-making has created the masses and the great towns. The proletariat are increasing like rabbits. "What we are witnessing", he says, "is nothing less than the decline and downfall of the social order. We live in a continual state of civil war; it will go on, as long as this dreadful industrialism goes on. We are destroying ourselves. Shocking are the egotism and luxury of the rich, and the insatiate greed of the poor. This glorification of productive industry, whose end we are approaching, began with the Reformation. We find in Calvinism and Quakerism the genuine religious basis of modern business life, which, however, has degenerated sadly now that the largest fortunes are made by dealing in money rather than in goods. If men lived according to the Bible, they would not only put an end to militarism, but also to its analogue in daily life—the endeavour to exploit one's fellow men for the sake of gain. Instead of that, there is war, war of all against all."

This is what the Dean of St. Paul's preaches from his pulpit in the heart of the City of London! Humanity has ruined the world with its senseless Industrialism. Valuable lives are being swallowed up in the proletarian scum. We are proud of the birth rate, of the decrease in the death rate, but what does this mean? Only that the scum increases. So the good stock is slowly dying out. There is only one remedy—"eugenics"—natural selection and extinction of what is worthless. Truly, this Dean is consistent!

Were the Dean's constructive ability equal to his powers of criticism, he would be a remarkable phenomenon. It may be assumed that they are not. What he propounds of a definite nature is very largely derived from the Platonic school of thought. The only future he sees for religion is in Christian Platonism. Theologians would find astounding proofs of his independence of the Church of England doctrines in his writings. But the Dean goes so far as to interest himself in political experiments on the lines of that Platonic Utopia, the "Republic". Separate political and economic authorities, guardians, auxiliaries, and workers. Grecianism not only in Oxford, but all over the country. To this end he advocates natural selection, a return to more primitive economic methods, and the destruction of hypercapitalism. Quite incidentally he outlines a future scheme for the salvation of humanity after the deluge which he sees about to overwhelm the capitalist world. It is simple enough. "The time may come when the educated classes, and those who desire freedom to live as they like, will find themselves

oppressed, not only in their home life by the tyranny of the Trade-Unions, but in their souls by the pulpy and mawkish emotionalism of herd-morality. Then a league for mutual protection may be formed. If such a society comes into being, the following principles are, I think, necessary for its success. First, it must be on a religious basis, since religion has a cohesive force greater than any other bond. The religious basis will be a blend of Christian Platonism and Christian Stoicism since it must be founded on that faith in absolute spiritual values which is common to Christianity and Platonism, with that sturdy defiance of tyranny and popular folly which was the strength of Stoicism. Next, it must not be affiliated to any religious organisation; otherwise it will certainly be exploited in denominational interest. Thirdly, it must include some purely disciplinary asceticism, such as abstinence from alcohol and tobacco for men (at present the Dean is against Prohibition!) and from costly dresses and jewellery for women. This is necessary, because it is more important to keep out the half-hearted than to increase the number of members. Fourthly, it must prescribe a simple life of discipline and duty, since frugality will be a condition of enjoying self-respect and freedom. Fifthly, it will enjoin the choice of an open-air life in the country, where possible. Sixthly, every member must pledge himself to give his best work. It may be necessary for those who recognise the right of the labourer to preserve his self-respect, to combine in order to satisfy each other's needs in resistance to the Trade-Unions. Seventhly, there must be provision for community-life, like that of

the old monasteries, for both sexes. Temporary "retreats" might be of great value. Intellectual work, including scientific research, could be carried on under very favourable conditions in these lay monasteries and convents. Lastly, a distinctive dress, not merely a badge, would probably be essential for members of both sexes. The Dean even suggests that it would be well for the Government to appoint a Royal Commission at once to consider the question of a compulsory national uniform for the people of Great Britain.

All his teaching speaks of the need for reform in educational and civilising life, a tendency that makes the Dean specially interesting to those taking an active part in the Young People's Movement. Young Hargrave has, in fact, introduced the Dean's programme into his Kibbo-Kift social experiments with very little modification. But beyond that the Dean's programme of reform has not found much favour. An aristocracy composed of what is best in the nation, and wise government by that order, is an aim that would appeal to many; but it stands to reason that it is more important to save as much as possible from the industrial catastrophe. In his abhorrence of the proletariat, Dean Inge divests himself and the others of the responsibility. Bishop Gore is not afraid to undertake it, even if his co-operation in this work should be the means of breaking up the Church he serves. The Dean of St. Paul's may lead a life of purer and more unselfish contemplation. The invisible Church, the world of belief in unadulterated goodness, the philosophy of absolute values—that is his world. There is enough of

the old English spirit in him to make him popular with the English people, in spite of their self-conceit and his daring repudiation of the fundamental doctrines of the Church of England. What could be more acceptable to the Diehards, for instance, than a philosophy which only sees the problem of the world in the twentieth century from one point of view—Nationalism or Internationalism?

But the Dean of St. Paul's is out of place in the main current of public life. A curious thinker! But here too, the future of England depends on judicious compromise. Gore, not Inge! Religion and Church in alliance with wise statesmanship. Peace with Labour. Internationalism on a solid national basis.

INDIVIDUAL TYPES

WINSTON CHURCHILL

THE MAN

FOR some reason or other it is difficult not to smile when Winston Churchill is mentioned. Not because he cannot be taken seriously, nor because he talked of the rat holes in which the German Fleet was hiding, nor because many people in England say that he has already made himself ridiculous more often than other politicians and statesmen, nor is it because he has a liking for monstrous collars and a tendency to *embonpoint*—Oh, no! All that is to some extent untrue, and to some extent unimportant. There are people who smile just as automatically, when they speak of a funeral, as when they hear beautiful music. Evidently, direct contact with a bit of genuine life is what sometimes compels us to smile involuntarily. It is certainly so in the case of Winston Churchill. He is a diplomat, but in spite of that, we see him more clearly as he really is than any other Englishman of importance. Churchill typifies real life in England. A good deal about him is sham, but it may also be said that nothing about him is false.

He is thoroughly English in appearance, like the pictures of John Bull on the posters of a whisky firm, broad-shouldered, very massive and not at all "smart" like the others. He is not made up in any way, everything about him is

natural. That, as one knows, is un-English nowadays—but what is English about him stands out all the more clearly.

Winston Churchill has been called an eternal boy. There are many such in England. He is a great lover of games, particularly polo, which he understands the least. His failing, so people say, is that he tries to do things he does not understand, particularly as a statesman. But who is to do things, if they are always to be kept for those who know something about them? Winston has one quality which matters more than anything else: he is capable of learning the things he does not know. He is as versatile as a journalist; he sees the essential. He really is equal to his posts, and there are few Englishmen who have filled more posts than Winston Churchill, just as there are few English soldiers who have taken active part in more campaigns and wars than this child of nature, who, incidentally, is already over fifty years of age. The Colonial Office, Board of Trade, Admiralty, Home Office, War Ministry, Treasury, Cuba, the Punjaub, Bajaur, the Sudan, South Africa, Antwerp, the House of Commons, and innumerable constituencies—all these have been his battlefields as a soldier, a statesman, an official and a politician.

Considering the many duties incumbent on the son of a Lord Randolph Churchill, the possibilities open to him in that position and as a descendant of the Dukes of Marlborough, the fact that he had to struggle for years against a defect of speech, and nervousness when speaking in public, and again the number of books and articles he has written, his

speeches, and the enormous amount of work such a life involves—to say nothing of the burden of dinner parties, club lunches, and the occasional accidents to which his sporting tastes expose him—considering all this it may be said with some truth that his is an abundantly full life. Over and above it all, Winston is a painter. Courtesy, however, forbids further comment on this.

His courage and indifference to danger is his most striking quality. He is truly a living illustration of Dean Inge's theory that man is "a splendid fighting animal, holy", and at the same time "satanic". Churchill's courage is not only the courage of a man who goes into battle with his fellow men; he is equally brave when he is single-handed, even if he has to swim against the current. We need only recall how he defended the cause of the Boers, against whom he had fought on the field of battle (and who had taken him prisoner), how he attacked Kitchener for desecrating the dead Mahdi's tomb, how he defied public opinion in spite of the menacing attitude of the excited crowd! That was at Birmingham, in the stormy days of the Budget, long before the war. Churchill and Lord Robert Cecil were to speak in the Town Hall. A furious crowd had assembled outside. Lord Robert got into the hall by the back door under police protection, while Churchill drove up in an open carriage, quite alone, through the crowd, showing no sign of fear or anxiety. "A challenge that might have ended in his being lynched," A. G. Gardiner says. The people were speechless for a moment, then they broke into loud cheers. The English spirit!

It is said of him that wherever he goes, "it smells of powder". Every country in which he sets foot becomes a battle ground, full of adventure, full of daring, full of surprises. "Action", activity, ambition to do great deeds! "Don't reflect, but act! That is the new gospel." So says Gardiner with a disapproving frown. Bergson is the philosopher and preacher of this new doctrine, Churchill his obedient disciple. It is not the author's business to defend Bergson, but to say that Churchill acts without reflecting would not be altogether correct. It may be a description that applies to the English Diehards—the Tories who, whether it be due to port and whisky, or to patriotic emotion, always see red —and perhaps occasionally to Winston in his younger days, but not to the riper man of whom Sidebotham says, with some justification, that his political arteries are becoming calcified. The truth is rather that he throws himself with extraordinary energy into everything that he does. Social policy in his Radical days as a friend and fellow worker of Lloyd George's, Antwerp and Gallipoli during the war, or his Finance Bill of 1925, in fact everything is a matter of life and death to him. In a country where the art of living is so thoroughly understood, such a nature must always come to the front again, no matter how often it may be driven back by fate. And what he does is never without reflection. Antwerp and Gallipoli were terribly costly mistakes, but the fundamental idea was good, namely, to strike where the German flank was exposed, and upset the Central Powers' oriental policy.

Churchill is particularly keen and quick-witted in

debate, but, unlike the greatest of all extemporary speakers, Lloyd George, he would never dream of making a speech without the most careful preparation and thought, even if it meant writing it out half a dozen times. He has such a natural gift for expressing himself vigorously, and at the same time with literary distinction, that the passages he has studied the most carefully always give the impression of being uttered under the influence of a momentary inspiration. He is not cultivated in the sense of being an accomplished scholar. After he left Harrow he had no further need for Attic culture, and he turned to Sparta, to Sandhurst. The classic answer he gave when he was asked at Harrow what profession he had in mind, was "The army, of course, as long as there is any fighting going on." After that, "I shall have a shot at politics." Westminster re-echoes with this "shot" to-day. But when it is not actually a question of the Socialists, whom Churchill hates like a pestilence, he shoots pleasantly enough, better than any of the others, because of his delightfully mischievous irony, which often disarms, and forces even his adversaries to smile. Witty sallies of this kind are amongst the daily refreshments provided in Parliament—no one enjoys them more than Philip Snowden—and Churchill is a specially liberal contributor to this form of political restorative and stimulant.

Churchill is more Radical than dogmatic by nature, consequently not a man born to belong to any one particular Party. He began as a Conservative, like his father, and forsook that path, probably feeling that the natural place for a man of his ambition

and activity was amongst those ruling the country. At that time the Liberals were in office, and they would probably still be in power if the war had not broken the backbone of the Party. He was not satisfied with a humble place on the right wing of the Liberals, amongst the Whigs and Imperialists, with Sir Edward Grey, Haldane, and McKenna; his impulsive temperament led him to join the most Radical of them, Lloyd George, and those who were trying to prevent Labour from drifting towards Socialism by a wise social policy. This political foundation broke down, and Winston was one of those most eager to find a fresh parliamentary *point d'appui,* a Party with which something worth doing might be attempted, and which would find sufficient favour with the masses to be a serious rival to the young Labour Party. Hence the idea of a Centre Party—Birkenhead, Horne, Churchill, and Lloyd George. It was an ingenious idea, but too self-centred. Feeling in the English constituencies was strongly against the idea of creating a new Party, for the benefit of a clique, which would have destroyed the classic English Party system, for the sake of an organisation with an uncertain future. The natural result was that Churchill went back to those who had a prospect of holding office in the near future, the Conservative Party. He is now Chancellor of the Exchequer, and is said to be the future Conservative Premier.

All this looks worse than it really is. Party is to Churchill only an unavoidable, and, as far as he is concerned, most undesirable means to an end; he himself always remains Winston Churchill, so he

WINSTON CHURCHILL

thinks. The gradual loss of his Radicalism and bold independence of mind may be put down either to the political calcification already mentioned, or be regarded as the natural consequence of his change of Party. The choice is between the two. He is becoming more and more the Englishman of the class to which he belongs. Does this mean that he is getting slack? Or will he be a powerful driving force in his new Party? Is it possible that a time may come when the indomitable energy of a Churchill will achieve the rejuvenation of Conservatism that Baldwin is trying to effect, but without the same strength? His great difficulty will be to avoid being spoilt by his success, and gradually becoming indifferent. That would be a loss to England, for she has not too many men of genius. Lloyd George succumbed to the war-fanatics. Will the passion for money making, which threatens to be the ruin of English Conservatism, bring about Churchill's downfall? There is much room for doubt, for with all his remarkable gifts, with all his force of character and practical ability, Winston Churchill's personality is unfathomable. Try as one may to grasp it, it is always a case of groping in empty space. Where is the great moral purpose? Where is the higher spiritual aim which ought surely to be somehow and somewhere apparent in the life of a really great man? He seems to have more power of assimilating ideas than of originating them, to be more a man who grasps the ideas suggested to him with unusual rapidity, than one who inspires them. That would be a limitation, but he might still be a man of considerable importance. The real question is what is

it all for? Why this constant readiness to fight? What are the aims for which this immense power is exerted? Are they holy or satanic, spiritual or worldly, noble or selfish, or merely a matter of chance, of indifference? It is on the answer to this that his future depends. It is slow in coming. Winston may still be a boy, in spite of his fifty years, but history will have to pass sentence on him before long.

He has reached the real turning point, which will decide whether he is a statesman or merely a shrewd politician. In the case of Baldwin the question hardly arises; as regards Lloyd George the answer threatens to be tragical. But Churchill has a chance of climbing to great heights. His past is not against him. The talk of his being an incorrigible militarist and trying to bring about war is exaggerated. Margot Asquith tells us that on the 14th of August 1914, she saw him going to a Cabinet meeting "with a happy face". More than one face was happy on that day, for, now that the die had been cast, men of energy, courage, and strength were needed. To Winston Churchill it meant more than that: to understand what he felt, we must turn to his book, *The World Crisis*. It is a notable work, certainly the best written of all the books on the war. Anything more heart-rending than the pre-war history into which he gives us an insight in the first two hundred pages, can hardly be imagined. Churchill is not by any means one of those who abuse Germany, or attribute the sole responsibility for the war to her. He merely describes the events which took place during the years preceding the war, in the

light in which they appeared to a prominent member of the British Cabinet, and relates how a friend of Germany and of peace was driven, as he believed, into a position in which he felt bound to do his utmost to strengthen Britain's armaments, until the terrible collision occurred.

HIS BOOK

In his book on the war, von Tirpitz says "Those who suggest that Germany's naval policy was responsible for the war, cannot even appeal to the enemy as a witness." He goes so far as to suggest that the seventeen years of naval construction actually improved the prospects of an acceptable peace with England. "Is it possible to be further from the truth than this?" is Winston Churchill's reply. "With every rivet that von Tirpitz drove into his ships of war, he united British opinion throughout wide circles of the most powerful people in every walk of life and in every part of the Empire. The hammers that clanged at Kiel and Wilhelmshaven were forging the coalition of nations by which Germany was to be resisted and finally overthrown." Nothing did more to confirm Englishmen in the belief that Germany would use her power to tyrannise over others than the repeated attempts made to persuade England to adopt a neutral attitude in case of a German conflict with France. All the English books on the war, particularly those written by Grey and Churchill, make this indisputably clear. "I would have given up the whole Navy Bill for the sake of a really sound treaty of neutrality," von

Tirpitz says in his account of the famous Haldane mission. It was always the combination of these two facts, armament and the simultaneous endeavour to secure England's neutrality by creating this risk to the British fleet, that aroused a conviction in the minds of English statesmen that a catastrophe was impending. And the more they recognised this, the less inclined they were to give the drivers of the German war machine a free hand by pledging England to neutrality. Churchill assures us that Germany's colonial policy did not trouble the English people. He does not say whether he includes such enterprises as the Bagdad railway in normal colonial policy. What turned England against Germany, however, was that the latter lost no opportunity of trying to impose her will on others and extort concessions, by bullying and misusing her power, relying on her newly created strength, as at Algeciras and Agadir, and during the Bosnian crisis. This, Winston Churchill tells us, was the conclusion the English people reached. Was England to promise her neutrality to such an unpleasant comrade, in the case of a Franco-German war that would leave von Tirpitz in possession of the Channel ports? All efforts to bring about an Anglo-German alliance split on this rock; Haldane's mission failed on that account; Ballin, who came to London as the Kaiser's emissary in July 1914, failed for the same reason, and finally Bethmann-Hollweg's official attempt, at the last moment, to induce England to remain neutral, broke down. War, whatever its consequences might be, seemed to the English people preferable to cowardly neutrality which would have the intoler-

able result of giving von Tirpitz a footing on the Channel. This is why the face of Winston beamed when, the choice being between such neutrality and war, the Cabinet decided in favour of war.

Churchill's description of the gradual change in his and Lloyd George's views during the last ten years before the war, reveals all the tragedy of the course of events in Europe. It was not until July 1911, after the Agadir episode, that Lloyd George, who was Chancellor of the Exchequer at that time, joined the ranks of Germany's enemies. Churchill himself had begun to notice a tendency which changed his attitude towards Germany some years earlier, in the spring of 1909. The proceedings in connection with the annexation of Bosnia roused his suspicion. But they did not trouble him at first.

He still believed in peace and friendship with Germany. He and Lloyd George threw their powerful weight into the scale with Lord Morley and Lord Loreburn. They formed the strong Radical and pacifist wing in the Liberal Cabinet. Asquith, who became Prime Minister in 1908, seemed to adopt an impartial position, but Churchill says that his heart and sympathies were always with Sir Edward Grey, the War Office and the Admiralty. The great change in Mr. Lloyd George, he tells us, took place on the 21st of July 1911. "On the morning of July 21, when I called on him before the Cabinet, I found a different man. His mind was made up. He saw quite clearly the course to take. He knew what to do, and how and when to do it. The tenor of his statement to me was that we were drifting into war." On the same day, Lloyd George made

the celebrated speech in which he gave Germany to understand that if the German Government wanted war, they would have to reckon with England as an enemy. Churchill says: "The accession of Mr. Lloyd George in foreign policy to the opposite wing of the Government was decisive." Winston himself was transferred from the Home Office to the Admiralty. Readiness for war became the English watchword! True, the Agadir incident was peacefully disposed of quickly enough, but there still remained the anxious question of when the next danger of war would arise. What Lloyd George had said meant that England would not tolerate any further bullying without taking action. From that time forward Churchill's mind was occupied with but one thought—to be ready for the day! This was a very serious state of affairs. Every country in Europe was thinking of the danger of war! As to Winston Churchill, he was arming day and night, building ships, training, guarding the magazines; nothing escaped him. Great charts of the North Sea were fitted within the doors of a case that stood behind his writing table, and he tells us that a Staff Officer marked the position of the German Fleet on this chart with flags, every day, from 1911 to 1914 and onwards! The first thing Winston did on entering the room in the morning was to look at this chart.

And yet both he and Lloyd George still hoped to avert the evil for which he was arming England. It was they who proposed Sir Ernest Cassel's mission to Berlin, to sound the Kaiser as to the possibility of an understanding with regard to the Fleet.

That was at the beginning of 1912. Cassel's visit went off well. He brought back a friendly letter from the Kaiser, and a written statement of Germany's naval policy from Bethmann-Hollweg, which made a favourable impression on the London Cabinet. Cassel telegraphed this to Berlin. The way to negotiations seemed to be smoothed. Haldane and Cassel went to Berlin on the 6th of February. (Those were historical days!) A speech from the throne intervened; the Kaiser spoke of strengthening the German armaments on land and water . . . of Germany having no lack of young men fit to bear arms. Churchill, astonished and indignant, replied at Glasgow by speaking of the German Fleet as a luxury. A pleasant beginning to Haldane's mission!

Notwithstanding this, there seemed to be no great difficulty in reaching a naval agreement. But England refused to agree to the clause stating that, in return, she would observe at least a benevolent neutrality should war be forced upon Germany. What did "forced" mean? Who was to decide, and what safeguard would there be against abuse of a victory? Even now, after the common sacrifice of millions of lives, England cannot agree to guarantee such a thing to her ally in the World War, France. But Bethmann and von Tirpitz made a mere "understanding", the reduction of their naval programme by a couple of wretched warships, conditional on this promise of neutrality. Thus this last effort to get back to the path of reason ended badly. The Germans were afraid of the Entente, and wanted "security", but England's suspicions were strengthened. "Neutrality"—that was what Germany

wanted! Then when the crisis of July 1914 was reached, the same spectre cropped up again—neutrality. This time there could be no doubt as to Germany's sinister intentions, so it seemed to the English people, and the former friends became enemies. Churchill's eyes were full of tears when he took leave of Ballin; then he threw himself with enthusiasm into the turmoil of the World War—"a splendid fighting animal, holy and satanic".

SIR ROBERT HORNE

IT is sometimes an advantage to be as far removed from the old traditions of a country as from the extravagances of the reformer. That is Sir Robert Horne's case. He is not a member of the Government now, but he is a strong factor in English public life, and it is only a chance that he is not in office. He is acting as director of various important undertakings, perhaps with a view to earning the fortune which will facilitate the work before him in the future. He was a most successful Chancellor of the Exchequer during the worst period of trade depression after the war. If only for that reason, no Conservative Premier could offer Sir Robert Horne any but one of the highest offices of the State, —as long as Sir Robert is not the Premier himself. There have indeed been times when he seemed to be one of Stanley Baldwin's most serious rivals.

Sir Robert is worth studying, but not from the political point of view alone. This blunt Scotsman's abilities are many and varied. He represents a great mixture of British types. His endowments and energy have combined with nature to distil one "universal human being" from at least half a dozen typical "Britons". He does not belong to the old or even the new aristocracy—his title is only a few years old—he is not a scholar-politician in the same sense as Balfour, nor is he one of the men who take up politics merely in order to further business inter-

ests. He is neither a slave to the State, nor a slave to the heavy industries, nor is he a lawyer-politician, like Lord Birkenhead, a prophet like Baldwin, or a knight of romance like Macdonald, but he has something of them all. Robert Horne was born in 1871, in the manse of a Scotch industrial district. His Scotch blood endowed him with intellectual ability, and the zeal and perseverance he inherited on his father's side insured his stability. There was no money, but the Scotch schools are good, and he was as anxious to learn—well, as we are now told the Scotch boys were in the good old days! The lad began at a grammar school and soon won scholarships. He had a delightful life as a student, first in beautiful Edinburgh, and then at Glasgow University, where he won prizes and took first-class honours in philosophy. He was a Fellow of the University, and became an instructor and examiner in philosophy, and finally a professor. He read Kant and Aristotle. He was consequently a scholar, and has always remained one, but he has been so engrossed with politics and business, that he has not had time to indulge in writing philosophical essays, like Lord Balfour. Politics attracted him even when he was at college. He was always a Conservative, but with a strong leaning to Tory democracy in the Disraeli sense.

Robert Horne was an examiner at Aberdeen University until the year 1900, but he had taken a further decisive step six years earlier. He had passed his examinations in Law, and been called to the Scottish Bar, one of the most distinguished seats of British legal learning. One success followed an-

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other. The sovereigns began to pour in, honestly and well earned by the hard work of a highly trained intellect. In the year 1910 Robert Horne came forward for the first time as a candidate for Parliament. He failed, and did not succeed in being elected until 1918. London became the centre of his activities when he turned his attention to politics, and the war rapidly led to his being appointed to leading administrative posts. Organisation of transport, and later on, when he was at the Admiralty, Labour questions, were his specialty. Bonar Law and Lloyd George discovered his ability. In a very short time Sir Robert, who was still a young man, and quite a newcomer in Parliament and in the Unionist Parliamentary Party, rose to be successively Labour Minister, President of the Board of Trade, and Chancellor of the Exchequer. In these various capacities he had to deal with the great strike in the mining industry in 1921, and such important post-war questions as the Budget, taxation, and Reparation. He fell with the Coalition, and although his reputation was unimpaired, he retired from active political life for the time being, and became a director of Lloyds' Bank, the Suez Canal Company, the Commercial Union Assurance Company, the Great Western Railway, and other important concerns. He was also Deputy Chairman of Baldwins Limited, for a time. Money poured in, and Sir Robert has refused all subsequent invitations to take part in the Conservative Government. For the moment he is tied by his work in the City and, to some extent, by the claims of society. At one time it almost seemed as though he might be asked to

form a Cabinet, but recently he has been less in the political limelight, and it is even said that his refusal to join Mr. Baldwin's Cabinet, at a time when men of his experience were badly needed, has not increased his popularity with the leaders of his Party. This makes his political future doubtful. In the meantime, life is apparently as much a joy to him as to J. H. Thomas. He seems to wear an amused smile even when he is trying to be quite serious. After all, he has every reason for satisfaction. He creates an atmosphere of cheerfulness all round him. His good humour is inexhaustible. The lion of drawing-rooms, a very good dancer and, moreover, incredible as it may seem, still a bachelor. He pursues his way steadily through the gay round of society, holding his somewhat square head very high, but not with any air of arrogance. There is nothing of that kind about him. Outwardly he is rather the same type of man as Baldwin. What he says is to the point, and never gives offence, although it must be admitted that he uses hard words when speaking of the doctrinaire Labour leaders. All the Tory democrats wish to stand well with the working class, but they hate the Labour Intellectuals from the bottom of their hearts. In the case of Macdonald, in particular, Sir Robert gives no quarter. But otherwise he seldom shows any sign of strong feeling. This is perhaps his greatest shortcoming as a statesman; he is a man of action—wise, sound, vigorous action—and an admirable administrator, but he has obviously very little of the almost undefinable quality which can win a man the affection and admiration of the people, in addition to their regard. There is

little room for imagination and vision in Robert Horne's nature, which is eminently practical. Intellectually he is certainly far above the Prime Minister. The simplicity which is so characteristic of Baldwin atones in his case for the lack of any very striking qualities. All that is expected of him is to diffuse an atmosphere of unmistakable moderation. Something more is demanded of Sir Robert Horne. The question is whether he has it in him, or will show it? Or will the particular atmosphere he brings with him be only that of the balance sheets of his City companies? There is already a tendency on the Left to regard Robert Horne as nothing but an unscrupulous capitalist, who combines the coldly dispassionate mind of a lawyer-politician with the shrewdness of one of the hyper-modern business-politicians already referred to. At the best such critics would probably be inclined to credit him with the hypocrisy of a scholar. But this shows no comprehension of Sir Robert Horne's mentality. It is true that his strong personality has not yet taken final shape. In political life he will never lose the hard common sense underlying all his good humour, he will always be a shy Scotsman at heart. But there is no reason to fear that "capitalism" will destroy the character formed in the years of his childhood and youth spent in Scotland; he has far too many inestimable qualities for that. Nevertheless, the examiner in philosophy will have to ask himself a series of questions. If he can answer them, it will be more thanks to the quiet years he spent in searching for wisdom as a scholar, than to his having been a barrister and a director of great industrial concerns.

THE LAWYER-POLITICIAN: LORD BIRKENHEAD

WADHAM, founded early in the seventeenth century, is one of the smaller Oxford Colleges. It is situated in Parks Road, in a shady street leading to the Parks, north of the town. The students are chiefly of the middle class. Four young men were studying and living in the College in the nineties, whose names were F. E. Smith, John Simon, Francis Hirst, and C. B. Fry. They were the sons of solicitors, clergymen, or other men of only limited means. One of them is now Lord Birkenhead, another is known as The Right Honourable Sir John Simon, the third teaches at the London School of Economics, and the last is perhaps the most popular of them all—a great cricketer. He is of little importance, and yet he is the one most after the people's heart. Francis Hirst is an eminent economist, but what is more, he is also a man whose heart lies with the people, who know little or nothing about him. The other two are political celebrities and distinguished lawyers of the most highly paid class —but they are cold and without soul. C. B. Fry obtained his "blue"; the others can boast of having gained high Honours at Oxford, without altogether neglecting physical exercise. Both Hirst and Simon were Presidents of the Oxford Union Society, the celebrated debating club where Smith was

one of the keenest of speakers. The ranks of English politicians and statesmen are no longer filled from the Debating Societies of the Universities to the same extent as formerly, but at that time it was still an understood thing that the Chairmen of these Societies had every prospect of attaining to the highest positions at Westminster. Both the Wadham College undergraduates, Smith and Simon, were consequently inevitably destined to sit in Parliament and in the Cabinet in years to come. It is even said that they drew lots at Oxford to decide which Party each should join, as it was evident that two such talented and ambitious young men could not get on in the same Party. They might join either—it did not matter which. The story is malicious, and no doubt untrue, but characteristic. No one, on the other hand, would have thought a Francis Hirst could ever be anything but a Free Trader, even if he had not married a relation of the great Cobden.

The point is that F. E. Smith and John Simon live, as it were, above Parties and above convictions. Their politics do not involve them in painful struggles with problems, or with themselves. They merely plead a cause they have taken up. They apply the whole professional skill of their marvellously trained brains to the presentation of their political clients' "case". The one pleads for the Conservatives, the other for the Liberals; a masterpiece of pleading on both sides, but only a lawyer's triumph. They speak, but rarely from their hearts. Both are said to be good-natured, kind-hearted men as soon as they take off the barrister's wig. But whether they speak as counsel, or as politicians, or

indeed as Ministers, what they say never sounds real. There is no heart or feeling in it. They are the victims of their training. The English judge seems to be not so much administering justice, as looking on at a tournament in which he is acting as referee. Lances are broken, hearts are broken, justice may be defeated. The judge notes the number of points made by the learned knights, just as the number of telling blows the boxer inflicts on his opponent's nose are impartially noted. Similar trials of skill may be seen in every direction—in the ring, on the race-course, and the dancing floor, in the Law Courts, and at Westminster. Politicians also try to exhibit their skill. The Englishman is a born politician. He has the art of representing the most extraordinary things as quite natural, and even very questionable proceedings as praiseworthy. The lawyer cultivates this talent to a very high point of perfection, but the lawyer-politician is a past-master of the art. In the case of legal disputes, where it is a question of money, thirty, forty, or even sixty thousand pounds is not considered too much to pay for these qualifications. One of Birkenhead's or Simon's speeches may also be worth untold gold in politics, if it is aimed at the right goal, but it may just as surely be devastating in its effects.

They are men with remarkable analytical powers. Sir John Simon's method of demonstrating a case is unrivalled. In many of his speeches on Poincaré's post-war policy, he tore the French case to pieces with matchless calm and coolness. But Sir John would make mincemeat of his own countrymen equally mercilessly, even if they were his personal

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friends, if they had the misfortune to differ from him in politics. His words are like a deadly chemical poison, that disintegrates and breaks up. But what attempt is ever made to put together, to construct, to build up? The House of Commons is well provided with "learned" members, and their clear, logical way of thinking does much to give English debates the lucidity and convincing power so often noticeable in the leading speeches made at Westminster and on public platforms. But the lawyer-politician is a sort of negative. He is too clever to have ideas, and too matter-of-fact and impassive to rouse sympathy. These kind of men will constantly be found in Ministries, but they will seldom or never become leaders of their people. Sooner or later they will prove a disappointment.

Sir John Simon is far and away the more cultivated of the two. He is a distinguished-looking man, slight and very well dressed, with a thin face and with well-cut features and remarkably clear, sharp eyes. If one may say so without disrespect, Lord Birkenhead presents a striking contrast to him. He is a tall, heavy man, big-boned, with unusually large hands, robust and athletic, bull-necked, with a powerful head, not nearly as young looking as he is often made to appear in his pictures. Clean-shaven and ruddy-complexioned, he has a way of looking up wearily, and his manners are sometimes in striking contrast to his love of display. There are few men in all England who think more of aristocratic tradition, of robes of office and silk stockings, than Mr. F. E. Smith of Birkenhead, near Liverpool.

Sir John Simon always preserves the same serene and unruffled appearance. There is a wearisome sameness about him, the very opposite of what may be described as Lord Birkenhead's angularity and roughness. Birkenhead's mind and body are always at war. They have not kept pace. He is called "boyish". His vitality is certainly unbounded, and he does not scruple to act and speak with as little ceremony as a boy might do, but this is more due to his astoundingly fitful personality than to any specially youthful manner. Lord Birkenhead, like Sir John Simon, is an extraordinarily hard worker. He grasps a point so quickly, however, that he has plenty of leisure for other things. He is bursting with energy and his strength seems inexhaustible. He disposes of a programme in half a day that another man would take two days to get through, and then works off his physical energy by playing tennis for hours, riding, and enjoying life in various ways. His eyes may grow dim, and his hold on the cigar between his lips relax a little, but Lord Birkenhead will then wrap a wet towel round his head, and spend the midnight hours in preparing his great speech for the next day! No one but an Anglo-Saxon who comes of a good healthy stock could stand such a life. And yet F. E. Smith has been obliged to work hard from his earliest boyhood. His father died young after a short adventurous life. He had broken with his family, had served in the Indian Army, left it, and then been called to the Bar. He died penniless at the age of forty-five. F. E. had no love of learning, but he saw that he must work, for he was very ambitious to rise.

Books would be his stepping stones. And how quickly he rose! He won scholarships, was elected a Fellow of Merton College, Oxford, became a Don, and was called to the Bar. He got into Parliament and made a maiden speech which drew attention to the young man. A coming Leader! The poison of his thrusts made him powerful in Opposition, and as a follower of Carson he was a most violent opponent of the Liberal Home Rule policy. Ulster for the English people! That was when he was young Smith. Later on, as Lord Birkenhead, he was one of Lloyd George's strongest supporters in his efforts to make peace with the Irish people.

Lord Birkenhead is now a political figure that no Conservative Premier can afford to ignore for long. There are many Conservatives, it is true, who regard him as an unbearable upstart. The Diehards hate him, because he was prepared to join his friends Winston Churchill, and Lloyd George, in forming the famous Centre Party, which would have split the Unionist ranks, and he sometimes gives educated men the impression of being nothing but a clever charlatan. In spite of that, Birkenhead is still a political power. He terrorises. His superior intellect and his tongue keep his Conservative opponents in check. As an enemy of the Socialists he is invaluable to them. His offensive way of expressing his opinion is pardonable—for after all, he is a pillar of Society as it is, and as it would like to remain. He can behave with perfectly good taste, express himself in the most irreproachable English, and be both witty, audacious, and dignified, at times; and then again he seems to enjoy launching forth

into the vulgarest abuse, and indulging in criticism as arrogant as it is deadly. No man could lead this dual life without suffering for it. Lord Birkenhead's talent for calculating his attacks may be unrivalled, but he seems to have lost all sense of proportion as regards himself, if indeed he ever had any. He produces a great deal in the way of speeches, articles, and even books, and often intends them to be taken seriously, without seeing how lamentably trivial they are. His two volumes of essays, entitled *Points of View* do no honour to the title. The points of view with which they deal are for the most part callous. Lord Birkenhead's literary achievements strengthen the suspicion that he not only overrates himself, but that others, who look upon him as a very great man, have too high an opinion of him. He is extremely clever, but lacks depth. He makes the mistake of applying the methods he learned at the Bar, which have led him from one victory to another, to everything and everyone indiscriminately. The parties he has vanquished in legal disputes fade out of his life, but the people he has to deal with as a politician and statesman are always the same, the parliamentarians and the electorate, and they remember. They may sometimes admire his skill, they may be afraid of his tongue, but they will never forgive him for having insulted their dignity and ridden roughshod over their feelings. There will always be the painful remembrance that, where matters of vital importance to them were in question, the people were treated with contempt and discourtesy by a man who presumed to lord it over them on the strength of his brilliant mental powers. Lord Bir-

kenhead does this consciously. He wishes to flatter here, and to wound, kill, and destroy there. Without being able to follow in Disraeli's footsteps, he tries to act on his maxim—"If you would govern men, you must be superior to them or despise them." It is one amongst many of Disraeli's sayings; but it is just the one that Mr. F. E. Smith adopted as his rule of conduct. Under its guidance, he became Lord Chancellor in the Coalition Government, and is Secretary of State for India under Baldwin. He holds the proud title of Earl of Birkenhead. For the moment, fortune favours him.

NEW TYPES:
SIR PHILIP CUNLIFFE-LISTER, LORD IRWIN

THE ten lost years of the war and the period succeeding it have furthered the process of breaking up historical values, even in the English mind, to an extent which can only be measured when the young generation grows up. It is certainly not due to the war alone. No one can say how those who were either in the prime of life or approaching it, when the war broke out, would have turned out, but there is no doubt that as far back as in the second half of the last century—and mainly under the influence of men like Dr. Warre, who became Headmaster of Eton in the eighties—the mental basis on which the character of the rising generation of the leading classes in England was being formed, had undergone a gradual and profound change. The age had begun, in which Greek scholars were of less importance than the most unintellectual of games masters. The scholars of the old school, whom we meet in public life, probably all date from the period before the high tide of Imperialism and materialism which overtook the youth of England, in the form of this glorification of athletics. On the other hand, the new type of business politicians, men who came into politics merely as agents of industries, who have gained more and more influence since the war, were, as a rule, educated at Public Schools during that unfortunate period. Nothing seems to be of more im-

portance for the future of the country than the evidence there is that the turning point has been reached, and that the Public School spirit is gradually becoming less material.

For the time being, however, the upper classes are strongly imbued with these questionable ideals. The World War was a complete triumph for the "economic point of view". The business politicians are the real war profiteers in England, not the Labour Party, still less the Admirals and Generals who led the victorious forces. The Officers Training Corps is an essentially un-English evil, insisted upon by Lord Haldane before the war. If even Labour members holding Radical views prefer being called "Colonel" to "Mr." Wedgwood, or whatever their names may be, that is only consistent with the English love of titles. Mysterious letters after an Englishman's name frequently reveal a more astounding number of honours and distinctions than could be displayed by a German or an Austrian in his wildest dreams of titles. But all this only affects the surface; the fact remains that since the loss of Lord Kitchener and the death of Lord Fisher, there has been no military man in all the wide fields of British politics who would venture to interfere in public matters above all in the administration and conduct of State business. The part played in Parliament by retired military men is hardly worth mentioning, and their number has been reduced almost as rapidly as it was added to at the elections of 1918. But the influence of capitalist interests on public opinion and the political life of the State, amply counterbalances the freedom from this kind of militarism.

The scholar-politician was the highest product of a system of education which turned out agreeable men, above all gentlemen, even where there was not much talent, and made philosophers of those with real mental ability. Many consider a man like Sir Philip Lloyd-Græme, or Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister, as he now is, one of the best and most typical products of the Public School system. Winchester and Oxford, and later on, reading for the Bar, have cultivated and trained the natural abilities of a sound practical mind to a very high degree. School games and sports have been advantageous to his physical development, and he has the ease of manner and geniality natural to men conscious of belonging to the upper class and accustomed to be treated accordingly, which makes this type agreeable and successful. Hence Sir Philip is not only a man of considerable means, but a polished gentleman, with all the outward advantages a present-day politician could desire. He is thoroughly imbued with the necessity of retaining these advantages for himself and his descendants, has considerable knowledge of international economics and English requirements, and moreover, indomitable ambition.

That is all there is to be said about this new type. There are any number of such men in England, the only difference being that Sir Philip has more than usual ability, energy, and opportunity. The Conservative politicians of the generation that has arisen since the war are largely drawn from this class. They have a wider outlook than the old-fashioned squires and perhaps more knowledge of the world than the smaller manufacturers of the

SIR PHILIP CUNLIFFE-LISTER, SIR ROBERT HORNE, SIR W. JOYNSON-HICKS

Gladstone era, but they seem to lack a definite moral purpose. They can do this or that, they want this or that, but there is no evidence of their moral right to be leaders, nothing in what they say that really appeals to one. The squires and manufacturers were simple representatives of a simple class. Their aims and motives were clear. But a type like Sir Philip suggests an illusion. They pose as statesmen, but are they anything more than opportunists? It is not a question of any particular individual; we are considering the type. There is something about the scholar-politician that suggests loftiness of purpose. His inspiration is derived from somewhere in the universe; it has an imperishable standard. But the new type has no vision beyond the Stock Exchange, or anyhow the Board of Trade reports. After all, a man is not a director of an iron industry for nothing. And there are still more alluring posts to be had in the future. The cost of living is high; it is essential to keep in the limelight, to play a part. In the gay round of Society there is no room for the spirit of altruism. Hence politics become merely a bargain over interests.

Whether this spirit is shown on the Right, by employers and their managers, or on the Left, by the Trade-Unions and their secretaries, matters very little. Even the Labour Party, in their way, are not altogether free from it, and the same evil was very largely responsible for the downfall of the Liberal régime. It is one of the problems of the day, not the least a question of Party. The English spirit has to some extent abandoned Plutarch and Catullus. It has lost its imperturbability. Is Stanley

Baldwin able to lead it back to the fundamentals? He would like to be privileged to do so, and has gathered a few young politicians round him, who will do their best to help him. Edward Wood, the new Viceroy of India, is considered one of the most able men of this set. The question is how the special qualities which are indispensable for the government of England in the age of industrialism, and which have led to the business politicians coming so prominently to the front, can be reconciled with the higher aim. The State cannot be governed nowadays as though industrialism were not its true basis. It is essential for those in office to have as thorough a knowledge of economic conditions as possible, and to adapt their policy to the fundamental facts. But the reformers hope that education and example may so steel the individuality of the nation that it will gradually be able to rise above the turmoil of industrialism. These men look to Religion and the Church for right guidance and effective help. Possibly Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister may sometimes go to church, for he does everything that respectability demands, but Sir Philip and Edward Wood are extreme contrasts, typical of what is going on in the soul of the nation.

Edward Wood belongs to the section of English society that will have nothing to do with Society. His family is ancient, and has held a barony for a hundred and fifty years. On the death of his father, Lord Halifax, who is an old man, he will succeed to the title. He himself is not much more than forty years of age. The Woods lead simple, upright, Christian lives, in accordance with the best traditions

LORD IRWIN

of the old nobility and landed gentry. In the female line, Edward Wood is related to the great political family of which Lord Salisbury is the head, and like many of the Cecils, the Woods hold very strong and deeply ingrained Conservative views, which are based on a strong sense of duty, and firm belief in Christianity. In this respect, Lord Hugh Cecil, the champion of the Church in the House of Commons, most resembles Edward Wood, who does not, however, seem to have anything of the fundamentally reactionary spirit and ambiguity of the Cecils. He is tall and slight, and has a small, boyish looking face, with large, rather thoughtful eyes. Men of this kind might be priests. He troubles as little about dress as the Cecils, who are known for their studied carelessness in such matters. They are priests, scholars, and book-worms by nature. Like his father, Lord Halifax, Edward Wood takes an active part in Church work, but without throwing himself with the same zeal into the High Church movement. Religion and the Church are, however, the basis on which he acts. The Church is to him a system of "loyalties", and religion their common foundation. Edward Wood approaches all State problems, from the Labour question to the League of Nations, from this standpoint. He is clever, unassuming, and tactful, and gives the impression that he believes what he says, and orders his own life on the principles that he recommends for others. That has already given him a very good name, even amongst those who are somewhat indifferent to the virtues he preaches, although he is still only on the threshold of a great political career. Baldwin made

him President of the Board of Education, and subsequently Minister of Agriculture. From that to being created Viceroy of India, with the title of Lord Irwin, was a tremendous step, and in making this appointment, the Prime Minister has shown what great hopes he fixes on the revival of a really intellectual and moral aristocracy in the coming generation of British statesmen. That Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister should have a seat in the Cabinet is an inevitable fact; he is of the present day. There may, however, be an element of the future in Edward Wood.

MEN AND THEIR PROBLEMS

THE TWENTY-FIVE YEARS: LORD GREY

AMONGST the Englishman's attributes, there is hardly one to which he clings more firmly than the desire not to commit himself, at all ages and in all situations. There are few feelings an Englishman cares to show. Even a child's upbringing accustoms him to erect barriers. Ask a small boy, just coming out of the room in which his mother has been playing with him, whether she is at home, and his answer will be, as a rule: "I think she is", or "I suppose so", rather than "Yes, she is", even if his own father asks the question. That is caution, diplomatic caution, and very often it is most disagreeable, for it makes conversation remarkably "non-committal", even amongst friends. But it is not necessarily dishonest. Very often it is prompted by a wish not to rouse false hopes or hurt other people's feelings. It may also be only a sign of weakness. English up-bringing may perhaps aim at self-protection. The limited intelligence of the average human being truly requires some such help. Therefore the Englishman is taught not to commit himself or betray his feelings.

Sir Edward Grey, now Lord Grey of Fallodon, has no intellectual gifts that raise him above the average. He has successfully acted on the second of the aforesaid precepts, for, even now, with many of the documents of the last few decades and, above all,

the two volumes of his *Twenty-five Years* before us, it is difficult to understand him. However his efforts not to commit himself and England failed—failed terribly! And this on the one occasion when it was really important that the principle should be vindicated, when the lives of millions hung upon it! Sir Edward did not see it. Lord Grey, a man well past sixty, credulous, right-minded, and no doubt honest—in so far as diplomatic reserve allows of honesty—does not see it even now. Every chapter of the book in which he describes the part he played in world policy, reiterates the same old argument: England was not bound—he did not commit himself. And yet he was inevitably bound, both by secret treaties and by England's interests. His celebrated speech on the 3rd of August 1914, which brought England into the war, contained an admission. Not only did England's vital interests necessitate her coming into the war, but there was more. British honour was at stake, for France had left her Channel coasts exposed, relying on the secret military agreements. "The French Fleet," Sir Edward Grey said, "is now in the Mediterranean, and the Northern and Western coasts of France are absolutely undefended." France was unprotected, thanks to the treaties with England. "We have not kept any fleet in the Mediterranean which is equal to dealing alone with a combination of other fleets there."

England had become dependent. The English Foreign Minister recognised that at the decisive moment. Others knew it beforehand. Consequently, the least England could do would be to tell

Germany that the British Government would not allow the French coast to be attacked. On the other hand, an attack on Belgium would compel England to exert her full strength, for a victorious Germany in possession of the Channel coasts was unthinkable, and will remain unthinkable for every Englishman. Von Tirpitz and Ludendorff demanded possession of the Flemish coasts, even after they were beaten. The political argument was consequently sufficient to decide any British Government. The moral support was heaven-sent. On the 1st of August 1914, so Lloyd George wrote in *Pearson's Magazine* in March 1915, ninety-five per cent of the English people would have been against taking part in the war. Three days later, ninety-nine per cent had voted in favour of it! On Belgium's account! Poor little Belgium! British honour! Lloyd George is right in speaking of "a revolution in public sentiment". It was a popular war. That is still the belief. The Foreign Minister had naturally to play the leading part in preparing popular arguments and staging the final events. Many who were present when he made his great speech on the 3rd of August, or were members of Parliament themselves, say even now that whether the British Parliament and people would vote solidly in favour of war depended entirely on what Sir Edward had to say on that occasion. He was successful, in spite of the "commitments" already referred to, the secret treaties. That is a weighty argument against his honesty—but Grey is a diplomatist and a statesman. On the 3rd of August he was faced with an unalterable fact—World War. He was bound to act as a

patriotic Englishman at that moment, neither more nor less. His opportunity was before and after the war. During the critical months and weeks when he saw that he was weak and helpless, fettered by treaties and fate—or did he really fail to see it even then?—and when he saw clearly that the reigning Chancellor in Berlin was even weaker and more helpless, in the hands of the military authorities—that was Sir Edward's opportunity. The opportunity of speaking out. He might have turned from the secrecy of the Cabinet to the unsuspecting peoples. And after that again, after the war, at Versailles, that was the moment to make his confession.

Alas! Edward Grey is not the man to speak out, and he has nothing to confess, nothing to repent. His intentions were of the best, he tried to preserve peace. That is true. He is no "blood-stained traitor" to humanity. He has been misrepresented in Germany. He is not an intriguer; he never even had any plan, any scheme. A few principles, but no plan for carrying them out. He was as far from having any scheme as Bethmann or Jagow. Sir Edward Grey's personality is sufficient proof that the "encircling policy", so much talked of in Germany, with war as its final aim, never existed at all. All that was just as imaginary as the idea that the German people were willing to fight for world supremacy, and were ripe for the attack. Von Tirpitz, in his annoyance with the Wilhelmstrasse, tells us plainly in his book that it was German policy itself which created a world of enemies, by striking out in every direction, and was thus responsible for Germany's encirclement. It was a

policy in which indeed the Admiral himself took a very active part.

The Englishman is a man of the moment, often a past-master of the moment and of improvisation, but very rarely a slave to any definite scheme. He has a distaste for "logic", Austen Chamberlain would say. His mental qualifications are not of the kind that would have been required to devise and carry out a plan of encirclement. Sir Edward Grey would never have had the necessary ability. He was at the Foreign Office from 1892 to 1895 and from 1905 to 1916, so that, had such a plan existed, he must at least have been one of those engaged in carrying it out, if not its actual originator. There were two things that he always saw clearly, however, for every Englishman sees them, namely, that England's position as the leading nation is a heritage that must be preserved by the English people, and that, nowadays, peaceful enjoyment of this heritage can best be secured by world peace. That is the British "system". Everything else is done on the spur of the moment, now just as before the war. In time to come, there may be an inclination to regard what was achieved at Locarno as the crowning stroke of a deliberate English post-war policy. We all know better. It was unpremeditated, and probably no one was more surprised than Austen Chamberlain himself at the importance he acquired on that occasion. The principle underlying British policy has been clear ever since the Spa Conference, when British and German delegates met for the first time after the war—reconstruction and peace. Peace to be gradually achieved by the joint efforts of the

Great Powers. But the English diplomats did not see any particular way of achieving it. They worked in the right direction, and were glad to find it successful. A few may have some vision, but they are partly too indolent to devise any method of pursuing it, and partly lack the necessary ability. After all, it is the age of democracy. If a man has ideals, he will not venture to force them on the general public! England as a whole, public opinion, must first have some aim, then the leaders will make it theirs. Truly, a remarkable conception of leadership!

There are exceptions, but Sir Edward Grey is certainly not one of them. He is no leader. He lives in the shadow of public opinion, in fact in the shade altogether. He hates the political footlights, so it is not surprising that the English policy he had to guide in the decisive years before the war was somewhat devoid of inspiration. There were few comprehensive ideas underlying it, and he may well be believed when he says: "If all secrets were known, it would probably be found that British Foreign Ministers have been guided by what seemed to them the immediate interest of their country, without making elaborate calculations for the future. Their best qualities have been negative rather than positive." Grey is horrified at the interpretation put upon his actions, and defends himself energetically. He is like a painter, who first learns from his critics how great and deep his ideas are. He himself simply painted, simply acted, without very much thought.

It is evident that the wish not to commit himself, and this lack of any systematic policy have a com-

VISCOUNT GREY OF FALLODEN

mon origin. The English politician likes to be able to act as the occasion may demand. This is just where their ability lies, and where the value of their natural instinct and traditional feeling is most clearly shown. It explains why England can often put men with only "second class brains", to quote Lord Birkenhead, at the head of affairs, without doing herself any injury. It also explains why the post of Foreign Secretary is generally given to members or descendants of the old aristocracy. They may often be men of very limited intelligence, but they are most strongly imbued with the traditional feeling.

That is Lord Grey's case. Everyone speaks highly of his personal character, but they are equally unanimous in speaking of his intellectual limitations. He is a scion of a moderately well-to-do family belonging to the old landed gentry, a family with a very good record, and accustomed to public service. His grandfather, Sir George Grey, held office in several Governments in the forties and fifties. The Greys are Whigs. Lord Grey is one of the last of that school. He is an aristocrat to his fingertips, but has often shown very progressive tendencies in social matters. The Whig spirit was most clearly shown in his foreign policy. Edward Grey was always an Imperialist in the well-known English, but none the less staunch, sense. That consequently led him to join the Liberal Party on the same side as Haldane and Asquith, and this step decided his fate.

Edward Grey began as they all did. He was educated at Winchester and Balliol College. The man to whom he acted as private secretary was Evelyn Baring. There is no record of his having

taken honours of any kind, except in tennis. He entered the House of Commons at the age of twenty-three, and held his seat as member for Berwick-on-Tweed, from 1885 until 1916. He began as a Liberal Home Ruler, but without any great enthusiasm for Home Rule. Politics did not interest him: he was never really interested in them, even as Minister for Foreign Affairs. Sir William Harcourt greeted the new-comer in the Cabinet with the words, "The ball is at your feet." "I don't want the ball," Sir Edward exclaimed.

He had none of the gifts of a great Parliamentarian nor had he the qualifications of a politician. He was always a prosy, wearisome speaker, without feeling, sense of form or enthusiasm. Fate drove him into town life, into Parliament, and into the secret paths of European policy. And what pain and grief it was to him! His heart was in the country. Trees, birds, and fish were what he loved —even when he hooked the latter. The only book he wrote before the full explanation he gave of his position in the *Twenty-five Years,* was dedicated to anglers, *Fly-Fishing,* written in the year 1899. It is said to be still in use. He complains, time after time, of being torn from the peace of his home Fallodon. He could sit for hours by the water, doing nothing but fish all day long, absolutely absorbed in it. Wordsworth was what he read. He is a naturalist of the sentimental type that is so English!

Edward Grey was still an unknown quantity when he began work in Downing Street in the year 1892. He was thirty years old, the age at which the aver-

age man makes a second attempt to decide on his attitude towards the problems of the world from his own experience. Edward Grey cannot possibly be accused of having been seriously prejudiced against Prussia and Germany, otherwise Lord Rosebery would not have appointed him Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, for the main principle of his foreign policy was always maintenance of the traditional friendship between England and Germany. But Grey was independent enough to make his own observations. He could not have resigned himself to being simply led by Lord Rosebery, unless he had been far more warm-hearted and enthusiastic than he is. And as to leadership, Lord Rosebery laid himself far too open to attack for his weaknesses to escape young Grey. Lord Rosebery—"the man of promise", "the Hamlet of politics"! E. T. Raymond, his biographer, calls him. Brilliant and useless. Immensely strong and absurdly weak. Desultory, and often deplorably lethargic. There was much that Grey accepted and admired, but he very soon took exception to what Lord Rosebery most valued, the line of his foreign policy. Grey did not say so, but it was what he thought; he found that Rosebery's friendship for Germany was not reciprocated in Berlin. That may have displeased him. But when he first went to the Foreign Office in 1892, he approved of the step taken by Lord Rosebery in informing the Triple Alliance Ambassadors, on his appointment as Foreign Minister, that he intended carrying on Lord Salisbury's policy. Grey explains that it meant friendship with the Triple Alliance. This was regarded by Lord Salisbury,

Raymond says, "as the only solid basis of British policy". Rosebery was of the same opinion. To Grey it seemed quite natural. "We sided with those with whom we had least cause of quarrel. It was also necessary to have diplomatic support in Egypt." It was hardly possible to come to terms with Russia and France. The differences became more and more acute, leading to crises, and later on to imminent danger of war. Siam, Port Arthur, and the Sudan. "Constant friction," Grey calls it, "which led to strife and enmity between Great Britain and France or Russia on the smallest provocation."

This was both disturbing and upsetting. The young servant of the State makes an indignant entry in his diary: "Pruning Sunday. Disturbed by work, and have to go up on Sunday evening." Pruning Sunday, an important day for the gardener! It is easy to see where Grey's heart was. How long will he submit to be interrupted? How lucky it would be if he lost his seat at the next election! Wretched politics! As though Russia and France were not causing enough annoyance, Germany was now beginning to give trouble. The first incident of this kind occurred soon after he went to the Foreign Office. German firms were applying for railway concessions in Asia Minor, with diplomatic support. English firms were applying with English support. Suddenly a sort of ultimatum was received from Berlin: England must either give up this competition for railway concessions, or the German consul in Cairo will not continue to uphold British administration in Egypt. Curt, and, regarded as an omen for the future, ominous. What happened? "Lord Rosebery

withdrew the demand for railway concessions. . . . A sign of the weakness of our position," Grey writes. He never got over this. It was an impossible position. On the one hand bitter strife with Russia and France, on the other Germany, Lord Rosebery's friend, asking a high price for her benevolent attitude. Sir Edward Grey left the Foreign Office, in the year 1895, with this unsolved problem in his mind. The Liberals were replaced by a Conservative Government.

For some time after Lord Salisbury and Joseph Chamberlain came into power, in 1895, no change was made in the course of policy pursued by Lord Rosebery, but it no longer ran smoothly. Friendship with the Triple Alliance remained the keynote of England's foreign policy, but Grey is of opinion that Germany's tone became more and more unpleasant. The Germans recognised the weakness of the English position, and were trying to profit by it. The difficulties with Russia and France had become acute, and in addition to this there was the Boer war, and the Kaiser's telegram to Kruger. Those in power in England felt that a situation so fraught with danger could not continue. Mr. Chamberlain evidently came to the conclusion that the British Government must turn definitely in one direction or the other, and he decided in favour of alliance with Germany. Lord Salisbury, the traditional advocate of friendship with Germany, was Prime Minister. On the 30th of November 1899, Joseph Chamberlain delivered the celebrated speech in Birmingham, in which he made the startling announcement that the most natural alliance was be-

tween the British people and the great German Empire. Nothing, he said, would be more conducive to the peace of the world than "a new Triple Alliance between the Teutonic race and the two branches of the Anglo-Saxon race"—an alliance between Germany, England, and America. Either a formal alliance, or "an understanding in the minds of the statesmen of the respective countries." That the proposal was serious is unquestionable. The motives must have been strong indeed that could induce a British Minister to commit himself, and to such an extent!

Lord Oxford and Asquith gives us the key to this speech. He tells us in his book, *The Genesis of the War,* what was already known through Eckardstein's memoirs, namely, that on the occasion of the Kaiser's visit to Windsor in November 1899, Chamberlain had discussed the possibility of an Anglo-American-German *rapprochement,* first with the Kaiser, and then in great detail with Bülow. The speech was preconcerted, although Chamberlain's eagerness probably led him into speaking more strongly than had been expected, and he may have miscalculated the effect. Be that as it may, on the 11th of December, the same Bülow gave the crushing reply—simultaneously with his naval demands—"In the new century Germany must either be the hammer or the anvil." That destroyed a hope, and possibly millions of lives. The London Cabinet were dumbfounded. Joseph Chamberlain was the laughing stock of the Jingoes. Germany turns her back. Why? She did not want to be tied to England—but Chamberlain would have been satisfied

with an understanding between the statesmen. Above all, von Tirpitz wanted to construct his Fleet. Tirpitz was urging a *rapprochement* to Russia and Japan; at least so he says in his book on the war. And Bülow? Well, England's difficulties seemed to give him a good opportunity of showing his cleverness. Chamberlain's foolhardy speech had entirely discredited him in Paris, so Bülow must have thought. It never occurred to him that England might equally boldly try to come to an understanding with France.

The year 1900 marked the beginning of German naval construction *en gros*, the construction of a battle fleet which was to make England tremble. It was at the same time a further drastic reply to the English offer. But the London Cabinet still waited. Grey says that a "change of direction" was first perceptible after Lord Salisbury's resignation in the year 1902. Mr. Balfour and Lord Lansdowne made an attempt to improve the English position "in another way". By forming an alliance with Japan, England tried to secure herself against Russia, and the conversations with France, which ended in the Morocco treaty of 1904, relieved the Government of the anxiety caused by having to rely on support from the German Government in Egypt. England and France undertook to give one another mutual support in Egypt and Morocco. Lord Grey writes: "I remember very well what my own feeling was when I read the Agreement. It was a feeling of simple pleasure and relief I saw all that had been most disagreeable in my experience at the Foreign Office from 1892 to 1895 swept away." No

more crises, no more fear of war with France, no more disturbance of the Sunday rest. And Germany could no longer exert pressure in Egypt, no longer extort concessions. One could fish again in peace and enjoy life. This is how Grey saw it. More than this, he thinks, even Balfour and Lansdowne did not intend at that time. Referring to the Agreement, he says: "It was the subsequent attempt of Germany to shake or break it that turned it into an Entente." Whether an Anglo-French understanding over Morocco, reached over the head of Germany, was prejudicial to German policy or not, does not trouble Grey, but Bülow certainly declared that, from the German point of view, there was no objection to the Morocco agreement. It was a diplomatic bargain of the old-fashioned kind. In spite of that, Grey says, a succession of German offensives against the new Anglo-French friendship very soon began. The first was in the year 1905. Germany won, Delcassé had to resign and Bülow was raised to the rank of Prince. Grey was annoyed. "The French people," he says, "were being humiliated because of an agreement that we had made with them." This feeling materially influenced his later "commitments". At that time he did not know that William II had submitted the draft of a Russo-German alliance to the Tsar at Björkoë, as far back as in July 1905. The question that troubled him was what England ought to do, in the case of France being again exposed to the risk of humiliation by Germany, in a matter concerning the Anglo-French treaty!

Grey soon had to face this question when, against his personal inclination, he accepted the post of

Foreign Minister in the Liberal Government formed in December 1905. It was raised, shortly after the change of Government, by M. Cambon, who considered it urgent, on account of the imminence of the Algeciras Conference. The first conversation between Grey and Cambon on this subject took place on the 10th of January 1906. Cambon pointed out that although the German Kaiser probably did not wish for war, he was pursuing an extremely dangerous policy; it was therefore advisable to discuss the possibility of war. France did not propose an alliance with England, but the French Government wanted to know whether they might count on British support, in case of a German attack. The answer Grey gave was that the Cabinet were all dispersed, "seeing after the elections"; and that he could only state as his personal opinion that if France were to be attacked by Germany, in consequence of a question arising out of the Agreement which his predecessors in office had recently concluded with the French Government, public opinion in England would be strongly moved in favour of France.

An interesting hint for Cambon! On the 31st of January, when Grey gave the final reply, after an interview with the Prime Minister, Campbell-Bannerman, he said that England could not promise more than diplomatic support, but gave France an absolutely free hand, and did not suggest that she should make concessions to Germany. (Grey had thought, for a time, that France might, for instance, allow Germany a naval base in Morocco, but he was told by the permanent officials in London that Lans-

downe had already intimated to the French Government that France must not on any account make the Germans such an offer.) And how Cambon pricked up his ears when Grey told him that he had already seriously warned Germany, and informed the German ambassador that if Germany were to attack France on account of Morocco, public opinion in England would be so strong, that no English Government would be able to remain neutral! When Cambon eagerly caught at this, Grey sobered him by remarking that of course he could not say this to a Frenchman, as it was only his personal opinion, and intended for Berlin. But Grey, the man of few words, whose reputation in England is due in no small degree to his habit of maintaining oracular silence on important occasions, went on to say: "Much would depend on the manner in which war broke out between Germany and France." Cambon could supply the answer himself—Belgium. It is true that in the diplomatic conversations hitherto in question, England had not bound herself to defend France, but it was clear to all who wished to see, that whether she would do so or not, merely depended on circumstances.

But that was not all. Sir Edward Grey says, "It was not till some time after I entered office, that I discovered that, under the threat of German pressure upon France, in 1905, steps had been taken to concert military plans in the event of war being forced upon France." On the occasion of the first of the above-mentioned conversations, Cambon reminded the Minister that military negotiations of this nature had already been carried on when Lans-

downe was responsible. There had been direct communications between the naval authorities on both sides, but the British War Office had negotiated through an intermediary, the military correspondent of *The Times*. Grey learnt this—from Cambon. He thought it over, and consulted the new Secretary of State for War, Mr. (now Lord) Haldane, who sent word to the French ambassador through Grey, that from henceforward the military negotiations could be carried on directly and officially between the departments. The naval agreement had already been completed. To justify himself Grey says "A modern war may be an affair of days. If no military plans were made beforehand, we should be unable to come to the assistance of France in time, however strongly public opinion in Britain might desire it." Possibly no exception can be taken to the military point of view, but the consequences of such intimations could hardly fail to be serious. The excuse Lord Grey makes is that the French had always been told both by word of mouth and in writing, that England's political freedom of action would not be affected thereby. The unhappy statesman says quite innocently that Cambon never understood it otherwise, and that the French never attempted to make it a question of honour. Cambon always spoke of English interests in reminding Sir Edward of these conversations, never of obligations of any kind. Then was not Sir Edward really free? And later on, when negotiations began between the Russian and English naval authorities, at Russia's wish, were they not in their turn quite "free"?

In reality, there is much, almost everything, in-

deed, to show that Grey did not realise what he was doing. Yet he was the leader of British foreign policy; if anyone knew, he must have known what obligations England had incurred. Naïveté in a statesman is unpardonable. It has been urged against the German Government that, in the crisis of 1914, they acted just as they must have done had their aim been war. Did not Grey act with equal carelessness, short-sightedness and ambiguity during the years of these "commitments"? He did not even think it necessary to consult the Cabinet before deciding. The Ministers were engaged in electioneering propaganda. How could they be disturbed just then? Nor did he think it necessary to inform the Cabinet of the decisions reached. It is true that Haldane, whose intelligence and ability to form an opinion are beyond question, also kept the secret to himself. Grey was so careless, that he did not even trouble to find out what the English Admirals and Generals had agreed upon, until 1911. All that time, negotiations had been carried on, not only with France, but actually with Belgium, as we know from the Belgian documents. It was not until the year 1911 that it occurred to Grey, in view of fresh political complications, to inform Mr. Asquith, who was then Prime Minister, of what had been going on. He told the story briefly. He says in his letter, "The military experts then conversed. What they settled I never knew, the position being that the Government was quite free, but that the military people knew what to do, if the word was given."

Shortly after that a crisis was reached—when the *Panther* was despatched to Agadir. Did Germany

want war? Again the French Government tried to secure a binding pledge from England, and again Sir Edward firmly refused to give any definite promise. "But," he says, "the military conversations must naturally have been very active." They related, as Grey remarks, to the question of whether Germany would march through Belgium, and what part the English Expeditionary Force would have to play. On the 5th of September, Asquith wrote somewhat anxiously to Grey that military conversations of this nature seemed to him "rather dangerous", particularly in so far as they related to the possibility of British assistance. "The French ought not to be encouraged, in present circumstances, to make their plans on any assumptions of this kind." Grey immediately replied that to forbid the negotiations would create consternation. "No doubt these conversations and our speeches have given an expectation of support. I do not see how that can be helped." Mr. Asquith seems to have been satisfied with this. It did not occur even to the very shrewd Mr. Asquith to bring this matter before the Cabinet.

Gradually the secret leaked out, and in the year 1912 there was no possibility of continuing to postpone its discussion by the Cabinet. The Ministers of a pacifist persuasion did not conceal their uneasiness and distrust of the policy that had been pursued. They insisted, at the very least, on the fact that England was not politically bound being put in writing. But the feeling of many of the Ministers, notably Lloyd George, and Churchill, who would probably have been against military negotiations of any kind in 1905, had become so much more bitter,

in fact had so radically changed during the intervening years, particularly since the Bosnian crisis (Churchill speaks of this in his book on the war), that the Cabinet agreed to a Note being sent to France which, far from qualifying the "commitments" of the past, may be described as positively increasing and giving them political confirmation. Grey admits that he himself was surprised at the Cabinet having sanctioned this Note. It is dated November 22, 1912, and restates that the military negotiations must not be considered as imposing any political obligation on England. Then Grey says: "I agree that if either Government had grave reason to expect an unprovoked attack by a third Power or something that threatened the general peace, it should immediately discuss with the other whether both Governments should act together to prevent aggression, and to preserve peace, and if so, what measures they would be prepared to take in common." This was, at the same time, a general authority to resume negotiations at once, for of course it could always be said that the French Government had "grave reason" to fear fresh danger of war. The Note also mentioned that the present distribution of the Fleets "was not based upon an engagement to co-operate in war." Churchill supplied this omission. In the autumn of 1912 England took over the North Sea, and France the Mediterranean. Lloyd George spoke of the agreements reached on the 22nd of November 1912, as an "obligation of honour".

Grey still saw nothing. The main point for him was that "from this time onwards every Minister

knew how we stood". We also know now how we stood! A Cabinet which adopts such decisions in such circumstances is guided by men who are convinced that the outbreak of war is only a question of time. That was in fact the conclusion the English Ministers drew from an uninterrupted series of crises. It was also the outcome of Haldane's celebrated mission in the spring of 1912, after the Agadir crisis and before the Cabinet decision which led to the Note of the 22nd of November, and the Anglo-French agreement with regard to the distribution of the Fleets. Grey summed up the result of Haldane's conversations in Berlin as follows: "The Germans were not really willing to give up the naval competition, and they wanted a political formula that would in effect compromise our freedom of action. We could not fetter ourselves by a promise to be neutral in a European war." Nor was there any formula which could make it perfectly clear who was the "aggressor". Grey was afraid of its abuse. To be bound to come to France's rescue in given circumstances would be consistent with English interests, but to give William II a free hand in Europe would be quite another thing. Anything rather than that. Nothing did more to rouse Grey's suspicions and drive him to the opposite side than the repeated efforts made by German diplomacy and the Kaiser to secure this licence, whether by means of an alliance which would counter-balance the relations between England and France, or by means of a treaty of neutrality, such as was proposed by Berlin in the year 1912, and actually again in 1914. In the terrible emergency of the 30th of July 1914, Grey

made the only political proposal that England could have contemplated making at any time after 1900, namely, an understanding in the future between the Great Powers, Germany, England, France, and Russia, for the maintenance of peace, if it could be preserved then; a mutual defensive treaty—Locarno! But it came to nothing. The policy of safeguarding against the German peril held the field. For many years past, England's leading politicians, as well as her naval and military authorities, had believed that war was inevitable. Germany would attack. The terrible fear that preyed on Edward Grey's mind was only allayed by his confidence that Europe was not ripe for the outbreak. Whatever the reasons may have been for the English belief in this German peril, and however much German policy and the military spirit in Germany may have contributed to its having become so strong, there is no doubt that the feeling in England no longer constituted any guarantee for peace.

Grey describes the period between 1912 and 1914 as one of relaxed tension, and refers to his own share in it. But in reality the inflammable material was only increasing. Endless armament on land and sea—a capital levy for armament here—a three years period of service there. Moral chaos in ruling quarters in Russia—Austria-Hungary involved in endless difficulties with the Slavs and Czechs—Balkan wars. The Ambassadors Conference in London to establish peace—this was Grey's anchor of hope. Suddenly, the Sarajevo murder. When the Archduke started for Sarajevo, he "was a doomed man". If this attempt had failed, there

would have been others. Grey does not say and perhaps does not know any more than that. The plot thickens. A provocative ultimatum, of which Bethmann knew as much or as little beforehand as Sir Edward Grey knew of the military "commitments", namely, just enough to make him jointly responsible for it. Serbia gives in, and William II writes on the margin of the document that he is satisfied. But intrigues are going on. War approaches still nearer. Sir Edward Grey fights hard for peace. Again and again he repeats the one word "conference". Berlin refuses. Grey warns the Chancellor. Germany sounds England and asks for her neutrality, but without guaranteeing the unconditional integrity of Belgium. This rouses Grey's indignation. "Disgraceful! dishonourable!" he exclaims. He thinks it clear now that Germany wants war. In the meantime Bethmann tries to restrain Vienna at the last moment. But the Viennese have been determined to declare war on Serbia, ever since the Ministerial Council on the 7th of July. The storm bursts, mobilization here and mobilization there; impossible to stop it. World War! Sir Edward Grey has his "commitments" in readiness for this, he must now get the support of public opinion. The German army leaders come to his rescue—Belgium is invaded. The great speech of the 3rd of August secures all that was needed to supplement his "commitments". And why these "commitments"? Because England's fate would be at stake in a decisive war between Germany and France. That was the result of the *Twenty-five Years*—the change from Rosebery to Grey. England turned her back on

the Germany of William II and his world policy. In the direction in which Sir Edward Grey looked, he never saw, and there was no need for him to see, that "France had left her Channel coasts undefended and unprotected, relying on her treaties." He knew that he could afford to look beyond what was going on around him, for as far back as the year 1906, his view had been that "if Germany forced war on France, in order to destroy the Anglo-French Agreement, England ought to go to the help of France." "To the help of France"—these words were permanently engraved on his mind.

THE WOMAN IN POLITICS: LADY ASTOR

ENGLISH women are only on the threshold of political life. In the home they have captured two-thirds of the man's rights. They have made considerable headway in industry; in many of its branches they have even attained to high positions. In the learned professions, however, they are only beginning to compete with men, and what they are doing in politics is little more than pioneer work. Lady Astor is one of the keenest of these parliamentary pioneers, and we will therefore consider her from that point of view.

In her youth, as Miss Nancy Witcher Langhorne, Lady Astor galloped over the Virginian plains on spirited thoroughbreds, for this English pioneer is American by birth, a member of the good old American aristocracy, with the fearlessness of that enterprising type of Anglo-Saxon—quite feminine but full of "go" and determination, and perfectly simple and direct—not a diplomat, and certainly not a blue stocking, for she is neither highly intellectual nor even particularly learned; she has feminine common-sense—that is, she is sensible from the woman's point of view. Nor is her success due to her rhetorical powers, she has hardly any talent for speaking; she is merely quick at repartee. She always has the last word, and hits out in all directions, anyhow in words. Old Banbury, with whom she

fell out most in the House, over the question of Prohibition, was threatened with something stronger than words on an occasion when he was talking at endless length, in order to defeat her Licensing Bill. The lady almost forced him to sit down by pulling at his coat tails, and exclaimed: "You old villain, I will get you next time." She was quite angry, and the House thoroughly enjoyed the little scene. She has a refreshing taste for "direct action", and that is always an asset in an assembly of men who are over complimentary to one another.

Lady Astor is not satisfied with merely telling the truth, she calls things by their right names, regardless of whether in doing so she aims at her own party or not. Consequently she is rather a thorn in the flesh of some of the Unionists, and often gave the Diehards reason for anxiety when she hastened to the rescue of Lloyd George, of whom she has a very high opinion, or went so far as to show friendship for Thomas and other leaders on the Labour benches.

The delightful unconventionality so often to be met with in Anglo-Saxon women, is one of Lady Astor's attractions. The Astors are millionaires, but she herself is simple. In Parliament she wears a sort of uniform, a plain dark coat and skirt, relieved by the white collar of her blouse, white gloves, and a string of pearls. She has a neat little head, and is not shingled, her hair is hidden under a sort of three-cornered hat. In public life, this woman who could afford to follow every freak of fashion, disregards it altogether. The style she adopts is puritanical. So was her up-bringing; so is her spirit,

LADY ASTOR

and so are her politics. She often speaks of herself as an ordinary woman, just like any other woman. Of course she is nothing of the kind, but she probably means that she is feminine: first a woman, and then, quite as a secondary matter, a politician. Lady Astor's road to political life was through Society. The *Observer,* which is principally owned by Lord Astor, and his connection with *The Times,* brought her into touch with politics, and his elevation to the peerage during the war gave her a prominent place in Society. She was saved from being spoilt in that atmosphere by her strong Puritan strain. She has not very much to say to the world, but what she has to say is of use; she makes a point of that, so it is natural that the sphere of her activities should have expanded, and that she should even have found scope for them in the House of Commons.

What she likes is to bring people together, to amalgamate apparently incongruous elements. Lady Astor's salon is one of the few in London that are not restricted to the narrow limits of a clique. Her social aim may be described as democratic. It is consistent with the main feature of England's present day policy. Lady Astor seats Mr. Clynes beside the Duke of Northumberland. She is a social and political link. That is the real purport of her seat in Parliament: she forms a link between the sexes, as well as the Parties. The actual part she takes in the policy of the day is insignificant. She never spoke in any of the great historical debates in the Lower House during the years succeeding the war; on such occasions the other women, who had been elected to the House in the meantime, also kept in the

background. It is always wise to take careful stock of one's new surroundings before putting oneself forward, but such self-restraint is hardly the ultimate object of the political woman.

Lady Astor never failed to take part in a debate that affected any questions of family life. But the one thing over which she fights, returning to the attack again and again, is the alcohol question. That is the sphere of activity in which she has been most successful, and which made her political life, which otherwise seemed uneventful, quite dramatic for a time. She brought in a Bill to prohibit the sale of alcohol to young people under the age of eighteen, which passed into law. A section of Labour supported her, but the great brewers were bitterly hostile to the proposal. She carried on her campaign remorselessly for years, launching into abuse of the brewers and the whole alcohol industry, such as no capitalist had ever before heard from a Conservative member. The objectionable system of public houses, the licensed drinking places belonging in many cases to the brewers and distillers, were the main object of her attacks. There was nothing in Europe, she said, to compare with the way in which people drank there. Men and women stood at the doors for hours, waiting until these drinking dens were opened for a couple of hours at the time prescribed by law. Perambulators were left standing outside these "pubs" whilst the mothers poured down glass after glass of beer or gin. The breweries paid higher dividends than almost any other British industry. Brewers became landed proprietors, peers of the realm, and millionaires, at the expense of the

people, whose nerves and morals were the price. Did not all this cry aloud to heaven ?

During her courageous campaign against what she considered a great social evil, Lady Astor, as was to be expected, made many enemies. She was not injured by their attacks and emerged with, if possible, an enhanced reputation.

She has proved herself a fearless fighter on behalf of any cause in which she is interested, and that quality in itself has earned the respect of her fellow members of parliament.

As a speaker, Lady Astor is fluent and witty. She does not argue, or attempt to carry on a logical debate ; nor does she indulge in Parliamentary tilting. She wisely tries to rely, as far as possible, on the direct natural influence of the new feminine element in politics ; and in this she is remarkably successful. Occasionally the highly unparliamentary word "charming" escapes even the most hardened political sceptic ! That may be a blow to the feminists in men's collars, but it is well-known that a touch of frivolity is always welcome, as a relief to the general tedium of political gatherings. Anyhow, as the first woman to enter Parliament, Lady Astor has been a brilliant success ; the fair sex has been favourably received at Westminster.

Things might have been very different if the electorate had rewarded the suffragettes of those days, or any other man-hating kind of women, for the zeal they showed in fighting man and his political dictatorship before the war. Imagine one of these as the first representative of Englishwomen in the House of Commons ! Instead of that, "Nancy" was

sent, and this has led to peace between the feminists and the champions of male privileges. The change came about quietly, and without unpleasantness on either side. More women arrived at Westminster, and they were even given State appointments. Margaret Bondfield was a Minister under Macdonald's régime, and the Duchess of Atholl was the first woman Under-Secretary of State appointed by a Conservative Government in England.

As we are living through it personally, we can perhaps hardly realise as clearly as those will be able to do who write our history in fifty years' time, how profound the change is. It is true that as much as half a century ago, there were women inspectors in England, inspectors of the Poor Law system. It is also very little more than fifty years since women first made their appearance on public political platforms in England. Now they sit on the Government benches. As to the young generation! There are nearly thirteen thousand women students in England. They have their separate Colleges, but degrees, examinations, honours, and careers are now open to them the same as to the young men. Cambridge alone still refuses them equal rights. The war swept away the most serious obstacles in the way of this development, and gave it a tremendous impetus. First there was women's war work. Three quarters of a million women took the places of men in industry. It is true that two-thirds of them had been discharged again by the middle of 1920, but there are now far more than two million female hands employed in industry, and this increased number intensifies the pressure on the labour market. In the

cotton industry there are actually more female than male employees. Thousands of women went into administrative offices. The General Post Office employs more than fifty thousand; in many of the branch offices the work is done entirely by women, and it has proved far more difficult to reduce their number in these than in the industrial professions. Many of the Trade-Unions are open to women.

The war work claimed its reward, equal political rights. In 1918 Lloyd George gave women the franchise, although it was limited to women of at least thirty years of age. By a second Act, they were passively enfranchised, every woman over twenty years of age being declared eligible for election to Parliament. The next decisive step was taken in December 1919, when the Sex Disqualification (Removal) Act was passed, which threw open all the higher professions to women. The first woman was called to the Bar in 1922. Women had penetrated into the Holy of Holies. There are now probably many more than a couple of dozen women barristers. Naturally they have not got beyond pioneer work in the other higher and learned professions. There are a few women solicitors, chartered accountants, architects, and engineers, and there is even a woman broker, but she has not yet been admitted to the Stock Exchange. Women have found their way into almost every domain of business life. Out of about twenty-seven thousand directors of companies, two hundred are women. The record is held by Lady Rhondda, who is a director of twenty-six industrial and commercial concerns. There are ten other women directors of coal companies, and thirteen in

the metal industry. Twenty-two are at the head of educational organisations, and twenty-two are amongst the directors of breweries. (These last figures have been supplied by Lady Rhondda herself.) Of course there has been a great influx of women into the medical profession. There are more than two thousand women doctors, many of them very capable. In addition women are jurors, hold municipal and Civil Service appointments, and do an immense amount of social work.

The political woman is still problematical, however, both the elector and the elected. The self-restraint we see in Lady Astor cannot be permanent. England has nothing more to fear from the class of homicidal women who became prominent through the suffragette movement. They have lost their object in life. A few of them have taken up the cause of Communism, the rest have retired into the shade, cast off by their belongings, disinherited, growing old and withered, and old maidish, although some of them have children. There is something slightly tragic in the fact that it was they who tore down the obstacles in the way of the political haven Lady Astor has now reached.

The question is what the future of the political woman will be? Will she merely act as counsellor to the men who rule, a human conscience in the midst of heartless political intrigues? With the exception of Margaret Bondfield, women have not gone farther than this in the English Parliament hitherto. Miss Bondfield is like a man of the best political stamp, objective, clever, full of energy and enthusiasm, and at the same time, moderate, and

MARGARET BONDFIELD

with a sound practical outlook. She is a working woman, and made her way in the Trade-Union movement, where she is head of the women's branch of the General Workers' Union. A bit of a demagogue, like them all, she filled her place, when appointed to office, as well as any man, and better than most. She has political instinct, and is in touch with the great political problems in the Independent Labour Party, but her main object is to improve the working man's conditions of life, and naturally she relies on the Trade Union system. That is very important, because it gives her work a firm basis.

Where the woman does not concentrate on a definite object, her political abilities are much slower in developing; it is true that the same applies often enough to the man. The very trifling material progress made by the women members of the Conservative and Liberal Parties demonstrates this clearly. Women seem less inclined to identify themselves with Party, and act on Party principle, than the Englishman, with whom this has been a tradition from his earliest youth. Lady Astor is a typical instance of this: she belongs to the Conservative Party, but often shows an astonishing degree of independence of Party routine. The Englishwoman seems to have this tendency. The aim of the Trade-Union movement, on the other hand, is so strictly limited, and so perfectly clear, that it demands more definite methods. This gives the political woman on the Labour side an advantage. In addition to this her freedom from social obligations gives her plenty of time for more useful work. Lady Astor skips through life and politics like an indiarubber

ball: from a committee meeting to the opening of a new Reading Room, thence to half a dozen interviews, a diplomatic lunch, Parliament, five or six teas, and a couple of dinners with a dance thrown in, innumerable telephone conversations, and all the other incidents in the ceaseless round of an interesting existence.

The English electorate, above all the nine million women it includes, may well feel that it will take some time for the change that has taken place to develop, and that it would be very hard to predict what it will really lead to. Anyhow, no great advantage has been taken, hitherto, of the right to send women to Parliament. There are many reasons for that, one very substantial reason, no doubt, is that the candidates are still nominated by men. Women have not succeeded in capturing the Party machine as yet. But it is certainly not the only reason. The fact that the election of a woman does not by any means always imply the triumph of true feminine instincts, and thereby a valuable supplement to man's statecraft, is probably largely responsible. Many Englishwomen are no less superficial, no less uneducated, and no less reactionary or hyper-radical than the women in other countries. The same applies to the men—but, as a rule, people like to see the advantages of a new system, before they adapt themselves to the change. We have gradually become used to man's stupidity, cold-heartedness, and reactionary thirst for power, but to see woman playing the same melancholy part would destroy an illusion, and we have not so many left that we can afford to lose this one. England has many

women whose political aims are most noble, and who pursue them seriously, but the time has not come for woman to be able to throw her whole weight into the political scales. The road is open, however, and the work is in full swing.

FRANK HODGES

THE English people like to honour their heroes, and what there is to be said about Frank Hodges will show why many Englishmen have a great admiration for this young miners' leader. No one, however, could have been expected to write a biography of a man who is still only forty, so it has been left to the secretary of the International Miners' Federation and First Lord of the Admiralty, Frank Hodges, to write his own. He has done this in a book called *My Adventures as a Labour Leader.* It covers a period from the 30th of April 1887 to the spring of 1925, and contains a a number of carefully selected illustrations; "One touch of Nature"—Frank Hodges on the miners' golf course at Rhondda; "A happy family"—Frank Hodges amongst his own people; "At Easton Lodge"—Frank Hodges with Lady Mercy Greville; Frank Hodges as a member of the Sankey Commission, Frank Hodges in Budapest, in Canada, in Belgium—always Frank Hodges. Again on the wrapper of the book, a clear cut, strong face taken in profile, with his chin resting on his clenched fist, the position in which Lord Northcliffe liked to be photographed and sketched. The book itself is written in just the same spirit. It excites unstinted admiration, and one puts it down with a feeling that there is only one leader of any importance, Frank

Hodges, born on the 30th of April, 1887. Robert Smillie's humble name is only passingly mentioned. It might almost be forgotten that this splendid man was President of the great organisation to which Frank Hodges acted as secretary. A secretary in England, however, is not a secretary as understood by continental bureaucracy; he is more often a very important person.

My Adventures as a Labour Leader! In reality, young Hodges can hardly be blamed for having been roused to some enthusiasm in reviewing his former life, and, apart from the somewhat self-centred point of view from which he regards the world, the tone of the book is not vainglorious. Had it been written by someone else, it would probably have been a very good book on Frank Hodges, for what there really is to tell about him is quite out of the common. His adventures are innumerable, and not infrequently amount to deeds of heroism. Frank Hodges may be considered a man with a great future before him in England. The picture of him on the wrapper of his book shows that he wishes to appear a thinker with the vision of a Sherlock Holmes, and a man of action with the energy of a Lord Northcliffe—a formidable combination! But for that he might be described as a young man of medium height, rather thick set, with a square clean-cut face, refractory locks of hair falling over one side of his forehead, deep-set, intelligent eyes, and a good-humoured expression, a man full of life, always ready for a joke and obviously thoroughly satisfied with the active and interesting life he leads. The lines round the mouth and eyes and between

the eyebrows bear witness to the "adventures", and it is easy to see that he is a Labour Leader. Frank Hodges himself would not make any secret of it.

His adventures began early. Hodges speaks of his birth as his first adventure. He was one of a large family of farmer's children, living in a cottage somewhere in Gloucestershire, and as his birth was not unexpected, it can hardly be considered a very special adventure. It ought perhaps to be said that there was Welsh blood on his father's side. Besides that, the father was a pronounced democrat and a strong Nonconformist. He left his native country, where he was earning very little, and settled in a mining village in South Wales, for at that time there was a good deal of talk about the high wages and good prospects in the mining industry. So the Hodges ceased to be agriculturists and became miners.

There is little to relate of Frank's early youth. The fact that, as a little fellow, he struck a master who was hard and unfair to other boys, may be of some interest. He was soundly thrashed for it, but he regards this adventure as the first step on the road to his future struggle against the cruelty of men. At twelve years of age his adventures became more serious. He began work in the mines. Before his day the age limit was six or eight; now it is fourteen. His first work was not in itself heavy. He had to open and shut the doors for the ponies and trucks. But under what conditions! Down in the depths of the earth, where no daylight penetrated—in a low roofed gallery, alone at a far distant post! He was forced into this career by fate.

FRANK HODGES

In a mining village there is no other work to be had. The son follows in the father's and grandfather's footsteps—anything beyond this is unknown in these districts.

The next adventure was Shakespeare. A little volume that the boy smuggled into the pit with him. He read it eagerly by the dim light of his miner's lamp. But he was caught by an older workman, who could neither read nor write. Instead of reporting the delinquency, the man shared the literary adventures in the mine. Frank read to him, down in the poisonous depths of the earth, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Other books followed. A thirst for knowledge was roused. Frank began to attend the night-school. A mining official became interested in him, and helped to provide food for his mind. Darwin's *The Origin of Species* opened up a new world to him. One step followed another. The young fellow joined the local debating club, where he urged the advantages of a republican form of State before a horrified assembly of local intellect, of schoolmasters, clergy, and journalists. They easily disposed of his flimsy arguments, and thus Frank learnt the necessity of a solid foundation for his ideas. He longed for education and advancement. Then he took to religion, and at the age of sixteen became an ardent Methodist. It was the religion of the poor, not of the rich. The young miner began preaching in the evenings. His religion took an active form. That is not at all uncommon amongst the miners. Hodges writes, "It is true that in most of the English counties, the old and many of the present-day leaders of the Miners' Federation

were and are still influenced by the Methodist Church." From time to time, all the miners' leaders have been local preachers as well, and they derived their strength for the hard struggle from the teachings of this Church. But Frank was too violent, his preaching was too modern—the Methodists repudiated him. This adventure too was at an end. From that time forward Frank Hodges tried to get into touch with the Trade-Unions. But at heart, so he assures us, he is still true to the Methodists. He likes their "simple, religious life, and their social aims". Besides that, even the Methodists have moved with the times, they have become more modern and more tolerant.

The adventures gained in importance. Frank Hodges, at that time barely sixteen years old, joined the great political school of the Trade-Unions. The Trade-Unions favour practical methods; they want to negotiate with the employers, and to gain something by negotiation. The great political trials of strength between Capital and Labour are not everyday matters. The daily work is quiet and to the point. The business of the smaller local organisations is to convince the manager of the local industry of the objections to this or that rule or wage regulation. "A case has to be made." Far from being doctrinaire or propounding wild theories, these leaders must be both sensible and practical. The Trade-Union thus becomes a training institution for the "negotiator", the diplomat. The Trade-Unionist must weigh matters carefully, and accustom himself to think fairly, otherwise he cannot hope to make any impression on the opposite side, the employer.

That is the British tradition. It explains the psychology of the old leaders like Thomas and Clynes, and this peculiarity, which is the result of their practical work, distinguishes them from the more Radical leaders, with whom they are fighting for the upper hand. They favour negotiation and understanding, whilst the others clamour for power. The special characteristic of the Trade-Union movement was decentralisation. The industrial managers and the Trade-Union leaders in the individual mines or districts dealt directly with one another. Centralisation, which puts the whole power into the hands of the General Council of Trade-Unions, is conducive to a far more impersonal and far more dogmatic policy, and one far more likely to lead to forcible measures. Centralisation tends to radicalise the Trade-Unions.

Frank Hodges joined the Independent Labour Party, and thus became a politician as well as a Trade-Unionist. At the age of eighteen he heard Philip Snowden speak. Snowden became his "inspiration", his "ideal". But he owed his intellectual advancement entirely to his Trade-Union. It provided him with the possibility that was the making of his life. He won the Trade-Union scholarship at Ruskin College, Oxford. Two years of University life, two years of education to his heart's content, two years far from the coal dust and gas of the mines—a happy young fellow indeed, a scholar at the famous Labour College. True, Ruskin College is not "Oxford". The young workmen who were sent by their Trade-Unions to Ruskin College, and, after the conflict in which Frank Hodges took

part, to the Central Labour College, were not considered on an equality with the other undergraduates, for there is no small difference between a Public School and a mine. Consequently, heads were sometimes broken at Oxford in Frank Hodge's time. A desperate battle raged round the platform from which Keir Hardie tried to speak, on his return from India, where he had made speeches that were displeasing to English ears. Want of money also made a difference between the Labour students and the others. In Hodges's day the scholars were not given allowances for books and other extras. But the young man had saved almost a hundred pounds out of his mining wages, and with this he began the great time of his life—Oxford. At the end of the two years there, he spent a delightful holiday in Paris, where Dr. Lafargue and his wife, a daughter of Karl Marx, were amongst those from whom he received the kindest hospitality. Soon afterwards, the old couple put an end to themselves because they no longer felt the strength to work.

"At Oxford," Frank Hodges says, "we were taught to elevate our class, not to be elevated above it." So he went back to the mines as a hewer, the hardest work of all, lying on the ground at the extreme end of the seam, and swinging the axe sideways in this painful position for hours at a time. What a contrast! His mind was full of Oxford; it rebelled against his body. It refused to become an industrial automaton. Frank Hodges recognised that he had lost all ability to concentrate on this kind of work. The life of a miner became a misery to him. These pages of his book are perhaps the most

valuable from the psychological point of view; they deal with the revolt of the modern intellectualised workman against the emptiness of purely manual work. There is one thing to which no reference is made. Hodges says, "We were taught to elevate our class, not to be elevated above it." That was the aim. But is it attainable? He asserts at the end of his book that he has always remained a miner at heart. No doubt. He is no renegade. And yet he no longer felt able to lead the life in the mines, going automatically to the entrance of the pit, carrying his breakfast, waiting, standing in a queue, going down into the bowels of the earth, crawling through the tunnels, hewing, breaking, and hammering coal hour after hour. He wanted to be something more than a miner. He aspired to another sphere of work, the intellectual sphere. He longed to get away from his surroundings—he simply ceased to be a miner, however innumerable the ties may have been that still bound him to the life, and however many thousand times he may assure us that even now he is nothing more than a miner.

It did not take long to bring this about. He seemed to break down under the old burden that had now become a new and heavier one to him. In the evenings he taught his fellow Trade-Unionists what he himself had learnt at Oxford. His old and new comrades from the mines listened eagerly to him. His reputation as a teacher grew, and the administrative authorities in the county gave him an appointment. Two evenings a week he was to teach French—the language he had studied for long past, and had spoken in Paris. The small salary enabled

him to work for only four instead of six days in the mine. But the excitement of the dual life seemed to break him down completely. Then came the turning point—an insertion in a newspaper, an advertisement for a Trade-Union agent at a salary of three pound ten a week. He applied and was accepted. From thenceforth Frank Hodges was a Trade-Union official. His manual work in the mines was at an end.

He was twenty-four. He threw himself ardently into his new work and succeeded in fundamentally reforming the district organisation. He continued to rise. At the age of thirty-one, he was appointed permanent Secretary to the Miners' Federation. As such he was a member of the Sankey Commission. As such he conducted the important diplomatic negotiations in the mining industry during the stormy post-war years. Lloyd George sat opposite to him. He says that of all places in the world, the one where he felt least nervous was the Cabinet room at 10 Downing Street, when he was conducting negotiations there. Who would have expected it to be otherwise? Certainly Frank Hodges did not humble himself before the great! Anyhow not in this book!

He continued to rise with the regularity of clockwork. He was elected to Parliament, and held office in Ramsay Macdonald's Government as First Lord of the Admiralty, one of England's most sacred institutions. He did not disappoint expectations. He began by applying to Parliament for five new cruisers. The Liberal wing of the Labour Party could always rely on his support, as a member of the

Government, in the House of Commons, and in his official capacity he was regarded by his subordinates as an energetic, judicious representative, and a hard-working man whose instincts were sound. Thus he gradually gained importance in the higher world of statesmen. But this had its drawbacks. When Frank Hodges, with his friends, left his seat in Whitehall, he found the world from which he had risen, unchanged. By going into Parliament he had lost his post in his Trade-Union, for the miners did not want their secretary to play a political part, still less to be a member of Parliament. The Radical Trade-Unionists are against Parliament. Not only that, but they were also against young Hodges and his Ministerial rôle. What had the Trade-Unions gained by it? It had only prevented their fighting the employers. But quite apart from that, young Frank was a thorn in the flesh of the Radicals. Had he not broken up the industrial alliance, the united fighting forces of the three most important Trade-Unions, by his arbitrary tactics? As a matter of fact, the part he played in the dramatic events of the spring and summer of 1921 is certainly the most important of the adventures Frank Hodges relates. His name is closely associated with the rise and fall of the great Triple Alliance. When he exerted himself to bring about the alliance between miners, railway men, and transport workers, after the war, he was only following in Robert Smillie's footsteps. But he was acting independently when, at the critical moment that would decide whether the other two allies were going to stand by the miners or not, he said what gave all the world to understand that he

still believed in the possibility of further negotiations. This enabled those two allies to take his view, and deny the existence of a *casus foederis*. That was the end of the Triple Alliance. The miners had to sue for peace soon afterwards. There was widespread disappointment and bitterness in Labour circles, but there is no doubt that Frank Hodges was right. He knew better than the Radical idealists that the alliance rested on an insecure basis, and that the railway men suspected the miners of having political aims, in addition to their economic aspirations, in other words, of aiming at nationalisation, towards which the celebrated proposal that the profits made by the owners should be pooled, was to be a stepping stone. Thomas would never have lent the help of his railway men for such purposes. Frank Hodges recognised this, hence his proposal that if satisfactory wages could be secured without the pool, it should be sufficient, and that they should negotiate. But the other leaders of his Trade-Union disavowed the young secretary. This was the greatest humiliation of Frank Hodges's life. He had gone his own way, and tried to be a real leader for the first time, but the Miners' Federation refused to follow him. They wanted the pool or nothing. Cook was the "leader" in the great struggle of 1926: He did what Frank Hodges would not do, he did what the excited masses wished. "Not a penny off the pay, not a minute on the day." That was his hopeless slogan. What a difference between the two men's strategy at a critical moment! The difference was not only one of temperament and intelligence; it showed at the same time what great

progress had been made towards radicalising the Trade-Unions. Frank Hodges could not take much part in the proceedings of 1926. He was bitterly opposed to Cook. The masses regard him as a traitor; his Trade-Union broke with him, and his enemies are trying to drive him out of his post in the International Miners' Federation. His career as a Trade-Unionist seems to be at an end.

And yet Frank Hodges is a coming man. He will not rise any further through his Trade-Union, but his position is assured in politics and in Parliament, even indeed in business, as is proved by his having been appointed a member of the Central Electricity Board. He is a born negotiator and diplomatist. Labour will never be able to dispense with his services, as long as the method is to negotiate, and not to overthrow, and as long as Labour in England does not substitute the policy of direct action for the parliamentary system. Frank Hodges is a new type—the intellectually educated manual labourer.

An effort is being made to give the Trade-Union officials something of the advantages the "Labour intellectuals" have. Labour Colleges have been established for the purpose of training this new type in the younger generation. The path these Trade-Union intellectuals have to tread is long and weary, as the example of young Hodges shows. Not every young workman, whose previous education has naturally been very limited, is intellectually equal to the new world that is opened up to him. It is also evident that the Trade-Union centres of learning may not be altogether impartial and free from Party

doctrine. Therefore the result of a short College training is often only an apparent gain, and it may be found that, on the whole, this new class of Trade-Union intellectualist is very far from being in a position to replace the real intellectuals who have done the Labour movement incomparable service during the period in which the young Party has been rising, and who are equipped with a mentality they could hardly have acquired in the limited sphere of the Labour Colleges. These intellectuals have sometimes been unpractical and fanatical, but they were animated by a belief which was strong enough to lead them to abandon their social and political *milieu* —most of them were formerly Liberals—and to join the young Labour Party. No Englishman, who sees the least chance of rising, will be lightly inclined to destroy radically the machinery of English capitalism. The intellectuals have often been far more ready to do so than the old stamp of Trade-Union leader. But their influence on the gradual development of a spirit which can think beyond the narrow limits of the British Isles has been marvellous, for a true international outlook would not have been a spontaneous growth within the Trade-Unions. "Socialism," Bertrand Russell says, "is naturally international in theory, but its internationalism seems to be only a passing effect of its world-wide struggle against capitalism." Experience in England confirms this. Frank Hodges is also British, almost through and through; at all events not more than half per cent internationalist. He took as little part as any of the other Trade-Union leaders in the great propaganda carried on by the Labour politicians to

educate the working classes to think internationally, or at least, to show some slight degree of reason and justice in foreign policy.

Frank Hodges's future problem is England's problem. Will the ties that bind him to the masses be strong enough to withstand the pressure that has been put on them since the young working man has become a successful Minister of the State and of the "system" under which we live? We have seen that he is no longer the equal of the labouring man, as such. Yet he still believes that he is at heart a miner. The question is whether others will believe it and how long they will believe it? Can leadership of this kind endure? The fundamental character of the British working man seems to allow of an answer in the affirmative. The slight touch of snobbery in everything about him, his attitude, his photographs, his share in the comedy at Easton Lodge, where a few lords and ladies make an effort to hobnob with Labour Leaders—all this seems to add to, rather than detract from, the prestige of the Labour Leader, with the great majority. When I once asked Frank Hodges what his miners would say to his running about playing tennis in white flannel trousers, his answer was that all they would do would be to find fault if he did otherwise. It comes of the instinctive impulse upwards, the craving to rise. John Galsworthy has written the history of the Forsytes in several volumes. It is the history of the well-to-do middle class in England, the quintessence of present-day England as a whole. The difference is only one of degree, for all classes have, with very trifling exceptions, the same "sense of property". It is the

determining element in the English nation, and is probably indeed an excellent safeguard against any too sweeping schemes of nationalisation. Galsworthy describes it as a feeling for values, whether women, houses, money, or prestige. These are things that they want; they take care of them and respect them. The point of view from which they regard life is whether, with any luck, it can lead to such things. Frank Hodges himself is not a Forsyte. They belonged to the class of owners, who go on adding to their possessions. People who have understood how to make a fortune, and are then martyrs, as it were, to their anxiety to preserve it. Their wealth has, as Galsworthy's Jolyon says, "destroyed their power of sacrificing themselves heart and soul in a cause". They are satiated. Not so those who are still rising. They fight desperately. But they too are eagerly bent on the same thing. They have all the ardour and self-sacrificing courage of the devotee, but they too are guided by the same "sense of property", and we are all near enough to the present to know why this is, and why Frank Hodges is a strong factor in the barrier England has erected against the iconoclasts of to-morrow.

SOCIALISM AND THE CHURCH: JOHN WHEATLEY

WITH the exception of the Archbishops and Bishops who sit in the House of Lords, there are no clergy in the British Parliament. They cannot be elected to the House of Commons. This limits their importance, but does not do away with it. It is well known that the Established Churches of England and Scotland derive their membership chiefly from the aristocratic and Conservative elements of the people, the Dissenters or Nonconformists being more democratic and Liberal. Yet in the chapter on Dean Inge, mention has already been made of the fact that, to the Dean's annoyance, there is a strong body of opinion, particularly within the High Church Party, which is considering the best means either of not losing, or of restoring touch with the more Radical working-class masses. That is wise, but it is only natural in the case of a Church which wishes to gather the whole nation within its fold, even though it obviously can no longer cherish the ambition of the sixteenth century, and that of many more recent Anglo-Catholic reformers, that none but members of the Established Church should have civil rights.

The important point is that although the whole tradition of the Church of England is Conservative, it is not in any way a religious Party organisation.

It throws open its doors to all, to the whole nation, regardless of Party political doctrine. The English Roman Catholic Church is equally non-political. There is no institution in England at all resembling the German Centre Party, which is numerically overwhelmingly Roman Catholic. The Centre Party is the only one in Germany that resembles the political organisations of former England in so far as it is composed of a large number of heterogeneous elements, drawn from all classes of the people. But they are united by a religious bond, and this would be impossible in England, in fact absolutely inconceivable from the national standpoint, owing to the instinctive and explicit limitations it would involve. In addition to that, it would be difficult for a Roman Catholic Party in England to play the same part as in Germany, for the number of Roman Catholics is probably less than seven per cent of the population—there are certainly considerably less than three million—and they are also much more unevenly distributed in Great Britain than in Germany.

The percentage is highest in Scotland, where it is now probably over eleven per cent, owing chiefly to the Irish element in the industrial districts. Without this constant Irish source of supply, Roman Catholicism in England would have no vitality. The enormous cathedral at Westminster is the resort of thousands of Irish people living in London, and a dozen vendors of Irish newspapers stand about its portals. The power of Rome in Ireland, and its influence in Scottish industrial districts, are the distinguishing features of Roman Catholicism in Eng-

land. This makes the Roman Catholic question a political problem of some importance there.

Ireland has achieved her independence, and will secure perfect peace in time, both with Ulster and England. That side of the question is consequently of less importance. While the struggle was going on Roman Catholicism was in the thick of it, and many bitter attacks were made on the Roman Catholic clergy. The most amazing pamphlets on Rome's treason to England were to be found at a depôt for the sale of anti-Catholic propaganda, only a few yards from the main entrance to St. Paul's Cathedral, whilst in Ireland a good deal was being said about the ground Roman Catholicism was losing there, because the Irish rebels were not finding as much support as they had hoped and expected from their priests. It is true that many of the younger priests and pupils from the innumerable and well-known Roman Catholic Colleges in Ireland took part in the sanguinary war, but the highest dignitaries of the Church took refuge in a middle course; they even prohibited political propaganda in the chapels. All this is becoming a thing of the past. Glasgow, on the other hand, is a very present question. What is the attitude of the Roman Catholic Church towards the development of Socialism in the Scottish working class, which contains such a large Roman Catholic element? What is the attitude of Socialism itself towards the Church? How is John Wheatley, the Roman Catholic leader of the Radical group on the Clyde, steering his course between such perilous rocks—John Wheatley, Ramsay Macdonald's great rival?

The Pope is anything but a Socialist, and makes no secret of it. In *La Croix,* the leading organ of the Roman Catholic Church in France, the following statement was made: "Religion leaves everyone free to choose between a Republic, a Kingdom, and an Empire, for these different forms of government are compatible with religion. But it leaves no one free to be either a Socialist, a Communist, or an anarchist, for these three persuasions are condemned by reason and the Church." Up to the present time the English Roman Catholic clergy have not made any official pronouncement on this subject. But it must be a burning question for them, seeing that so many of their parishioners are Socialists. There are ten Labour, ten Conservative, and two Liberal Roman Catholic Members of the House of Commons. The political views of the English Roman Catholics differ very widely, as will be seen from these figures. There are more than forty Roman Catholic peers. The number of Roman Catholics holding high positions in the Civil Service is considerable, many of them being in the Foreign Office. But the only real problem is the relationship between Socialism and the Church. In his book *The Socialist Movement,* Dr. A. Shadwell, who is considered one of the best authorities on Socialism from the *bourgeois* point of view, quotes the following passage from a pamphlet published in Bradford: "Christ is the enemy of Socialism. Christian morality is directly opposed to Socialism. The teaching of Christ is an obstacle in the way of human and social progress, in fact, Christ is the great enemy of the human race." And according to Lenin, religion is "opium

JOHN WHEATLEY AND C. P. TREVELYAN

to the people". That is the fashion set by Marx and Engel. "We have done with God", was one of Engel's statements, and these ideas are also current amongst British Socialists and Communists, as we have seen.

Socialism and the Church might therefore seem absolutely to condemn one another. But in reality it is not so in England, for the clergy are far more cautious than the editor of *La Croix,* and British Socialists are almost all of quite a special kind. Many of them are convinced atheists, some pose as having no religion, and there are also Communists amongst them. We need not consider the latter, for the main tendency is in another direction. It is to link up and reconcile Christianity and Socialism. If we look at the remarkable book in which Dan Griffith gives no less than two hundred and sixty contemporaneous British definitions in answer to the question "What is Socialism?" it will be seen what a number of people there are who regard Socialism as a religion, as practical Christianity, as an ethically religious movement, and a direct means of setting up the Kingdom of Christ on earth. This shows the very strong desire there is to triumph over economic materialism and the Marxian contempt for religion. In many cases it is undoubtedly a genuine desire, and this cannot surprise anyone who has made a close study of the English mind. In so far as it is not genuine, it shows that the demagogue wishes to pander to a similar tendency amongst the masses. Even English people complain of the "irreligiousness of the present day", and say that young people in England have never been so irreligious as during the last fifteen

years. Others absolutely deny that, and possibly with some justice. Religion and church going are not the same thing, and the wiser of the English clergy are well aware that the antiquated dogmatism and scholasticism of a form of belief established centuries ago, and the over-simplicity and austerity of many of the English churches, have done more than anything else to empty the dreariest of them, and prevent the young generation from going to the theological colleges and entering the clerical profession. This has led to a revision of the Prayer Book and to greater liberality in interpreting the Articles of Faith as a remedy, as well as to the school of thought known as High Church, which has borrowed many of its institutions from the ritual of the Church of Rome, even allowing Confession, trying in this way to satisfy spiritual needs. This does not mean that the Church of England is any more inclined to favour Roman Catholicism and its international tendency than hitherto.

"Socialism is the practical outcome of Christ's teaching." This is the plain statement made by C. G. Ammon, a well-known Labour leader. It sounds absurd, compared with the Marxian theories, for it is the exact opposite. But the English view is absolutely logical and consistent, if we look back on the first period of Anglo-French Socialism, passing over the Marx to Lenin epoch, which was certainly not an English epoch. The aim set before the movement, then in its infancy, by William Thompson, according to Shadwell the most eminent of Robert Owen's Socialist followers, was that all workers should be capitalists, and that Capital and Labour

should be under joint control, whilst Saint-Simon wrote a book called *The New Christianity*. Thus religion was to be pressed into the service of a moderate practical Socialism. It was to create the moral conditions necessary for the work of social and economic reform. It is true that when Ammon identifies religion with Socialism, he is merely formulating a catchword, but the point is that this school of thought still wishes for peaceful co-operation between religion and Socialism. They have a common aim. According to this teaching, religion must automatically lead to Socialism, to new and better social conditions. Macdonald is a Christian Socialist in this sense. It is this compromise between religion and Socialism that enables the Church, even the Roman Catholic Church in England, to preserve peace with Socialism, and thereby to place the moral influence of the Church to some extent at its service. British Socialism is not hostile to the Church, and therefore the Churches in England have no reason for fighting Socialism.

There can be no doubt that this peaceful state of affairs would be somewhat disturbed if British Socialism ceased to be characteristically British, that is, if it ceased to be moderate. Opinions as to primitive Christianity, and the communistic purport of Christ's teaching, differ very widely, and the Roman Catholic Church in England certainly would not be inclined to view anti-capitalist or communist experiments with indifference, if they went beyond a certain limit. It is true that a definitely anti-capitalist group exists which includes the Catholic Social Guild, the Catholic Young Men's Society, and literary men

like G. K. Chesterton and Hilaire Belloc. But they are more occupied in educating the rising generation than in putting their principles into practice. Moreover, in practice, they are inclined to compromise. Of the two leading ultramontane literary lights, Hilaire Belloc cannot indeed be taken very seriously. He is a fanatic. He has not been a help to the Church of Rome in England, for his views, often expressed with delightful malice and irony, and always with a vigour that is stimulating, are unjust and unreasonably scathing. He still belongs to a school which has been of no importance for the last fifty years, or at least not of the importance Belloc attaches to the Oxford movement initiated by Cardinal Newman and his friends, the men who hoped to guide England into the arms of Rome. The supremacy of the Church—above all the supremacy of Rome ! That is Belloc's idea. Quite mediæval. He does not understand the English people, and they do not understand Mr. Belloc. He is not an Englishman, but he is fonder of English beer than even the Scotch miners. All these things brought him into contact with a man who has also a fixed idea—G. K. Chesterton—who is, however, at the same time one of the finest adornments of present-day England's literary stage. G. K. Chesterton, laureate of beer and inveterate smoker, a big man with the massive curly head of a musician, is a scoffer and a poet—Dr. Johnson redivivus in Fleet Street ! Warm-hearted, more imaginative than intellectual, with something of E. T. A. Hoffmann's taste for depicting convivial scenes, Chesterton is a curious mixture of Socialism and mediævalism, going back both to primitive

economic life and to Rome. With him it is a cult, but his methods are Falstaffian.

Such Roman Catholicism as Chesterton's and Belloc's is peculiar, and the active socialist tendency in the English Roman Catholic Church that we have spoken of is only superficial at present. It might have become a problem if the Roman Catholic Socialists in Scotland had turned Radical under Wheatley's leadership, but this will not happen. John Wheatley failed. What a promising fighter he was ! John Wheatley used Radical and even threatening language. He would not be in the least afraid of such words as "revolution" and " republic." He spoke as though nationalising this or that were a mere trifle, and did not hesitate to proclaim sentiments that would be indignantly repudiated by a Macdonald, a Snowden, or a Webb. He was not the ordinary type of proletarian and working man. It is true that he began life as a proletarian of the lowest class. He was born in the slums of Glasgow and has seen the utmost misery, the most frightful poverty all round him ; that gave his vehemence an undertone of bitterness and intense radicalism. He is of Irish descent, and consequently an ardent politician. But this Radical appears to be a stout man in comfortable circumstances, with a round, smooth face, carefully shaven. He wears gold spectacles, and might easily be taken for a clergyman. When he first entered Westminster he gave the impression of being quite at his ease, not the least nervous or fanatical. He already had a printing establishment, and was therefore a capitalist in a small way. He enjoyed the friendship and also the practical

patronage of the Roman Catholic Church. In fact, this Radical was not at all unlike a humble member of the *bourgeoisie*. Only when he spoke . . . ! In short one was inclined to take him for a skilful strategist, a man with a set purpose and distant aims. What were those aims ? Forcible revolution ? Certainly not. Communism, confiscation, the overthrow of capitalism ? It could be none of these things, for presumably he was a good Christian, a good Catholic, and an equally faithful Socialist.

British Socialism, Wheatley said, demands the nationalisation of land and of the more important industries. " If the Church were to condemn that, it would be equivalent to saying that public ownership of land or capital is anti-Catholic." Naturally the Church does not say so. The only question is where to draw the line. How far may nationalisation go ? That is the people's affair, it does not concern the Church. So Wheatley argued quite openly. " The people's affair." Wheatley was a democrat ! It did not so much matter what he said, as what the people who elected him wanted. Consequently a certain amount of Radicalism was permissible, all the more in proportion to the hesitation shown by Macdonald or others. The intention was obvious; Macdonald had a rival in Mr. Wheatley, the leader of the Clyde Radicals. But at heart John Wheatley was never more dangerous a Socialist than Macdonald himself, even though he may howl with the Scotch wolves. In the event of the more Liberal leaders of the Labour Party being defeated by the extremists, or of the Party splitting, Macdonald would not have made way for a hot-headed

Communist, in the case of Wheatley, but for a very clever and versatile man.

John Wheatley, however, is played out. He still holds his seat on the Front Bench of the Opposition, but he is no longer a prospective party leader. His political importance has been largely discounted by the result of a recent law-suit.

With Mr. Wheatley a problem has disappeared. It might have been extremely interesting to watch the attitude of the Roman Catholic Church in England in the event of Mr. Wheatley's political triumph. There are two forces in the Roman Catholic Church in England. The voice of the one has been heard when the spiritual head of the English Catholics condemned the workers' attitude during the General Strike in very strong and even bitter terms. Cardinal Bourne did so at a time when the Archbishop of Canterbury and other leaders of the Church of England, together with the ministers of the Free Churches, made their appeal in favour of an early and honourable peace. Cardinal Bourne represents the aristocratic and even reactionary wing of the English Roman Catholics. Mr. Wheatley, on the other hand, and a large number of his followers belong to the rank and file of Catholicism, democratic and even socialist in their political beliefs. The problem of the two opposite forces in Catholicism is an ancient one. Mr. Wheatley as a Socialist leader might have made it urgent, but he was not the man to do so.

INTERNATIONALISM: BERTRAND RUSSELL

UNTIL the other day England was national—and nothing more. Now and again the Englishman helped to adjust the European scales from his garden island. He took out a weight here, and threw it in there. The British spirit was national and self-sufficient. Long before von Tirpitz built up the German battle fleet, and long before the invention of U boats and airships, the principle of "splendid isolation" was doomed. The development of the British Empire, which at times was peaceful, at other times high-handed,—"Pan-Englishism"—drove the Islands of the Blessed into a path of Internationalism which we are only now beginning to tread. The League of Nations policy England has adopted did not originate at Versailles or Geneva, it is really due to the relations between the mother country and her increasingly self-assertive Dominions and Colonies. There is indeed an international pacifism of a very genuine character in England, high-minded and self-sacrificing to an almost unparalleled degree. Thousands went to prison because they could not conscientiously take part in the world war. Besides that there is class Internationalism. This is strongest amongst the Socialists, and has developed within the last few years. All this, however, seems feeble and unimportant as compared with the elementary force which compels the British

BERTRAND RUSSELL

nation to seek peace in and with the world. The Englishman remains English, but a feeling that he is a citizen amongst other citizens of the world is taking the place of the sense of moral superiority and political authority. The democratic principle, which destroys in one direction, and restores life in another, is beginning to affect international policy powerfully.

Many people think of England as an idyllic country, where the people have prospered uninterruptedly. But that is quite a mistake. It has taken a thousand years of hard fighting to produce the English nation, and though it now seems to us a peaceful unit, the people tore one another to pieces during those years. There were terrible fratricidal wars, in which clans, kings, and whole provinces were cruelly massacred. The result is that the national idea has been cultivated to excess. The English character still retains a spice of the old-time devil. It is tamed and civilised, and cultivated as we all are, but the natural impulses are not extinct, they are concealed under a cloak of civilisation, a good strong cloak, elastic enough to give plenty of room for further contests beneath it, and for further development of what is good in the English nature —but it is only a cloak—human nature in the guise of civilisation.

The British Empire itself is a creation of might, sometimes of might under the cloak of colonisation and the spread of the Western idea, but none the less of might. Naval power is still its foundation. Naval power secures the frontiers of the Empire, but military strength has more and more ceased to

be a means of holding it together. Trade has become the connecting link; and last, but not least, comes the idea of Empire. The Dominions are growing into vigorous young nations, and the world Empire, which extends over five continents, is becoming a League of Nations. Whether the idea can survive remains to be proved. The crucial test will be when portions of the Empire that are not colonised and governed by British emigrants achieve their independence. In the meantime the theory and its development have inspired the English mind with all sorts of supernatural visions and ideas. Could England have had a more salutary lesson than that provided by the Irish rebels? And may not India, which was first a source of wealth, and then the scene of a tragedy, even indeed of a humiliation, be the means of imbuing the nationalistic islanders with a new spirit? India is where the still powerful forces of western civilisation seem to cross the mysterious, unexplored path of the Far East. Will India be the battle ground of a terrible struggle, or will it be there that the reconciliation between East and West will take place?

This is the most important of the many considerations which compel England to think internationally. The humane side of this Internationalism has been perhaps overlooked. Its origin is mainly practical—political, not ethical. But the policy is not inconsistent with a strong moral feeling, and there is no reason why it should not be conducive to a better international morality. The English people have a strong sense of justice, and, as a rule, a horror of harsh oppression. This gives ground for assuming

that an international conscience will be developed. Humane feeling is a British inheritance. Internationalism has thus a point of contact with it, and will succeed according to the degree in which it remains practical policy. The fanaticism of many pacifists has hindered rather than furthered its development. It is to the credit of the well known pacifists of the Independent Labour Party and the Union of Democratic Control, that they have been able to make the international problem a subject of discussion, and of special importance to Labour interests. But the uncompromising strength and courage of their personal opinion has often been an obstacle in the way of spreading the truth.

Bertrand Russell, the philosopher, scholar, and world politician, belongs to this school of thought. He is a fanatic in everything that he believes in, his almost anarchical Socialism, his love of peace, and his Internationalism. He is always certain to give great offence in England. Yet nothing is further from his intention than to preach the ideal, sentimental, or even the religious pacifism with which most of his friends are imbued. He even swims with the main current of British world policy in as far as he discusses Internationalism and Pacifism absolutely from the point of view of practical policy, without any reference to sentimental morality. He agrees that the development of the world will inevitably force us to become Internationalists. He does not speak of morality; in fact he declares that he is definitely opposed to a moral code, because that would, in his opinion, be asking the impossible from human beings, the majority of whom will simply

have nothing to do with it. To base Pacifism and Internationalism on the moral theory would only lead to hypocrisy and fresh dishonesty. Instead of this, Russell tries to follow up the main tendencies of the present day, as he sees them, and with their help, he points out what is before us.

Bertrand Russell sees two main currents, Nationalism and Industrialism. They are irreconcilable. Industrialism will necessitate the defeat of Nationalism. The result will be a European Federation, great world alliances which will mutually hold the balance of peace. His arguments are clever, independent, and weighty. The scheme he outlines is not propounded with so much noise and propaganda as that of the new Vienna school of thought, but its aims are the same, and they extend far beyond Europe.

The Honourable Bertrand Russell is heir presumptive to a peerage. He is the second son of Viscount Amberley, was born in 1872, and will bear a great name as Lord Russell. He is an English aristocrat, but of a peculiar type. He is clever, and has had the courage to rise above his position to the lofty heights of Socialism, and indulge in visions of a super-State. His courage has extended to defying tradition and custom, and even to exposing himself to serious persecution during the world war. An action which resulted in his being divorced from his first wife, an American, is amongst the many blows fate has dealt him personally. He is a thinker and a teacher. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he became a Fellow and a lecturer. Bertrand Russell began by taking up

mathematics and moral science. He lectured and wrote on geometry and mathematics in general. He has written on Leibnitz and other philosophic subjects, has travelled widely, studied German social democracy, on which he published a book, and has also written a work on China, and innumerable books on social problems of the day. His political ideas are summed up in his *Prospects of Industrial Civilisation.* It is certainly not his best book, and other works of his would have to be read in order to do justice to Russell's philosophy. But we are only considering him here from the point of view of his political teaching.

His views of life show strong traces of intellectual and moral reaction against the atmosphere of his youth, and no doubt also against his personal experiences of life. This accounts for a certain bitterness in what he writes. It also explains the irritation he shows in speaking of Church and religious matters, and of the bankruptcy of marriage. He takes an absolutely sceptical view, but Bertrand Russell is not a gloomy pessimist at heart. Englishmen are on very good terms with life, and we have already referred to the connection between their inherent optimism and their Calvinism. Even Russell, who certainly has no trace of Calvinism, regards the change from the great civilisations of the past as "definite progress". He makes this statement with no more enthusiasm than is shown throughout his book, nevertheless his aim is that the human race should enjoy life. From his lips that sounds curiously jejune. Probably the strict objectivity of his optimism may also be partly due to his dislike for the

unctuous homilies and messages of hope delivered by the evolutionists, which are now in vogue amongst the *élite* in England.

Nothing is more characteristic of this type than the way in which Sir Oliver Lodge, in the fulness of his own almost unbounded success, announces that "a wide and glorious future lies before us, before our race, and before the individual." "Hope is in the air; we can co-operate in the Divine plan." That is the *"leitmotiv"* of his *Making of Man,* one of his latest popular works, in which Sir Oliver, one of the leading scientists of the day, holding honorary degrees at half a dozen Universities, a Professor of Natural Science, and pioneer in wireless telegraphy, a philosopher, psychologist and spiritualist, sets out, in the wisdom of his seventy-five years, to bridge the gulf which separates the visible from the impenetrable mysteries of the spiritual world.

The same admirable theories of evolution which Sir Oliver Lodge propounds for the comfort of the English speaking race, are carried into the international zone by H. G. Wells. He holds out hope for all, not only for those born in the fogs of London or Sheffield. Wells compares our little present with the immense, immeasurable course of the world's history, and in this he is at one with Russell, but even he has no small admiration for the great things accomplished in our own day. To Sir Oliver Lodge they are everything. Progress! The triumph of brains and science! This is precisely what Bertrand Russell denies, and even despises from the bottom of his heart. The age of Nationalism and Industrialism is to him a lie or at all events an illu-

sion. "For my part," Russell says, "since learning to know China I have come to regard 'progress' and 'efficiency' as the great evils of the western world." The "definite progress" that he himself believes he sees in the changed days, has nothing to do with the discoveries of even a Sir Oliver Lodge. Of what use are our intellectual and scientific gains, if their whole result in the twentieth century is nothing more than frantic industrial competition, in which millions break down through exhaustion, or are wiped out by a frightful massacre that is called world war?

What humanity needs is not the glorification of its present chaotic conditions, not further progress, increased production, new inventions, and more "efficiency". It needs less work, less production, less excitement, less haste, more rest, quiet enjoyment of life, and rest for soul and body. How senseless it is, Russell exclaims, to think that the masses can be satisfied with a moral code. What is the use of preaching a moral, which pre-supposes unselfishness, to a mass of people struggling in a vortex of Industrialism and Nationalism? The world we must try to create is one full of hope and joy, not a world chiefly designed to restrain the evil impulses of humanity by force. His idea of this world is expressed as follows: "I should judge a community to be in a good state if I found a great deal of instinctive happiness and a prevalence of friendship and affection rather than of hatred and envy, a capacity for creating and enjoying beauty, and the intellectual curiosity which leads to the advancement and diffusion of knowledge." An admirable aim indeed. Bertrand Russell was staying at Penzance, at his own

quiet place far away in Cornwall, when he wrote this. And the words are those of a man who has no medium through which to work on mankind, for he hates the State as much as the Church. Hence he regards these things as the aim, but he hardly sees how it is to be achieved. The happy years of his school days come back to his mind, and he says involuntarily "The Public School-boy has something of this cheerful spirit of enjoyment." All the same, Bertrand Russell is a Socialist.

The evils of this world will generally speaking bring about their own destruction. The monster, Industrialism, will swallow up the dragon of Nationalism. What was the chief cause of the Nationalism of the past epoch if not the need for fresh markets felt by the industrial nations? It was a struggle for existence between the national industrial worlds. That may go on for a time, but even now it is evident that something more is needed than markets, something incomparably more important, namely raw material! The industrial State will have to fight to its last gasp for this. But here too, Russell believes that the evil will be its own remedy. The raw materials are not inexhaustible. He argues that the more their importance is realised, the greater the demand will be for a change in their management; nationalisation of raw materials, he says, is inevitable as soon as the peoples realise how easily the sources of supply are exhausted. This enables the Socialist to see his way clearly, and it lends practical weight to his argument. But, as things are at present, it does not contribute to peace, for, as Bertrand Russell points out, we already know

from experience that, to begin with, the socialist methods and aims of English labour organisations are no different to those of other countries, all being alike subservient to national Industrialism. In their present form, they will certainly be no obstacle in the way of world war. But we may be not very far from the second stage, when the pressing need for raw material will in many cases necessitate international agreement, particularly where it would be hopeless to think of fighting single-handed. The question is how it will be achieved. Will it be general throughout the world, without any economic system, or will great allied groups be formed?

Amongst the many forces that tend to create international solidarity, Russell, the Socialist, considers that finance is now the strongest. He says that it seems to him the soundest and most constructive influence in the western world at present. But where can this principle lead in itself? If the world were organised on the lines of creditors on the one hand and debtors on the other, it could only lead to the debtors waiting for the moment when they could throw off the yoke. It would be much the same if any individual State or group were politically supreme. The idea of the strongest State being politically predominant would not in itself be an objection, from Bertrand Russell's point of view, but he admits that no English Government would ever concede that principle, particularly as the course of history has been such that America is now the only country worth considering as the sole supreme power in the near future. Hence the demand for balance of power and equality of right; in other

words, for international democracy. This led to the formation of the League of Nations, so it seemed at Versailles, and so it seems now at Geneva! But its adoption of the principle of unanimity doomed the League to failure. It is, as Russell says, a useless instrument. "World government" is inconceivable unless the nations forego some of their sovereignty. This unlimited sovereignty, according to him, is just what has caused international anarchy. The smaller nations must be compelled, if necessary, to adopt the principle of free trade and inter-communication with one another and with great neighbouring States. If Europe is to survive, it must gradually build up a central Government to control its international relations. If Europe cannot do this, then it deserves to become a vassal of the United States.

Thus anarchy continues to exist, half concealed by a loose network of worthless international bonds of union, from the Amsterdam International to the Geneva League of Nations. And yet the course of events will carry us forcibly from one step to another. Amongst the real advances humanity has made, Russell regards those as the most valuable which oblige us to build up our nations on an ever widening territorial basis. The trifling disputes between the small nations of yesterday and to-day, which make so much noise in Europe, will more and more tend to disappear. According to him, we shall be more and more engrossed with the important problems of the great groups of the human race. The days have gone by when the world's history was made in Europe. "America and Russia are the

great independent Powers of to-day." Even Japan and Great Britain, which depend on their naval strength, cannot hope to maintain their present position. The days of great commercial and naval Powers are coming to an end. "In future great Empires will probably have to be based upon great territorial possessions." They must be self-sufficient and self-supporting, independent of the goodwill of others, and proof against blockade. That is where America and Russia are strong. Russell foresees the possibility of a new Russia dominating the whole East, perhaps in alliance with China and India. The real frontier between Russia and America might then be either the Straits of Dover, the Rhine, or the eastern frontier of Poland. Be that as it may, Europe's independence cannot be effectively maintained, if her small, so-called "Great Powers" keep up their divisions, their hatred and their malice, in the presence of their more powerful neighbours. When will Europe see the danger, and when will she act?

There is only one possible course, namely, a United States of Europe. There are two conceptions of this—the one with, the other without, England; the one in the sense of French continental policy, which would be determined by a Franco-Russian alliance, the other with England's conscious co-operation as a partner in the new Europe, possibly resulting in Russia being driven back towards the East. Bertrand Russell desires the second of these solutions. Such a union would have nothing to fear, even from Asia or America. The peace of the world would be guaranteed by a new and more up-to-date system of balance of power. The great *blocs*

would be irresistibly strong in their own defence, but hopeless as attacking forces. That would be the best guarantee of peace. It is true that the European *bloc* would have to encroach upon Africa, without whose products it could not exist. The Mediterranean would be a sort of inland sea.

An Utopian scheme it may be said. But how long would it remain Utopian? Bertrand Russell himself speaks of it as a sensible practical policy. It is a scheme which merely turns forces to account which have existed for thousands of years, "greed, fear, and self-defence", a struggle for existence, and therefore not Utopian, Russell says. Finally, the system would have all the advantages of even the most ardent internationalists' most ideal schemes. It would make war impossible, because there would be no hope of gaining anything by it. All economic reasons for an international upheaval would be disposed of, for there would be very little rivalry between one *bloc* and another. Local autonomy would suffice to satisfy the just claims of the States forming a *bloc;* to concede more would mean anarchy. Peace on earth through organisation into world communities . . . the system of a Pacifist whose theories are neither doctrinaire nor abstract, they are concrete and real, like most things in England. It is the outlook of a materialist, mechanically following up the laws of forces whose existence cannot indeed be denied, but which are not the only, perhaps not even the most important forces to be considered. Bertrand Russell outlines his world policy with apparent lack of enthusiasm. There is nothing in it to inspire either him or those he addresses: it

comes to an abrupt end, as though by chance, and it is amazing to find him saying that his system "fulfils the wildest dreams of even the most ardent idealists". The most important thing of all is lacking: the spirit that giveth life. The hand he stretches out to guide us is cold, almost lifeless. It is the hand of an artist, but we feel that the man himself lacks the spirit that would give it life. Bertrand Russell's outlook does not extend to the "beyond", the "infinite". He teaches that after death "worms destroy this body". Nothing more!

Sir Oliver Lodge, in his hours of most profound self-surrender, stretches out his hand to the son he lost in the war, to the unseen world beyond. He has written a book on the subject. This is the opposite extreme.

THE EVOLUTION OF LABOUR: PHILIP SNOWDEN

PHILIP SNOWDEN has never been a demagogue, has never cared to play the part of a capricious political leader ; he never at any time promised his constituents a social Paradise, was never an agitator or a flatterer, and yet he has been, and still is, one of the most influential politicians in the Labour Party. Unlike Lloyd George and Ramsay Macdonald, he owes nothing to romantic outward attractions. He is short, and has been lame for many years past, as the result of a bicycle accident ; his features are sharp, his voice has not the resounding tones of an organ, he is neither a persuasive nor humorous speaker, and the smile that hovers round his thin, firmly compressed lips merely flickers, like a ray of sunlight in a stormy sky. Philip Snowden is sarcastic, eminently intellectual, and a merciless critic. These are not attributes which in themselves conduce to popularity in England ; they do not appeal to the masses. In reality, Philip Snowden owes the position he holds in the English political world to qualities very different from those usually considered indispensable in this age of democracy and self-advertisement.

He is a man who throughout his long political life—Snowden was born in 1864—has always been

true to himself. Forty years ago, when he was an insignificant official in the Civil Service, he probably dressed and looked much as he does to-day. Apart from naturally increased intellectual acquirements and knowledge of the world, the principal changes in his life consist in having a small country house, an appreciably larger income from journalism, and the satisfaction of having been Chancellor of the Exchequer. The most that can be added is that the *Evening Standard* occasionally gives a list of the guests at Mrs. Snowden's receptions. The man himself is unchanged, his ardent desire is to collect the material necessary to remodel the aristocratic-capitalistic State that has been handed down to us, and make it into a homely middle-class abode.

Snowden was for many years Chairman of the Independent Labour Party. He left this Party lately when he thought its special brand of Socialism was no longer practical politics.

Thinking out, constructing, drafting programmes ; that was Snowden's special field of action. His very remarkable intellectual faculties destined him for that kind of work, and his lameness was an additional reason for devoting himself to it rather than to any sphere in which he would be handicapped by his infirmity. He has written a good deal, apart from his journalistic work, but Snowden is too practical to be a pure Labour Intellectual and theorist, after the manner of the Webbs. Much of his work lies, as it were, between theory and practice ; he is trying to find a bridge, some practical link between the Socialist theory and political practice. He is no opportunist or weakling ;

he is not in search of cheap compromises, does not shrink from conflicts or aspire to govern, but long before there was any possibility of forming the first Labour Government, he was considering what the Labour Party could and ought to do if it came into power. He had long been well equipped for the responsible post he then accepted, financial policy being his strong point, and the much decried Socialist and Pacifist very soon produced a Budget that was as moderate and English as any other English Budget. That was no surprise, for Snowden had written books to prepare the way. He made no concealment of the fact that such questions as Nationalisation and a Capital Levy are not always suitable subjects for Cabinet decisions, and when, in 1927, the idea of a surtax on large incomes began to take the place of the Capital Levy in the Labour programme, Snowden protested against it, pointing out plainly that this two-edged tendency would be a new Party catchword which could only be an obstacle in the way of the next Labour Government.

Philip Snowden personifies the sound, practical idea underlying the Labour policy : he is a whole-hearted friend of the weak and those in need of help. In this sense, he is an ardent Socialist : he works for reform in the social and political order. He wants the great problems of the nation to be solved in the right way, and looks at State and society from the side of the millions of economically weak men and women who constitute the nation just as much as the thousands of rich people. That is true English Socialism. It is what distinguishes

it from the usual continental Socialist doctrine. As a practical man, Snowden gradually discarded all doctrinarianism. This Socialist leader, who might just as well be called a modern Liberal, thereby personifies an evolution which has become quite general in English Socialism during the last ten or fifteen years. It is the best thing for England that could happen. That the Labour Party should have become a Government Party from having been an Opposition Party, may be considered due to this fact, but the opportunist motive generally attributed to the Party at the same time only existed in the case of a small and less important minority, not in the case of such men as Snowden. It is probably truer to say that this "materialisation" of the Labour policy was in a sense the last step but one which must necessarily have been the result of the more theoretical social teaching of the Fabian Society. The Fabians, particularly Mr. and Mrs. Webb, have taught the English people to think of and study social questions. They have fulfilled their objects. They overshot the mark, in so far as they tried to formulate a State Socialism on theoretical principles. Social wisdom must find expression in social practice and social statecraft, otherwise it is of little value. When the Labour Party first came into power, their social wisdom was still for the most part theoretical. Their knowledge and methods of investigation were often admirable, but they had not discovered how to reconcile them with what was practicable. Snowden was sensible of this deficiency, and tried to make it good—in his particular domain. It

may sometimes be difficult to recognise the difference between a man of his stamp, and one of those opportunists who find such satisfaction in governing that they are tempted to enter into any sort of compromise ; but sooner or later it will be tested. Philip Snowden has stood the test.

Snowden is consequently one of the strongest pillars of the school of Labour policy that is known as Labour Liberalism ; it is said, indeed, that certain intellectual relations between him and the Radical wing of the Liberal Party have never been entirely severed. Mrs. Snowden may perhaps be one of the links. There is nothing in this that need give rise to political speculation, for the relations between Liberalism and a great many of the Labour politicians are perfectly natural. It is true that Liberalism and the Liberal Party are two different things. Apart from all personal troubles, the present distressing position of the Liberal Party is largely due to the fact that Liberalism is no longer the monopoly of one party in England. The Liberal Party has fallen on evil days, but Liberalism itself, the Liberal spirit, still flourishes, and has spread Right and Left, influencing both the parties and the party programmes. In men like Snowden, two tendencies, Liberalism and Socialism, combine to form a whole, just as in Baldwin, for instance, the Liberal spirit of the day is combined with the Conservatism which is in the English blood. Such syntheses may open up the way to practical progress. Snowden and others of his way of thinking have the satisfaction of feeling that the result of the Labour Party and Trade-Union Conferences held the year

after the great strike was a decision, for the first time, to pursue a practical course. Back to what is practicable—social practice. That was the watch-word given out. It is the path pursued by Philip Snowden and the Labour Liberals.

A JEWISH VICEROY: LORD READING

THE English people have turned their Jewish elements to good account in many different ways. Jews have only comparatively recently been recognised as social and political equals in England, but when once the change began, it was rapid and comprehensive. It was not until 1828 that the Elders of the City of London decided that Jews might be naturalised, and even then this only applied to those who were baptised. Four years later, the first Jew was called to the English Bar. But, at that time, Jews, many of whom came from Germany, had been engaged for fifty years past in organising the remarkable financial development which raised the City of London to the position of a world power. They were men like the Goldsmids or Nathan Rothschild. Englishmen of an older school hated this dawn of a "new era", but it very soon became evident that the Jews were helping to develop national resources in the City of inestimable value to the British nation. These Jewish immigrants and organisers did not come as revolutionaries. They proved firm supporters of the existing régime, for they became British and Conservative, but with the tendency to Liberalism which later on led to the triumph of Tory-Liberal statesmanship. Early in the fifties, the first Jew with a leaning in that direction held office as Chancellor of the Exchequer in

Lord Derby's Cabinet. At the end of the sixties, this man, Benjamin Disraeli, the offspring of an Italian Jew, brought in one of the boldest measures of franchise reform that had ever been proposed to the English people. The result was that he became Prime Minister. The Earl of Derby and the Conservatives had to concede their most valued office to this stranger. Disraeli was the originator of a new national ideal, from which a Stanley Baldwin is now trying to derive strength for a superhuman task. And he was at the same time Jew enough to demand equality of right for the Jews in his habitual autocratic and defiant way.

English Jews of the present day mostly adopt a less aggressive tone. Sir Alfred Mond, the great chemical industrialist, at one time a leading Liberal Minister, is one of the few who are not afraid to speak their minds in public, at the risk of giving offence, but this is no special indication of character, for the main objects of his fierce attacks are the Socialist and Labour doctrines, or, at the most, the Protectionists. Sir Alfred never at any time opposed the Conservatives with the same vigour, and finally, in 1926, under pressure of Lloyd George's Socialism, he went over to the camp of Conservative capitalism. The main characteristic of the upper class Jews is absolute loyalty, and at the present time they are probably predominantly Tory-Liberal in the same sense as Disraeli. It would be difficult to say whether the tendency is to support the Liberal or the Conservative Party, but there certainly seems to be a very strong leaning towards the Right at present, all the more the higher

the social position reached—just the reverse of proletarian Whitechapel. The number of Jews in Great Britain is said to be about three hundred thousand, of whom two thirds or more live in London. As compared with the millions of residents in the metropolis, this is of course infinitesimal. The fact of their being concentrated in Whitechapel and several parts of the City is what makes them conspicuous, and perhaps also their steadfast belief in the Jewish religion and its ritual, and adherence to their particular style of dress that may frequently be seen in the East end. But even amongst the poorest of the poor in that part of London, where the Russian element predominates, there does not appear to be any destructive tendency. The desire to rise is too strong. This explains the very small part played by English Jews in the Communist or Radical-Socialist movement. There is only one Jew amongst the labour representatives in Parliament—Mr. Shinwell, who was a member of Macdonald's Government.

The important part played by the Jews in Tory Liberalism and the little support they give to the extreme Radical movement, conduces to their present social and political position. With all the will in the world it would be impossible to hold them responsible for any of the vicissitudes of English history. Strong anti-Semitism is therefore seldom if ever to be met with in England. In recent years there were a few unimportant newspapers which indulged in race-conscious anti-Semitism. These have disappeared and the *Morning Post* is practically the only news-

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paper of any standing which now and again considers it a duty to put a British national extinguisher on the Jews, and falls out with one or two Jewish organs. On these occasions both parties are often as amusing as they are contumacious.

It is a well known saying that every country has the Jews it deserves. Lord Birkenhead is of opinion that Great Britain deserves good Jews, and that, on the whole, it has them. The fact that the English Jews have the qualities which have given them this reputation is largely due to the absence of anti-Semitism in England rather than responsible for it. It is well known that Englishmen are always reluctant to express their thoughts, particularly when they might give pain by doing so. In addition to that, they are too fair-minded to condemn their fellow citizens indiscriminately when they find they are not quite like themselves. At the same time race-consciousness is a very marked feature of the English character, and it would be a mistake to doubt there being very often an inherent antipathy to the Jews. Even a man of A. G. Gardiner's standing shows some sign of it when he says, "The Jew, like the Japanese, is eternally alien to us. He has a vision which is not ours," and that the Jewish way of thinking "must necessarily remain outside our policy, despite Disraeli's sorceries." These are remarkable statements from the pen of a man who is not a Diehard, but a Liberal politician and writer. They may be partly accounted for by his dislike of Tory-Democracy, which proved such an effective rival to Liberalism. Such utterances are quite the exception, however, although it may be true that

Disraeli always remained a "foreign riddle" to the English people. The nation has been trained to display an extraordinary amount of tact. All the professions have been thrown open to Jews, they are received at Court and in society, and admitted to the leading Public Schools, the fountain-head of political and social promotion, and Jews have been accepted as members of the most select clubs. In explaining the great difference that exists in America, Lord Birkenhead points out that no Jew can belong to a good club there, whereas in England, which is far less liable to mass invasions of cosmopolitan Israelites, it was a great advantage that the Jews should be assimilated in the social and political life of the country, although there was a slight disadvantage to set against it. "The English people," he says, "have thoroughly understood how to associate one of the most remarkable qualities of the Jews with their own aims, in addition to their brains, industry, and inventive power, namely, the exclusiveness and *esprit de corps* of this very homogeneous race."

The war caused a certain reaction. Everything "foreign" was liable to be suspected, in as far as it had any connection with enemy countries. This affected many Jewish families, and led to odious persecutions, not to say robbery, as on the Stock Exchange, from which German-born subjects were driven, and in many cases to humiliating subjection to the dictates of a section of the Press. These troubles were soon got over, however, and any anti-Jewish feeling caused by them has now ceased to exist. Yet one may wonder whether there may not be a slight reaction when the younger gen-

eration, to whom the Public Schools and all professions have been so widely thrown open, grows up, and when, on the strength of their talents and industry, these young people lay claim to innumerable enviable posts which have hitherto only been filled to a comparatively small extent by Jews. Whitechapel still keeps relatively to itself; Jews of high social standing are mainly occupied in the City, and the number of Jews competing at the Bar, the Universities, and in Harley Street, is not excessive, but it is increasing, and this must necessarily become more and more evident. British sense of fair play will no doubt stand the test, and the miraculous English climate will do the rest.

Whatever the future may bring, the fact remains that Disraeli captured the Conservative Party. Imagine the German National Party appointing a Jew Imperial Chancellor, and this Jew being regarded for generations as a model Conservative statesman! Again think of the *Kreuzzeitung* being controlled by a man who had been created a German Count, but whose family name was Levi! Lord Burnham is a case of that kind; he owns and has a share in the management of the *Daily Telegraph*, one of the leading moderate Conservative newspapers. In England he has the reputation of being "a great English citizen". His father was created a peer, thanks to King Edward VII. The son, the present Lord Burnham, was educated at Eton and Oxford. He is not personally a man of great note, his position is due to his wealth, and his having succeeded in turning the great possibilities afforded him by his birth to good account. He is a man of

the world with a special leaning towards France and French culture, but rather slow. Without the prestige of the *Daily Telegraph* he would be just one of the many rich and prosperous men that may be met by the dozen in the express trains between Paris and London. They dine, pay their hotel bills, and make themselves agreeable. Such travellers are not of any great account, but at the same time they are weaving threads.

The English Jews who have risen to prominent positions do not owe this mainly to inherited wealth. There are a great many Jewish families in London who have been rich and highly esteemed for generations. The cases are fewer in which the descendants have attained to an importance greater than that of the forefathers who laid the foundation of their fortunes. As the best known instances of inherited greatness carefully preserved or enhanced, we need only mention such names as Rothschild, Montagu, Sassoon, and Mond, but the really interesting and remarkable cases are those of men who have risen, like Disraeli, from below, like the late Lord Bearstead, who came from Whitechapel, or Rufus Isaacs, who began life as a cabin boy and became Viceroy of India. This is the real strength of Judaism in present-day England.

In 1860 when Rufus Isaacs, now Earl of Reading, and late Viceroy of India, was born, his father was a tradesman in the City of London. He had a little school education in London, and some both in Germany and Belgium. The Viceroy has never made any claim to be a scholar. Lord Birkenhead says of him, with some admiration, that his choice of

words is very limited, and that few men have attained to such a high position whose language is so devoid of literary merit. He speaks with a correct accent, however, which is more than can be said of some others. Rufus Isaacs preferred learning from real life to studying books. He ran away from school, and escaped all educational experiments by going off to India as a cabin boy in the *Blair Atholl*. His adventures ended in his returning to a stool in his father's office. He then tried the Stock Exchange, but that was also only for a short time, for he got into financial difficulties. Another man's life would have been wrecked by such misfortunes, but Rufus Isaacs profited by his humiliation. After a couple of years of sheer hard work, the runaway and adventurous Jew was called to the Middle Temple Bar, where he achieved a brilliant success as counsel in criminal cases. He seemed to have found his vocation. Before many years he had paid off his Stock Exchange liabilities, and was more in request and making a larger income than any other barrister.

What was the secret of his success? The tall slight figure and clearly cut features were those of a man who combined rare intellect with all the charm of the well bred English manner he had instinctively acquired. Shrewd and tactful, somewhat too urbane, often indeed almost obsequious in his manner towards the judge, courteous and considerate to witnesses, never laying down the law, but thoroughly conversant with the whole field of forensic strategy, in short, a clever lawyer and polished gentleman—an exceptional combination even at the Middle

Temple. Not only that, but in matters of finance he was a genius. These were the qualities which enabled Rufus Isaacs to rise step by step to his present position. The Marconi affair did not stand in his way.

Although Rufus Isaacs turned his attention to politics, he does not owe his promotion to his parliamentary career. He never succeeded in adapting himself to the atmosphere of the House of Commons, and was consequently rather a failure there, but his Liberal friends disregarded that, and in 1910 he joined the Government in a legal capacity. Finally in 1913 he was appointed Lord Chief Justice. The post did not, however, seem to be the one for which he was really best fitted. A judge is not a diplomat, nor is there much scope for financial ability in that position. Accordingly, Sir Rufus Isaacs' reputation was not altogether unquestioned when the war broke out. Asquith summoned him to the Treasury, where Lloyd George was Chancellor of the Exchequer. It was Sir Rufus who inspired the policy which averted a financial panic at the critical moment when it seemed almost inevitable. A moratorium was proclaimed, but the State guaranteed payment of the bills, which amounted to hundreds of million pounds. Sir Rufus was responsible for the suggestion, and Lloyd George had the courage to take the risk. They had not miscalculated, the difference to the Treasury was hardly perceptible, and the country passed safely through the crisis. Sir Rufus received a Barony, and before long there was good reason why he should be created a Viscount, and finally raised to the rank of Earl of Reading. During the

most ominous years of the war, Rufus Isaacs was head of the Anglo-French Finance Commission; after that he was sent to the United States, first as special Envoy, and finally, in 1918, as High Commissioner and Ambassador. As a diplomat and financier he was entrusted with the most important duties of the allied War Cabinets, and even his opponents in England have nothing but praise for the way in which he fulfilled them. That was not all, however; Lord Reading, the son of a Jewish tradesman, was selected to wear what, it is true, was a somewhat thorny crown. He was appointed Viceroy of India in 1921. That was when the menace to British rule brought about by the war necessitated the best possible man being sent to India. He was charged with the duty of trying to carry out the Montagu-Chelmsford reforms in that country.

The tall figure of the Jewish Viceroy, robed in ermine, wearing a coronet and holding a sceptre, stands for something more in the eyes of his people. He is a pioneer. Notwithstanding her Diehards and snobs, England did not hesitate to entrust one of her most important national obligations to a Rufus Isaacs, and appoint him to a post calling for a greater display of magnificence than any other. Many hundred thousand Jewish citizens have thus been more closely attached than ever to the British Empire, and England has won the good opinion of millions of Jews in other countries. There are unpleasant details, but there is no Jewish problem in the British Empire.

"PANIS ET CIRCENSES": JACK HOBBS

MR. HOBBS may not be known to the most learned Anglicists on the Continent; they may never even have heard his name. A great loss! His christian name is Jack, and his father was groundsman at Jesus College, Cambridge. An important position, for it was his business to keep the College recreation grounds in order. His son, Jack, is approaching middle age, slight and of muscular build, but not tall. He walks with a naturally easy, elastic step, is clean shaven and has the kind of bright English eyes that are attractive, though they may not do much in the way of reading, nor is there anything else about him to suggest abnormal powers. He looks just an ordinary nice young Englishman; and yet, by a simple movement he is transformed as by a miracle. He grasps the narrow board with a thin handle that is called a cricket bat, walks on to the cricket ground arrayed in a white shirt, white trousers, and white boots, and takes up a position in front of the little wooden sticks that are carefully arranged as a goal for a hard ball which another gladiator will hurl with fanatical force from a moderate distance. A third, well armed combatant crouches behind the little wooden wicket in a state of tense concentration. He is watching the ball. The bowler hurls it, thousands hold their breath. Will the ball hit the wicket? Will it pass Jack

Hobbs? Will the man in armour behind the wicket catch it—or will Hobbs swing the bat, with one of those indescribable movements that reveal the genius, so as to hit the ball and send it flying out into the open field where a circle of nimble adepts are standing ready to throw it back before Hobbs, or whoever it may be, can complete the run he is just starting to make?

It is something that cannot be described in words. It is cricket! Let us hear what A. G. Gardiner has to say about it. "Cricket is a frame of mind, it is an attitude towards life; it is a discipline, a comradeship, a thing of serene and joyous memories." These weighty words have not been chosen without deliberate purpose, and it would be quite a mistake to suppose that there is even the faintest touch of irony underlying them. That would be out of place, for he is dealing with a national institution, "the most English thing we have invented in the way of a game". Gardiner even considers that nothing better illustrates the difference between the English and the American spirit than the fact that "the sun of English cricket has never risen on the dark continent across the Atlantic". There is a conciliatory smile behind those last words, but two long columns in the *Daily News,* from the pen of this serious politician and journalist, show that he is very much in earnest. Cricket has obsessed him. No one who does not understand and appreciate cricket will ever quite understand the English mind. That is his opinion. It necessitates a warning to readers of these essays on Englishmen and the English mind. As played by average players the game looks rather dull, and yet

it is a national institution. Like all national institutions, it has its enemies and, tell it not in Gath—many young Englishmen admit that they find it just as boring as does the author. As England is the only country where cricket is an institution—incidentally England has therefore always the best chance of winning matches—one may be sure for generations to come, of finding the fields round the towns and villages full of innocently happy cricket teams and cricket crowds in summer. And, as with all games, select teams of professionals will compete for cups and championships before enormous crowds of spectators. Jack Hobbs will continue to have a future!

As a matter of fact, regardless of the particular game, "Mr. Hobbs" is the national "sport hero". It may be that the English spirit is seen at its best in cricket, but whether in the form of football, tennis, golf, boxing, or racing, sport produces more heroes and hero worship in England than any other physical or mental pursuit. Even amongst cultured men and women, few will be found who know nothing of the Mr. Hobbses, and their daily performances in this or that branch of sport or game, but there are many who could hardly give the names of half a dozen Cabinet Ministers. There is no newspaper that does not devote whole columns to reports of every detail of sport, and it is a money-making business, as may be seen from the enormous circulation of popular newspapers. Sport is an absolute obsession. It is combined with an extraordinary love of betting—another great contrast to America—that has taken possession of all classes of the

people, and is probably strongest in the case of those who have least to lose. On Saturday afternoons millions look on at some great event. They pay the cost of the journey and the entrance money, often no trifling matter, without a murmur. Nor do they grudge spending money on drinks, still less on betting. Those who are not onlookers themselves at least take a ticket in a sweepstake in their office, or factory, or amongst their friends. This increases the interest taken, but it gives sport a strong business turn that is certainly not always good for the spirit of the nation. Perhaps the predominance of exhibitions of professional play is still less wholesome, though no less characteristic. Really "great" football in England is almost exclusively confined to professional players. Severe training and professional interest naturally combine to produce a very high standard of play and first class players, but at the same time they help to further financial and commercial interests, for the managers of some of these exhibitions of professional prowess make huge profits. The scandals in connection with boxing competitions are well known. But even without anything of that kind, organised theatrical shows are beginning very much to take the place of the more natural, unpretending amateur performance. The whole spirit is changing. Looking-on is becoming more important than playing. The Press favours the tendency. The street sale of newspapers is increasing. . . .

It was not always so. Even sport has entered upon an epoch of industrialisation and democratisation. There were no sporting papers in England

fifty or sixty years ago. For days together no sporting report of any kind would have been published in the leading newspapers of that period. It is true that even then the Press devoted half a column to racing and betting news, and perhaps cricket reports; but like newspapers, sport was only for the upper classes at that time. One or two parks or greens were open to the general public in London. The people could look at flowers or perhaps dig in their gardens on Sunday; for the rest they had their work and their churches. English statesmen were not expected to provide *"circenses"*; if there were *"panis"*, that was sufficient. Cricket, it is true, was originally a village game, like bowling, a sort of *boccia*. The date of the oldest picture of a cricket player is 1250. During the decades immediately before and after the year 1800 the gentry took up the village game, and in the sixties championships were started. This gave the game a new character, and the old village cricket became more and more a thing of the past. But for its now being kept up by the schools, and the sports managers and newspapers, it would hardly be any longer a popular national game, it would be merely an exhibition of play by experts. The way in which football has developed is still more evident. It has existed as a game for centuries, but in its present form it has only been known in England for about sixty years. During that time it has developed very rapidly. In 1870 there were hardly twenty football clubs: there are now thousands. There are not much fewer than a million organised football players in Great Britain. The most rapid progress made has been during the last twenty years. De-

MR. HOBBS

liberate efforts are made to promote the game, and the idea underlying the present-day organisation of sport in England is obvious, namely, *circenses* for the masses. The policy of the Roman Emperors!

What had happened since the sixties? The industrialisation of England had reached its zenith. An immense proletariat had come into existence. An enormous number of human beings were congregated in the industrial centres and in the capital. This stream had to be turned into a safe channel. The organisation of sport has helped to create that channel. The games are carefully selected as a means of invigorating both mind and body, the efficiency of the race being thus increased; at the same time the organisation is national and social, providing common aims and common ideas for millions of men and women. In order to get at the masses, it is better to appeal to the primitive, fundamental instinct than to higher things. No appeal to the sporting instinct ever fails. The English nature, with its lack of enthusiasm for spiritual and artistic ideals, and thorough distaste for the *café* life of Central Europe and the East, fulfilled all the conditions necessary for the development of sport on a grandiose scale, and no one was more inclined to favour the new idea than the industrial owners and merchants who provide work for the present-day sporting enthusiasts. The most valuable work in building up the new organisation was that done by the heads and managers of factories, warehouses, offices, banks, hotels, etc.; they encouraged the formation of clubs for different sports amongst their own employees, and gave them practical help, such as rent-

ing recreation grounds, putting up little tea and dressing rooms, placing motor vans at the disposal of their employees on Saturday afternoons, giving prizes, and coming themselves to look on and applaud at matches with other firms—in short, everything is done with a view to concentrating the energies and ambition of the young workmen on a very harmless, and at the same time healthy interest, and thereby arouse an instinct which has become of great importance to England, namely, a feeling of comradeship, and of loyalty to fellow workers and players. The games played by representatives of the towns, counties, and finally the whole country, weld the smaller groups into larger units, and eventually into one great nation of players and lovers of the game.

It would be hard to say how much of this is consciously and how much unconsciously done. The Englishman has a wonderful gift for doing useful things quite unconsciously, but the instinct of self-preservation has something to do with it. Society, with its expensive amusements and recreations, would be impossible nowadays, but for the national love of games and sport. The most luxurious motor car can be driven through the crowd standing outside the doors of a factory or Labour Exchange without fear of its being interfered with in any way. Anyhow, the sporting instinct and the organisation of sport are of very great value to the common social life of the English people. They have obviously done much to enable Englishmen to deal with the enormous responsibilities the age of Industrialism has imposed upon us all. The Englishman is cer-

tainly not a political superman, but he knows that all practical politics must take human nature into account. Human nature has become a special blend in England. The people have more in common than in other countries. Sport, team-work, helps to develop this feeling, towards which the Boy Scout movement has also contributed very largely. Sport unnerves a good many by being overdone, it not only enervates, but overrides more valuable instincts, and often becomes an absurd mania. It also does material harm. Since games have been allowed on Sunday, and Sunday motoring has become a craze, there have been more weary brains in the offices on Monday morning than ever before. The increasing gladiatorialism of the professional player, and the tendency to carry sport to excess, inspired by ambition to win the championships, introduce unhealthy elements into the popular movement which give reason for anxiety. The flying ball becomes the exciting cause of a psychological "complex". All the faculties of the brain are concentrated on this one point. What is there left? We see sport and amusements, games and dancing, drink and tobacco, cinemas and love-making—a great deal of love-making —indulged in to an unlimited and unbridled extent by a young generation who only too often throw themselves away. Life nowadays reckons in thousands, hundreds of thousands, millions—millions of unemployed, millions who go to cinemas, millions of sport enthusiasts, millions who bet, millions of kisses and embraces. Was there not a time when everything was different, everything better? Are not sport and games and dissipation undermining the

finest qualities of the British race, and deeply-rooted principles which have been the foundation of the British spirit and British work? What has become of the nation of "explorers"? Where are initiative, efficiency, inventive power, thrift, and perseverance to be found? "In fact, from having been pioneers, we have become imitators, and even at that we are feeble." This is what Arthur Shadwell, a much read student of social-political matters, wrote in *The Times*. And why? England, that is to say, young England, is no longer concerned about its real work; its heart is in sport and games. The present generation, so their critics say, are not interested in their work; sport is no longer a question of recreation. Sport and pleasure have become the Englishman's prime object in life. At the same time they often play just as badly as they work. England is going down . . . the people have no energy, no serious purpose. All classes are helping towards this decline; they are all mad about pleasure and display, whether a luxurious motor car, or a drive in a charabanc, whether winter sports in Switzerland, or a trip to the Isle of Man, whether pearl necklaces or imitation jewellery. Families living on the unemployment dole insist on going to the cinema twice a week with their children, and young working men who lack bread must have their own motor bicycles. This is how Shadwell and many others look at it. Is Mr. Hobbs a destructive force?

The whole world is going through the same crisis. The only question is whether the sports mania is one of the causes or one of the antidotes of a disease that has attacked us in other ways, and which an

age of industrialisation could not have escaped. The democratisation of sport has told no less upon life in England than the democratisation of politics, and a disastrous war followed by an era of inflation and profiteering has burdened the generation of to-day and to-morrow with a heritage which profoundly affects the nation both physically and morally. Is the nation going down? No! The task before it is too great. Its very magnitude is a source of fresh strength. England has an historical duty: the nation must strive to acquire the form of life required by an age of Industrialism and the masses. Bread and games will not do it, but it seems to us that Mr. Hobbs has a more important part to play in life than merely swinging his bat. He represents a tendency: without physical organisation, the spiritual organisation of these millions cannot be achieved. More than once, when a strike was proclaimed after the war, and hysterical people began to clamour for military protection, the strikers went off to play football, and the recreation grounds in the industrial districts never presented a more animated scene than in those days of impending catastrophe. It was then that Mr. Hobbs appeared in the light of a social saviour.

THE SPIRIT OF THE CITY

MCKENNA TO BANBURY

THE City of London also has its scholars and its politicians. It is perhaps indeed the secret of its unrivalled success as a world regulator of finance, that it has succeeded in producing a type that is hardly less important than the scholar politician. The City is like an enormous pyramid, the ground floor being occupied by perhaps a million clerks, employees, messengers and servants. It is a carefully preserved hierarchy approached by a ladder with many rungs, which can be climbed by even the humblest individual who has brains and strength enough to reach the top.

The class consisting of a million clerks is dull. They come from the suburbs, and are mainly of the lower middle class, the interminably wide borderland where, in their desire to escape from the bonds of manual labour, the young people merely exchange one yoke for another. At the end of twenty years, they are still clerks; they only sit at another desk. And yet there is something of an upward tendency in the change. They feel themselves more in touch with the "world spirit", as manifested to-day. There is enormous power at work in the confused medley of streets and byways and passages, and the many thousands of offices, for this is the hub of the universe, the headquarters of international finance and commerce, it is where people work and speculate,

where fortunes are made and enjoyed. This is a feeling that might be intoxicating, if only life left time for that—busy life, with its football matches and races, its sweepstakes and betting books, fair-haired girls and tennis parties, or, in the case of the older men, its endless anxieties, and the risk of coming to grief. But, nevertheless, that feeling of being at the fountainhead of tangible existence is the life-blood of the City, and the nearer the young man gets to the top of the ladder, the more he realises his importance, and the world-wide responsibility of his calling. It is impossible not to be conscious of it, for the concentration of all business organisation within a small area, as in the City of London, and continual contact with world interests—even if only through seeing the innumerable foreign superscriptions over business premises—make it sufficiently obvious. Not only that, but it is inherent in most Englishmen, in as far as they are able to rise either materially or intellectually above a dull vegetable existence. It is the tradition of the mariner, of the world trader.

All this is what encourages the universal tendency which the City of London, as a whole, still preserves, in spite of all inclination to make as much money as possible. Looking beyond personal gain, and considering what is best in the general interest, has enabled the City man to maintain discipline without any stronger compulsion than sound common sense and moral obligation. There are, of course, rogues and cut-throats who often enough corrupt economic life, even in England, but an international economic feeling, and a conscience, not only as regards one's own customers, but with regard to the

REGINALD MAC KENNA

community as a whole, is not, as yet, at all a matter of course throughout the world. The London financial world has this conscience. It is all the more natural that it should be so, because English business is very largely international; but this does not in any way lessen the value of the fact. Nothing has done more to raise the moral standard than the organisation of the English Banks, on the principle of allotting a definite and strictly limited sphere of action to the more important and leading houses, particularly the clearing houses and Discount Banks, which enables them to do with the least possible amount of speculation. A certain profit is made automatically by the management of the deposits and discount business, and the essential in the manager is that he should be a man of sterling character and sound judgment. Industry and finance are not necessarily combined, after the continental fashion, nor are the great English Banks in the habit of gambling either in funds, securities, or goods; it is not their object. The principle is less strictly observed than formerly, but on the whole it has remained the same, and the very important result is that there is no need for the great English institutions to put speculative and therefore more or less adventurous and unreliable men in leading positions. Thus the type of man who combines worldly wisdom with the qualities of a gentleman is given his due in the City as well as elsewhere. It is true that this did not prevent the City from falling a prey to an unworthy war psychosis, which took the form of furious persecution of enemy aliens and naturalised Germans. The confiscation of enormous German credits and

other private property, is an indelible disgrace, and the ridiculous obligation imposed on naturalised Germans of stamping their business letters with the words "German origin", and the way in which they were expelled from the Stock Exchange, are certainly not good illustrations of the City of London's "world conscience". And yet the spirit of the London financial world is more generous than that of any other great financial community.

If we follow up our illustration, it will be seen that not one, but two pyramids rise from the ground floor we have described, one within the other. The larger of the two encloses the whole structure, and at the top of it we find men like McKenna, the late Mr. Walter Leaf, and Montagu Norman. The smaller pyramid within it hardly rises to half its height. One might imagine it crowned by a figure cast in the same mould as Lord Banbury, who has represented the City of London in the House of Commons for years. The first type exhales the international spirit, the second is, on the contrary, truly characteristic of John Bull, as narrow as it is respectable. And yet McKenna carries far more weight than a hundred Banburys—such is the mentality of the City.

It would be difficult to speak of McKenna's personality with much enthusiasm. He has no qualities that fascinate. Everything about him is very correct. He is a man of good family, well over sixty years of age, married, has two sons, and was well educated, first privately, then at the London University and Cambridge. At the age of four and twenty he rowed "bow" in the Cambridge eight of

1887, and won several important cups at Henley. That did not prevent his taking honours in mathematics, a rather unorthodox combination, according to the ideas of those days; he entered the legal profession and was called to the Bar, went into Parliament as a Liberal and became a Minister, and has held half a dozen State offices, the Board of Education, the Admiralty, the Home Office, the Treasury, etc. He did a great deal towards arming the British Fleet during the critical years between 1908 and 1911, and was in office during the war, first as Minister for Home Affairs, then as Chancellor of the Exchequer, until he fell with Asquith in 1916. In the year 1919 it is hardly surprising that Reginald McKenna was appointed Chairman of the Midland Bank, the largest and most important of the clearing Banks, and from that time forward he has been one of the most influential men in the City, a man of high reputation, highly esteemed, and highly paid, a man two Conservative Premiers have vainly tried to secure as Chancellor of the Exchequer. He is of very athletic build, rather stiffly erect, with a clever head, long, angular, and powerful. A brilliant English product, a statesman and City magnate, who has won mathematical honours and rowing championships, and all achieved without any great originality, or even special talent. The combined weight of his estimable, but by no means brilliant qualities is what has led McKenna from one success to another. The City received him, like all other outsiders, with some reserve, but it speedily became evident that McKenna might be accepted as an absolute authority in purely financial matters as well as in matters of

political finance. He was not simply a great man who must be treated with respect because he was there, and had come with high political honours, but he adapted himself to his newest office with the wonderful facility so often met with in England, and which is a remarkable tribute to the English educational method. It enables the individual to turn his natural talents to full account as freely as in games, without being hampered by innumerable restrictions. Such a man can do anything—almost anything—that comes in the way of an ordinary mortal. His open mind enables him to look at life as a whole, and consider it from the general point of view already referred to. In this way the outlook even of the City man becomes to some extent that of the statesman and man of the world.

It is easy to understand this when the highest positions in the City are given to men who have held high office under the State, like McKenna and Sir Robert Horne, or Sir Eric Geddes, or have had a successful legal career, like the first two. It is also very natural that men who have studied the world and economic life in foreign parts, like, for instance, R. H. Brand and Sir H. Strakosch, should have great moral influence in the City, but careers like those of the late Walter Leaf, of the Westminster Bank, and Montagu Norman, Governor of the Bank of England, are far more characteristic. Walter Leaf was a typical classical scholar. When he left Harrow, he went to Cambridge, and passed through all the grades; he was a minor scholar in 1869, a scholar in 1871, a Fellow of Trinity College in 1875, honorary Fellow in 1920. Besides that he

MONTAGU NORMAN

took several classical degrees, and won classical prizes of other kinds. His publications have nothing to do with discount policy and the gold standard; the following are some of their titles: *The Story of Achilles, The Iliad of Homer, translated into English Prose, The Iliad,* edited with English notes and an introduction, *A Modern Priestess of Isis* (translated from the Russian), *An Essay on Persian Metre, Troy,* a study in Homeric Geography, *Homer and History* (1915), and a large number of scientific essays of different kinds. At the same time Walter Leaf was a business man; he began in his father's firm, he was one of the founders of the London Chamber of Commerce, Chairman of the Committee of the London Clearing Banks, Chairman of the Institute of Bankers, and, as already stated, Chairman of the great Westminster Bank. Naturally he was President of the Hellenic Society; he was also a very keen mountain climber, fond of skating, bicycling, photography and motoring, and a great traveller. We may add that Walter Leaf was born in 1852, and therefore dated from good old times!

Montagu Collet Norman has been governor of the Bank of England since 1920, and has held the post longer than any of his more recent predecessors. He directed financial policy during a more important and critical period than any that has been known for the last hundred years, and has brought England back to the gold standard. A slight hint from the governor is sufficient to compel even the oldest City firms to do or not do this or that. A Bank will feel bound to restrict its credits on the mere receipt of a polite suggestion that it is endors-

ing rather more bills than is desirable. The result of an unofficial intimation that the Bank of England did not wish foreign loans placed on the London market was that practically every house in the City complied with that wish, although they were individually free to act as they chose. The fact that the Governor of the Bank of England exercised considerable influence on the Reparation policy and in favour of the Dawes agreement, is world historical. Denunciation by the Bank of England has a sobering effect, even on a Poincaré. What a power! What a marvel of political and financial wisdom he must be! How many examinations a man would have to pass! How many years of service and experience in a Bank, as assistant, assistant manager, joint manager, and finally general manager, would be necessary before he could be appointed to such a position in many other countries! In England, a man has simply been selected who has great personal qualifications, a man of character, penetration, and discretion, a "first class" Englishman. Turning to "Who's Who", we find Montagu Norman described as having been a Companion of the Distinguished Service Order since 1901; he won this distinction as well as a number of other military decorations in the Boer war. He served in the fourth Battalion of the Bedfordshire regiment, was educated at Eton and King's College, Cambridge, and his father was F. H. Norman. He is Governor of the Bank of England, Lieutenant of the City of London and his club is the Athenæum. That is all. It was not even thought necessary to add "formerly partner in an Anglo-American Bank, and consequently a man of

means". Only his most intimate confidants know that he is a stamp collector, and sleeps in a bed fitted up like a library. He lunches with the King, with Kipling and perhaps with Mr. Baldwin. He reads oriental books, and is said to have decorated his dining room ceiling with his own hands.

But let us turn from this remarkable prodigy at the top of the great outer pyramid, to the less imposing figure of Frederick Banbury, which crowns the one half its height. Had one been told that like Mr. Norman, he had spent part of his life in fighting for his country, one would readily have believed it, for he is a true fighting man. But alas, how could he ever have done so? He has never quitted the soil of his beloved island of the Blessed, and that is saying a good deal, for he was born in 1850. His only connection with foreign countries is said to be his having dealt in foreign securities. In other words, Frederick George Banbury was a stock broker before he became Chairman of the Southern Railway. Now he is the Right Honourable Lord Banbury, with a seat and vote in the House of Lords. Yet he began as a regular City man, and a highly respectable but humble broker. He was a Public School boy, however, educated at Winchester, which has a very good name. It is true that he never showed any inclination to be a scholar. "Banbury" is more the personification of "vested interests" in the City. He is for ever complaining of the bad times and frightful taxation, the impudent Socialists, the dreadful Huns, the diminished value of Consols, the presumptuous Labour Party, Lloyd George's weakness of character, the feminine

mildness of Baldwin and the moderate Conservatives; all these anxieties fill the poor wiseacre's brain. He is bent under the burden of them. Sitting in his faultlessly cut black coat, his head sunk on his breast, the tall hat he wears year in, year out, true to the time honoured custom of the House of Commons, is more and more in danger of falling off. Sleeping or grumbling—which?

He has a fresh complexion and a mighty nose. He might be a retired General.

Only ten or twenty years ago, he was almost a good looking man, tall, fair, and blue-eyed, and at one time quite a power in Parliament, a man who thought he knew what he wanted. A successful man, but also honest and sincere, hard working and matter of fact, a man of honour, loyal to God and the King, who combines patriotism with liking for a glass of port. In short, a *junker* who believes in himself and what he says, cannot tolerate contradiction, fears opposition like a pestilence, and is amazingly class-conscious, and happy in the feeling of his superiority. He is not stupid, but narrow-minded and often dull. He is also just, as far as lies in him. He is the type of man who is completely disarming. They live in a world that is only comprehensible to themselves. In England they are called "Diehards", people who die hard, like the men of the Middlesex regiment on the battlefield of Northern France. Perhaps they may die out some time or other. That would be a great loss, for there is something in them of that primitive solidity that brought Prussianism into great repute. In the meantime the type still exists in England. There are still

squires, and they have imitators enough even in the City of London, especially in the Stock Exchange. They are recognised ultra-Conservatives; their object is to conserve all they have, and add as much to it as possible. Frederick Banbury is a Diehard from honest conviction; others have other reasons for their attitude. As already stated, the Banbury pyramid is not very high, and is overshadowed by the larger and more important structure. The Norman-McKenna spirit rules the City of London.

THE INDUSTRIAL EXPLORER: LORD LEVERHULME

THE spirit of enterprise is the peculiar quality which has made England what it is, and it is on this spirit—in ever changing form—that the hope of our Empire is based." This was said by Lord Birkenhead, the most enterprising of politicians, but it is so true, and so much an article of British faith, that it might just as easily have been said by a Socialist like Thomas, Macdonald, or Snowden. It is the boast of a capitalism that has seen better days and better men than the Marxian edict of excommunication depicts, and it should make the Labour Party careful, for the epoch of enterprise in that fine sense is not yet at an end, and people do not care to undermine their own existence, at all events not in England. It is true that capitalism thrives on such a boast, and even the most despicable moneylender, the usurer who charges enormous interest, reckons on it to absolve his sinful soul. How lucky that there are great men amongst the common herd! Of these great men the late Lord Leverhulme was one of the foremost.

The present generation of great English capitalists live chiefly on a heritage, and very often they cannot even be credited with administering their inherited property with much skill, or as their forefathers would have done. Not only property in-

herited above ground, but also beneath the green fields of the British Isles, which is even more important. Impecunious and often undeserving families became unexpectedly possessed of immense wealth, because valuable minerals were found to exist beneath the soil. Great iron and steel works then sprang up. The children and grandchildren became great capitalists without venturing anything. As long as the business prospered, and there was little or no competition, great wealth accumulated, but all this was achieved with the minimum of creative energy, whereas the vast engineering works could not have been constructed nor the unique organisation of the textile industry created without real enterprise and ability. Yet even this most important of British industries had for the most part passed the stage of constructive enterprise, and had become in many cases a stagnant family possession, at all events until the armistice boom, which led to so much speculative selling. On the other hand, great strides had been made towards establishing commercial and financial relations with other countries, and the spirit of enterprise shown in this direction is what gives English business men their claim to have founded and expanded what is known as the British Empire.

Is this epoch of English history coming to an end? If this question could be answered in the affirmative, the British Empire might still be assumed to have a good long life before it, for the organisation that has been built up is so vast, and the relations thereby created so real and so necessary to all those concerned, that this in itself must insure its existence for generations to come. It is therefore no mere chance

that, for instance, very Radical-minded Indians, though they may wish for political separation from Great Britain, do not wish to destroy the Anglo-Indian economic machinery, for everyone knows that it could not be destroyed without grave injury to the whole world.

It may be that British enterprise has reached or passed its zenith. What is certain is that in its enjoyment of the great heritage from past generations, the spirit is in danger of flagging. The danger is doubly great because it has arisen at a moment when the aftermath of the war has burdened the country with stupendous economic and social problems. The over-capitalisation of almost the whole economic organisation must compel the present generation of "business men by inheritance" to make heavy sacrifices, but the spirit of enterprise may possibly be firmly enough ingrained in Englishmen to inspire them with fresh energy for the immense amount of work still waiting to be done in the world. What has been achieved in the past has been thanks to vision, opportunity, and courage. There is considerably less opportunity nowadays, for there is less unexplored economic ground than at that time, consequently the demands on vision and energy are very much greater. But where are the new British pioneers?

Forty years ago William Hesketh Lever may be said to have discovered soap. Marcus Samuel, who became Lord Bearstead, was, so to speak, one of the discoverers of Japan and petroleum. The Quaker families of Cadbury and Rowntree discovered cocoa; the Samuels, now Montagus, Lord Swaythling's fam-

ily, founded the silver trade in the East. J. L. Mackay, now Lord Inchcape, built up one of the greatest commercial organisations in the East, and is to the shipping trade in England what Ballin was to Germany, whilst the late Lord Cowdray (W. D. Pearson) planned the great constructive works, including the acquisition of oil fields, which were so necessary in this age of increasing overseas traffic. There are not a few such discoverers, organisers, and financial geniuses, and there will always be something to which men of this stamp can devote all their energies. Very few, however, attain the eminence of a Lord Leverhulme; very few are at the same time pioneers in their professions, and consequently real pillars of the capitalist system by which millions live and which is worshipped by hundreds of thousands.

As an organiser, William H. Lever had perhaps only one rival—the American, Henry Ford; but the indisputable sincerity of his moral aim raises him far above the level of that "mechaniser" of labour. His father was a small greengrocer somewhere in Lancashire; at the age of sixteen he became a partner in his business. He soon struck out a line of his own. First he opened a small greengrocer's shop with his brother, then a small soap factory, then a larger one near Liverpool, and from that time onwards he rose rapidly; "Port Sunlight" became the centre of a huge oil and soap business. Lever Bros. Ltd. increased their capital to over sixty millions, and Lord Leverhulme ruled an industrial world. When he died in 1925, he was one of the most wealthy and famous of Englishmen. His was a romantic business career, but outwardly not unlike

that of many other industrial magnates of the past epoch, who were self-made men and rose to be great organisers. That, however, is not all there is to relate about William Lever.

It is difficult to say what the position of the present rising class of capitalists in England will be thirty years hence. The possibilities during the war were enormous, and capital changed hands very rapidly. Not a single instance could be given at the present time of a really creative spirit of enterprise, like that of Lord Leverhulme, and others whose rise was achieved during the decades before the war, chiefly in the second half of the last century. Since then there have been clever company promoters and speculators; existing business concerns have been advantageously developed under efficient, and even able management, and a number of prosperous new undertakings have been started, but no great spirit of enterprise has been shown latterly. Leverhulme's death is a reminder that the great organisers to whom reference has been made, are now old men. Men rise nowadays mainly through their careers; trained lawyers, influential politicians, or at best a combination of the two, as in the case of Sir Robert Horne, are typical representatives of the present-day industrialists; they have succeeded the constructive class represented by Lever, Mackay, and Samuel. That is a profound difference, and it is not surprising that it has had the effect of detracting to some extent from belief in the personal value of great capitalists, as such.

It is true that, even in his own generation, William Lever held a unique position. He was a man

LORD LEVERHULME

of character and heart. His thoughts extended far beyond his own business circle. He had the peculiar mentality which raises the man of sterling worth above the merely successful man. He ranked amongst the best class of English business men because he had that indefinable "something" which distinguishes Balfour amongst politicians, McKenna in the City, and Macdonald amongst Trade-Union secretaries. He was no sentimentalist, and showed none of the curious inconsistency sometimes to be seen in the history of Quaker employers; he was a pure and simple autocrat and a sturdy Englishman, but he never abandoned the fundamental principle which governed his thoughts and actions, due perhaps as much to his genuine piety as to his disposition, and which he defined very clearly, without at all disguising his character, when he said: "It will be recognised in future that a business man can only be successful if he is unselfish, for that is the best way to achieve a selfish aim." And he acted upon this. What he did was with an eye to the community as a whole. He avoided the mistake made by so many industrial owners, of regarding their own small business as the only one of any interest to themselves and the world in general. English education, and particularly that of the Public Schools, prides itself on teaching the individual to realise that he is one of a community. Plenty of cases could be quoted in which it has not succeeded in doing so, while, on the other hand, William Lever is a classical instance of this aim having been achieved without Public School training, for his early education was very elementary. Later on the Congregational

Church, of which he was a zealous member throughout life, gave him some further education, which he always remembered with gratitude. He sent his son to Eton, and to a University.

Leverhulme says that to succeed a man only needs intelligence, ideas, wisdom, self-denial, and loftiness of purpose in the expenditure of money. It took more than this, as may be imagined, to build up the firm of Lever Bros., for the soap factory at Port Sunlight was not exactly founded as a charitable institution. But this much is true, the money was honestly earned, without shabby methods or sharp practices of any kind, and when he became successful, William Lever shared generously the millions that poured in. He gave untold sums, on the American scale, to his church, to hospitals, universities, and schools, to the State, and to art institutions. Finally he made existence an easier matter for the Duke of Westminster, by purchasing Grosvenor House from him, the magnificent former town house of the Grosvenor family, with a view to presenting it to the nation, as he had done in the case of Lancaster House, now a Museum. He wanted to make Grosvenor House another art gallery, but his death intervened.

There was nothing snobbish in his readiness to give. He began at the actual source of his wealth, by giving his workmen a good share of the profits of his Port Sunlight factories. Leverhulme not only built model settlements for them from the beginning, for the most part from his own designs, but established the system of "profit sharing", which enables the workman to participate in the profits by holding

shares in the business. The money in question amounted to over £200,000 a year. In September 1924, almost eighteen thousand of Lever Bros.' workmen were co-partners of this kind, with a capital of two to three million pounds. This system has its advocates in England, but it does not help much towards solving the serious Labour problems, for it fails just when help is most urgently needed, namely, when there are no profits to share. But apart from this perhaps two-edged invention of proletarian capitalism, Lord Leverhulme achieved an imperishable work by his example. He recognised the moral importance of the industrial owner's duties, and it is due to him, more than to any other Englishman of his day, that this moral obligation has become a factor in social policy which no one can now evade. Middle-class Liberalism was still a great, though already declining power during the greater part of his life. He was a Liberal member of Parliament, and gave a good deal of his time and money to the Party, though not to the same extent or with the same ambition as Lord Cowdray. He might have been a very great help to the Party if he had been a statesman, for he showed the Liberals by his actions that the aim of Liberalism nowadays must be to reconcile Capital and Labour. He seemed to dislike the Liberal political doctrines, but his belief in individual constructive enterprise, the belief that made him so strong, was a barrier between him and the Labour Party. He once crossed literary swords with H. G. Wells on the subject of Socialism and ownership.

Lord Leverhulme was always making experiments

in the social sphere already mentioned. The romantic traits in the English character produced this effect in his case. Although he was no sentimentalist, at all events in business matters, there was a good deal of romance and vision in his ideas. He was very much guided by instinct and imagination. He saw the things it fell to him to do, and fulfilled his mission. This was at the root of his philanthropy. Strongly materialistic as he was, Lord Leverhulme yet allowed himself to be so carried away by his imagination as to devise the most Utopian schemes. He was practical enough to cut the head out of a portrait painted for him by Augustus John, because it was all he wanted, and he had no scruple in sending back the mutilated remains of the picture to the artist. (This was said afterwards to have been an oversight.) He was also sufficiently prosaic to quarrel with Sir William Orpen, because the artist would not see that it was fairer to pay for a portrait by the square inch. But the same Lord Leverhulme bought one of the Hebrides Islands, with a view to creating a kingdom for the loneliest of all lonely inhabitants of Scotland, where the customs of past centuries were to be carefully preserved and revived in the fishermen's cottages under the wise guidance of a Leverhulme. And, great organiser as he really was, he could not resist trying at the same time to turn these shy and poverty-stricken islanders into modern and successful industrialists. They were not merely to sing their old songs, and weave their delightful stuffs, they were to endeavour to emulate the success and prosperity of the twentieth century, like the workmen in the Port Sunlight soap factories. The

Isle of Lewis idyll soon came to an end, and Lord Leverhulme wound up his venture by presenting the island to its churlish inhabitants. The proud spirit of the poorest and most humble inhabitants of northern Scotland had defeated England's greatest and richest organiser.

FINANCIAL DIPLOMACY: LORD BEARSTED

SINCE the death of Sir Ernest Cassel, the city of London has not produced any personality who, like this (formerly German) Jew, combined the attributes of a finished diplomatic negotiator with those of a far-seeing statesman and an international financier whose wealth of ideas was all but inexhaustible. A man like Cassel earns as much money as he wants, but he does not earn it merely for the sake of money; proud consciousness of being amongst the great organisers of international relations is the driving force in his case. It was Sir Ernest Cassel who quietly arranged the celebrated Haldane mission, which it was hoped might put an end to the naval competition between England and Germany, and it was Sir Ernest Cassel who did most towards founding the Turkish Petroleum Company, shortly before the war, with the object of putting an end to Anglo-German rivalry in the Mosul district, by giving the two countries a joint interest in the petroleum. His financial genius was always at England's service, and mainly directed towards expansion of the British Empire, but he was, at the same time, a powerful factor in international compromise.

Sir Basil Zaharoff, a Greek, whose early youth was spent partly in Paris, partly in London, is one of the richest men in the world. Once a compara-

tively humble man in the City, he received the order of knighthood amongst other high English distinctions during the war, was made an honorary doctor of Oxford University, because he founded English professorships in Paris, and French professorships at Oxford; he was also given the Grand Cross of the French Legion of Honour. A banker, negotiator, agent, and large shareholder in Vickers and other armament firms, a large shareholder in oil companies and owner of half Monte Carlo, he was eminently a war phenomenon, of whom all sorts of legends are told, and was very active behind the scenes—which of them?—but how different a man to Cassel! Zaharoff was an international wire-puller and agent. He was rich when the war broke out, but it was the world war, and partly perhaps the aims of the Coalition Government, that first enabled him to wax powerful under the sheltering glass roof and in the moist heat of the political forcing house. Such fame is fleeting.

The diplomat-financiers of the present day are altogether rather a problem. The needs of the war and of the period that succeeded it were often of an unusual nature. Diplomacy occasionally gave the organisers of finance and economy highly romantic work to do. Moreover, directly there is a question of petroleum, things begin to look suspicious. The man who has done most to secure Great Britain a leading, and, as many Englishmen hope, the sole leading part in the petroleum industry for all time, was the late Lord Bearsted, formerly Marcus Samuel. Not a man to be classed with Basil Zaharoff, but neither was he on quite the same ethereal

plane as Cassel. He was the founder and head of the great Anglo-Dutch oil trust, an amalgamation of the Shell Transport and Royal Dutch Companies. The Royal Dutch is a Dutch company, half of whose shares, or more, are (or were) in French hands, but the business is managed in London, and the real power is there. Lord Bearsted's influence also extended to the other great English Company, the Pearson group belonging to Lord Cowdray, who owned the Mexican Eagle Oil Company. The Anglo-Persian and Burmah Companies, in which the British Admiralty is interested, are in the same category. Rockefeller's Standard Oil Company is the great rival. The Americans still produce two-thirds of the world's consumption, but the important oil fields of the future, in all four quarters of the globe where petroleum is to be found, are in the hands of the great Anglo-Dutch combination. Two additions were made, however, to the English peerage: Marcus Samuel became Viscount Bearsted, and W. D. Pearson was created Viscount Cowdray.

Marcus Samuel was born in Whitechapel, the Jewish quarter of the East End of London, in 1853. It is said of this or that statesman that, as a boy, he already had visions of being Prime Minister some day; such tendencies are part of the Public School spirit. Young Marcus Samuel, the son of thoroughly orthodox people of a race nearer to the Ghetto, at that time, than to the peerage, probably did not dream of anything of that kind, but he had one idea, namely, to get away from Whitechapel! He went to Brussels in his early youth, and at the age of nineteen he was already on his way to India,

LORD BEARSTED

There he found his opportunity in a famine. What the starving Indians needed was that food should be imported—rice above all. This was how he first made money, and from that time onwards he continued to trade in the Far East. His business took Samuel to Japan, and there the young merchant saw great possibilities. Probably no single individual did more than Marcus Samuel to draw Japan into the English orbit. At that time the Eastern Island Empire was little known or understood, and it was thanks to him that the first Japanese loan was placed on the London market. It was he who rallied the English people to the Japanese cause, when feeling in London began to waver during the Russo-Japanese war, and thus laid the foundation stone of the Anglo-Japanese alliance. Marcus Samuel was made a Commander of the Order of the Rising Sun. From a merchant he had risen to be a financier, and from a financier he rose to be a politician and statesman.

This was the beginning of the second and greatest period of his life. English interests in petroleum had been very small for years past. The only owner on a large scale was Rockefeller in America. The English were interested in Baku and in the Rumanian oil wells. The Dutch owned the important oil fields in Sumatra, Java, and Borneo. This was the position until the end of the nineteenth century, when the incalculable prospects of the motor industry became clearer. The man who gave it the first impetus was a German—Diesel. From that moment the English people realised the enormous future importance of the oil industry. England rules the seas through her Fleets and coaling stations; but now the

day seemed at hand when international shipping would no longer be controlled by English coal depôts in all parts of the world; ocean traffic would, on the contrary, be regulated by American oil tank stations. An international interest of the first rank was at stake. Both diplomats and naval men recognized the vital importance of oil fuel. The pioneers of the industry saw the chance of making enormous profits. The two requirements were admirably brought into line. W. J. Pearson and Marcus Samuel appeared on the scene. Samuel turned the small company that traded in shells and mother-of-pearl, the Shell Transport Company, into a petroleum company which, supported by the Government and liberally financed by the City, soon acquired and developed valuable oil fields, chiefly, in the first instance, in the East and Far East. It was not long, however, before Samuel turned his attention westwards as well, encroaching even on the peculiarly American sphere of interest. The Shell syndicate acquired interests in Venezuela, Colombia, and even in the United States, and did so by taking American firms into partnership now and again, and raising capital in New York. All this was done without coming into conflict with the Americans, who are always at war with the Pearson syndicate in Mexico, and who resolutely barred the way when Lord Cowdray tried to obtain a permanent footing on the Panama Canal, where they were keeping a careful watch over all the oil fields and depôts.

It was through the world war, however, that the English petroleum industry, then only in its infancy, reached its present high state of development. It

became an asset of untold value to the nation. In his great speech at the Inter-Allied Petroleum Conference, during the Armistice, Lord Curzon said that the Allies "swam to victory on a wave of petroleum". As a matter of fact, without the great organising powers of a Marcus Samuel and a Lord Cowdray, it would have been impossible for the Allies to satisfy the demands of the navies and armies, with their endless train of motor cars and lorries, and their aircraft, to say nothing of the immense requirements of the munition factories. The Allies joined forces at the Inter-Allied Petroleum Conference. The English companies could supply British demands in an emergency, but France had no organisation and no resources of her own. The Royal Dutch, and in particular, the American Standard Oil Co., came to the rescue. Without American co-operation, which only became fully effective when the United States came into the war on the side of the Allies, Germany's enemies would perhaps have been defeated by this question of petroleum, just as, inversely, Germany was doomed to defeat when her allies were obliged to lay down their arms, shortly before the collapse on the Western front, for this involved the loss of the oil wells in Rumania and Galicia which were indispensable to the German conduct of the war. The Americans supplied eighty per cent of the enormous amount required by the Allies.

The Admiralty specially thanked Sir Marcus Samuel for "services of the utmost importance" to the fighting forces, and after the war, when a few obstacles had been overcome, he was raised to the peerage as Lord Bearsted, in 1921.

In the meantime he had succeeded in completing the great work of organisation by bringing the Royal Dutch Company over once for all to the English side. The most valuable petroleum wells of the future thus became the joint property of the Anglo-Dutch companies in which England had the controlling interest. Sir E. Mackay Edgar, who was a member of the firm of Sperling and Co., company promoters who operated a good deal in oil shares, until he went bankrupt in the autumn of 1925, described, in a singularly triumphant article in *The Times,* the achievement of the English petroleum statesmen as follows: "Two-thirds of the best oil-fields in Central and South America are in British hands. British subjects own a decided, in fact, overwhelming majority of the petroleum concessions in Guatemala, Honduras, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, Panama, Colombia, Venezuela, and Ecuador. British capital will exploit them. The Alves syndicate, which owns the concessions for nearly two-thirds of the Caribbean Sea, is altogether British. . . . No American citizen or American syndicate has acquired (or could acquire) a position in Central America, similar to that which has been acquired for Alves by enterprise and personality. Take the greatest of all oil organisations, the Shell Company. It owns or controls interests in every important oil field in the world, in the United States as well as in Russia, Mexico, the Dutch East Indies, Rumania, Egypt, Venezuela, Trinidad, India, Ceylon, the Malay Straits, North and South China, the Straits Settlements, and the Philippine Islands."

That has been done by great capitalist organisers

in a short space of time. And why? The Shell Company may pay a dividend of twenty or thirty per cent. But that is not the reason. The English talent for business and money making has been turned to account in this case for political ends as well. Sir E. M. Edgar does not hesitate to boast that, before long, America will be buying many million pounds worth of oil annually from the English companies, and will have to pay for it in dollars. "I estimate," he says, "that if the present rate of consumption continues, the Americans will have to import, in ten years' time, five hundred million barrels of petroleum annually, at two dollars per barrel—a low estimate. This means a yearly expenditure of a thousand million dollars, most of which will go into England's pocket." In other words, Rockefeller's wells are now producing large quantities of oil, but they will be exhausted; Lord Bearsted and the English petroleum statesmen have the oil fields of the future in their hands; business and policy have been combined. That may be a great exaggeration —the Americans profess to laugh at it—but it enables one to see all the more clearly into the English mind. In the meantime, Lloyd George has concluded an agreement with the French at San Remo, which makes France dependent on the great Anglo-Dutch Trust. Again, business and policy. A short time ago, Lord Birkenhead wrote that Lord Bearsted had played a part in our day that was "both vital and instructive". That is so. At a decisive moment in the world's history, English politicians were fortunate enough to have two industrial geniuses at their service who thought in decades, and who at

the same time did not forget to look for their immediate earthly reward. No one talks of Marcus Samuel, Lord Bearsted; hardly one Englishman in a hundred would know who he was, and what he did, and yet he was one of the greatest English organisers of the last fifty years. He was a national asset, a man who contributed substantially to the success of British policy. Whether the great companies founded by the petroleum magnates, which have done so much to rouse distrust between the English and American people, will ultimately conduce to peace, only time can show. It is impossible for the onlooker not to feel uneasy, for it would be dangerous to strike a match in the zone into which such enterprise as that of a Lord Bearsted leads.

PRESS MAGNATES

PRESS LORDS

DURING the most important period of England's development from the aristocratic school of the Victorian era to the epoch of a first Labour Government, the English Press itself underwent a decisive change. The modern newspaper publisher recognised the possibilities of the general public as readers and subscribers. The masses were beginning to wake up, their purchasing power had increased, and thanks to the new Education Act, they were better educated and had more taste for reading, while, for the moment, this had not made them much more particular as to the quality of their literature. The prospects thereby opened up to the Press were immense, both from the political and financial point of view. The financial possibilities were those first considered by the English newspaper proprietors, and they were found satisfactory. The Press Capitalism thus started began as a business speculation, no tendency being shown to aspire to political power.

This chapter of English history will always be associated with the name of a man whose character is differently depicted according to the influence of Party hatred or partiality. German opinion with regard to Lord Northcliffe is unanimous : he was one of our worst enemies. English opinion is

divided, but to-day mainly sceptical. We Germans see him as the head of a monstrous anti-German propaganda, while in the eyes of Englishmen he was not only a champion during the most fateful years of the world war, but also the greatest journalistic organiser of his day, the creator of the new type of popular Press.

Like all men with a touch of genius, Northcliffe was guided more by instinct than by intelligence. He had inspiration and imagination, but he lacked the knowledge and judgment without which instinct is not a safe guide. He knew everything there was to be known about the Press, and a good deal about a limited part of the world and humanity, but he ignored the rest. That was probably just as much due to his disposition as to his origin. As the son of a barrister he cannot be said to have had no chance from the first, but Alfred Harmsworth had no idea of giving his sons a classical education and upbringing, which, whether in themselves or for snobbish reasons, are still expensive privileges in England. Instead of that, young Alfred was playing with the type-cases as a boy of sixteen, was earning a pound a week as a journalist at seventeen, and was a millionaire at thirty. He began with small ventures of his own on new lines. As a young man he acquired the *Evening News*, which was doing badly at that time, turned it into a very paying concern, and shortly afterwards started the *Daily Mail* in addition to dozens of other things, erected large paper factories in Newfoundland, and finally reached the highest pinnacle of English journalism, by acquiring a large share in *The Times*, and securing

the management of that newspaper. Money soon ceased to be any consideration to Lord Northcliffe in Fleet Street, for his ventures made enormous profits. He left a great deal of the financial management to his brother, Lord Rothermere, whose son, Esmond Harmsworth, is a youthful member of Parliament.

Northcliffe represents a unique chapter in the history of English public opinion, and those in power in his day recognised this fact by conferring high honours upon him. Asquith made him Lord Northcliffe, the name being that of a cliff near the new peer's country house, and Lloyd George added the title of Viscount. The remarkable prosperity of the Northcliffe era was due, in the first place, to the vast improvement in the technical management of newspapers during the decades preceding the war, but chiefly to the war itself. This, however, was merely the culminating point of an evolution that had long been going on in the English Press, quite independently of Lord Northcliffe's characteristics and aims, for he was not the only, or even the first, representative of modern English journalism. It had its origin in the social and political conditions he found existing thirty or forty years ago, and which still exist in the main. It is the journalistic problem of an age of industrial ascendancy and universal franchise. When young Harmsworth embarked on his Press career in Fleet Street, the Press was as decorous, circumspect, and reserved as the eminent men who guided the destinies of the country in Parliament and in the Cabinet ; at one time it would be more Conservative, at another more

Liberal, but the fundamental tendency was always very much the same. The newspapers were small, often consisting of only two sheets, written for the ruling classes by men who were more scholars and writers than politicians or demagogues. A small class of educated men took in and read these papers, which contained no "stunts," but "classical" essays, written with thorough knowledge of a wealth of Latin and Greek quotations. They were much more expensive and more heavily taxed by the State than those of the present day, and were therefore the privilege of an intellectually exclusive class.

Such was the Press. But the tendency of the times was in another direction. It pointed to an age of demagogism, to mobilisation of the enfranchised masses, to the possibility of huge profits being made by "popular" newspapers. Unquestionably there was a need for these. But with it there was a problem, and one, indeed, of such great difficulty that it has never yet been satisfactorily solved in any country. It was not altogether to the advantage of England, but most fortunate for Alfred Harmsworth personally, that he was the kind of man who recognised this chance, and tried to solve the problem in his own way. He reduced it to the simple question of how to get the ever-increasing millions to read and regularly buy some printed publication. What are the men and women inclined to read, who are gradually rising from the class which does not read? That was the question.

Alfred Harmsworth, that triumphant personification of masterly unconcern, answered it light-

LORD NORTHCLIFFE

heartedly. His own lack of higher education was rather a handicap in the case of a man who ought to have made it his business to impart information and knowledge to millions of his fellow-men. But he set gaily to work without a qualm. At first he depended more on periodicals than on the daily papers as a means of converting the non-reading public, retailing gossip, short stories, notes for "the home," for patrons of sport, for owners of gardens, for lovers of humour, for any and every taste. This system was soon applied to the daily paper as well, and amplified there by "stunt news." Such newspapers are as easy as they are entertaining to read. Whole pages deal with a thousand things worth knowing, although indeed with just as many things of no importance. They are terse and to the point. From a purely technical point of view, these newspapers are often as perfect as is conceivable, and great skill is shown in the art of recognising what the average individual likes to read. Politics frequently play only a very small part in them. Subscribers to the *Daily Mail* mostly take it because it gives them all they want to read in a condensed form without overtaxing their brain, not on account of its political or even its foreign political leading articles. At the same time the political possibilities of the popular Press are very great, thanks to its large circulation. Its political methods vary ; at one time its opinion is forced upon the reader with a loud flourish of trumpets, at another its politics will be found discreetly and skilfully distributed between the lines, so that the reader often swallows these pills quite unconsciously. The small houses

that form the innumerable suburbs springing up like mushrooms round London became the happy hunting ground of the Press magnates. The rising middle-class was to be found there, and consequently possibilities. The working-class, too, was gradually drawn into the orbit of this " culture."

The new Press tendency was regarded with suspicion by the political leaders from the first. A power was developing side by side with them, side by side with Parliament, which must sooner or later become dangerous, and lead to conflict. Englishmen have no liking for two masters. There are naturally many influences which affect their political decisions, educational, capitalistic, commercial or other kinds, such as political ambition, but, on the whole, they merely work indirectly, and only through the legal Parliamentary channels. That can be tolerated, for all Englishmen understand their Parliament. A vote given in Parliament, or even in the course of an election does not in itself give them any uneasiness. There is nothing in it that is beyond control or judicious handling, nothing that cannot be guided or repaired by election speeches and skilful Party political management, but all " direct action," anything that has not passed through the Parliamentary sieve, is regarded by the Englishman with the utmost suspicion. In his eyes it is unconstitutional, and therefore a danger to the State. Such " direct action " was now threatened not only by the Trade Unions, but also by a not inconsiderable portion of the Press. English democracy concluded a temporary peace with the Trade Unions after a hard struggle, but the Press

magnates proved very stubborn enemies and competitors, and very difficult to tackle.

The English people were quite unprepared for the development of the Press on such a gigantic scale. The statesmen and Parliamentarians went on making their speeches as before. In the midst of it all they were plunged into the vortex of a world war, from which they emerged as victors to find themselves called upon to deal with a bewildering number of stupendous political and economic problems. Yet they went on in the old way, talking and talking, although indeed through the microphone. This little electrical apparatus was a welcome ally, for it enabled the politicians to address a greater number of people than ever before. But what effect can even the greatest open-air meeting have as compared with the permanent influence a daily newspaper may exert on hundreds of thousands or even millions! It was difficult for the Parliamentarians to put their arguments before the public, for few newspapers venture to give their readers detailed reports of Parliamentary and similar debates. It is true that the utterances of English politicians are as widely published as ever, but the publicity-value of Parliamentary debates has not increased to anything like the same extent as the publicity-value of a single article in the newspapers of a great Press concern. To have done so in proportion to the democratisation of the franchise since the last franchise reform, which made English politics really the business of the masses, and above all of the women, it would have had to increase enormously. This extension of the franchise has

given ambitious Press magnates a great source of power, and if it has been turned to comparatively little account that is only because of the very limited interest taken in politics by those who read the newspapers.

On the other hand, the bond between the popular Press and the governing class is very slight in normal times. The war seemed to bring about a change in this respect at first, for at that time the whole Press joined the ranks of the solid front presented by the nation. Lord Northcliffe himself became a member of the Coalition Government, but Lloyd George's opposition to him just before the conclusion of the Armistice very speedily led to a breach between the Northcliffe concern and the Government.

Lord Rothermere, who carries on the business inherited from Lord Northcliffe, is no friend of Baldwin's Government, as can easily be seen, but the will to "make politics" is assuredly amongst the many qualities which he has *not* inherited from his brother. He is a great capitalist, but not a zealous politician. There can be no mistake as to that, in spite of his occasional excursions into politics, such, for instance, as his rediscovery of Hungary. Lord Beaverbrook is, therefore, to-day the only one of the great newspaper publishers who aspires to be at one and the same time a Press magnate and political dictator. All the others are simply great newspaper proprietors conducting their business as an industry, or else they hold aloof from the modern school and carry on the high tradition of the old political journalism, like *The*

Times, and the *Manchester Guardian*, whose aim is to preserve the newspaper as a precious national institution.

Lord Beaverbrook is a man of the stamp that has made Britain an Empire—an industrial owner, clever, remarkably energetic, clear-headed and absolutely straightforward. He has a way of looking out of his screwed-up eyes that has a certain fascination. His mouth is large and good-natured. By birth he is a Scotsman, but English people regard him first and foremost as a "gentleman from Canada," thus showing that they see a difference. The family name is Aitken. The father was a parson who emigrated from Scotland to New Brunswick. The son had very little education there, and the level of his intellectual attainments is correspondingly slight, but he always had the temperament of a colonial pioneer. He wants success, nothing more. He has written a book on the subject. His philosophy is very cheerful, and in the American sense "smart." Mr. Aitken had the advantage of being born in Canada at a time when there were very great opportunities for a man of enterprise. As a matter of fact, it took him only a few years to make a large fortune. He did it by speculating boldly, and by still more boldly financing and founding concerns.

Young Aitken began a new life by coming over to settle in London with his pockets full. He was only thirty-one when he entered Parliament as a Unionist in 1910. The Conservatives probably had plenty of use for such young men and their money. The young Canadian worked hard, although he was

so rich. At first he took very little interest in Fleet Street. It was only after the war that he bought the *Daily Express*, then the *Sunday Express*, and later on the *Evening Standard*. In addition to his talents and the money he brought over from Canada, which threw open many doors to him, Mr. Aitken had the advantage of being on friendly terms with his former neighbour, Bonar Law, whom he had known since his boyhood. In spite of this he played no great part until after the war broke out, when, thanks to his connection with Canada, he was able to do a good deal towards spurring on the Canadians to the important services they rendered during the war. This gave him considerable political influence, for the English Government rewarded all war services lavishly. Aitken first accompanied the Canadians into the field as "Eye-Witness," and subsequently as the representative of the Canadian Government at the front. He wrote a book on the subject. In 1916 he had his reward: Asquith made him Lord Beaverbrook, and two years later Lloyd George gave him a seat in the Government. Lord Beaverbrook was appointed Minister of Information. He thus gained inside knowledge of the Coalition policy, and it was then that he started his connection with the Press.

Lord Beaverbrook bought newspapers. He did not create them, like Lord Northcliffe, but bought them, for he was a rich man, his object being to gain political power. He thus won himself a position in Fleet Street, overnight, as it were, with his Canadian dollars, which can only be attained by others after long years of unremitting toil. Lord

Beaverbrook aspired to act as co-director of the spiritual and political life of the nation, although he had no title to do so other than good sense and his success in Canada. That is carrying a sort of Americanism into a sphere in which tradition is wont to be of more value than the free will of an adventurous individual.

There is a risk of politics being intermixed with business in the popular Press, and of the newspaper ceasing to be an institution. Many cultured Englishmen, whose feeling for tradition is still strong, lament this modern Press tendency, whilst the undisguised Capitalism it often reveals naturally calls forth bitter complaints from the Radical leaders. The personal influence exerted by the Press Lords in their own newspapers must not, however, be overestimated. Any one who reads the *Evening Standard*, for instance, the London evening paper acquired by Lord Beaverbrook a few years ago, will hardly find any change in the paper since it has passed into his hands. Not only that, but the same tried and experienced staff has been retained. Lord Beaverbrook has not selected the *Evening Standard* as a medium through which to air any views he may happen to hold at the moment ; on the contrary, he publishes a constant succession of articles worth reading by well known contributors, such as the Dean of St. Paul's, the Headmaster of Eton, Arnold Bennett, and the late Charles Masterman, for the benefit of the large class of well-to-do readers of this particular paper.

It is often the fault of the Press Lords themselves if their political importance is overestimated. They

positively demand it ; it is part of their *métier* to be overestimated. A little book that Lord Beaverbrook published in December 1925, *Politicians and the Press*, outdoes almost everything that has been done hitherto in England in the way of Press glorification, though its object—unlimited success—is clear.

The work to which Lord Beaverbrook devotes himself with the zeal of a sportsman is the overthrow and setting up of Ministers. He seriously believes that he has sometimes scored a success in this game. Even Baldwin's promotion was in some way thanks to Beaverbrook, so this book discreetly hints. It is true that the unfortunate Prime Minister is now menaced with the wrath of the mighty one : Lord Beaverbrook is amongst those who have decided that Mr. Baldwin must fall. The batteries of his Press have opened fire. This latest activity shows that it would be premature to write the Press Lords' obituary notice. These comets have nevertheless passed the peak of their fiery curve. Northcliffe is dead, Rothermere is not pursuing the same course as his brother, and in the meantime the world has to some extent become accustomed to Lord Beaverbrook, and no longer trembles !

Sooner or later, Lord Beaverbrook, who has a sense of humour, will no doubt allow Mr. Low, the cartoonist of his *Evening Standard*, to lay the spectre of the Press magnates by cleverly portraying the fear of ghosts.

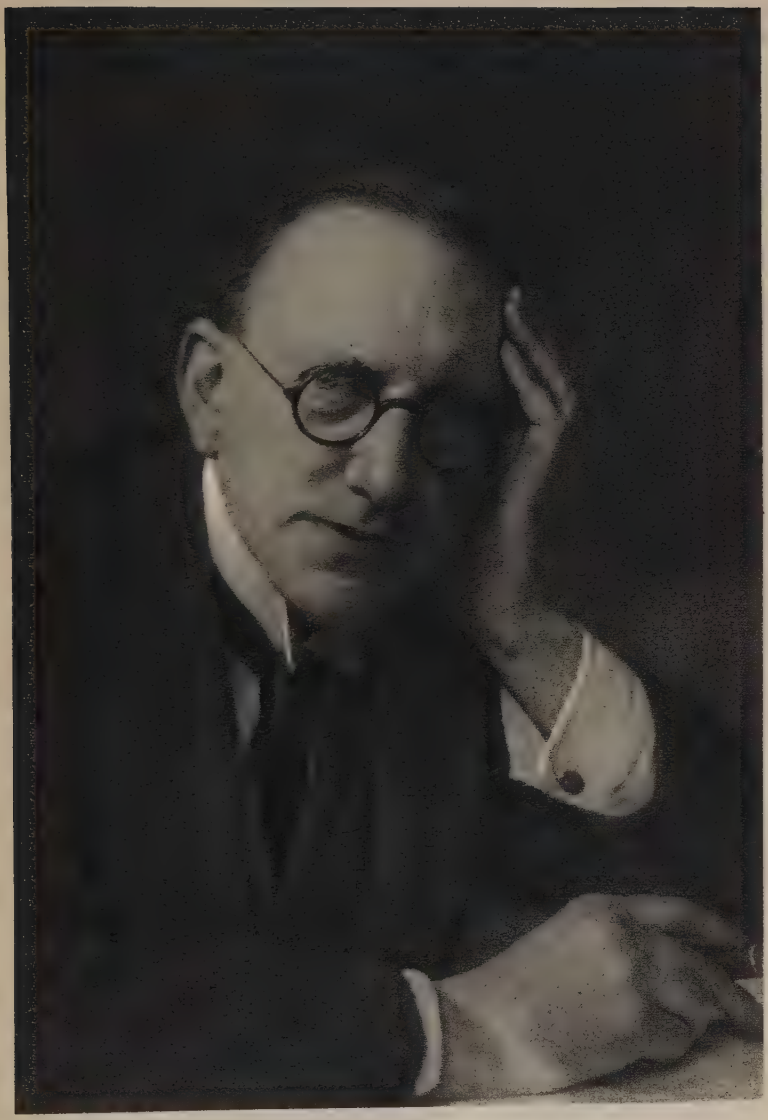
LORD BEAVERBROOK

HIGH PRIESTS

NONE of England's old institutions suffered more during the period of serious social and political convulsions which culminated in the world war, than the Press. Its task, as a mirror of present-day life, would have been unpleasant enough, in the white heat of industrialisation, even if lords and fools and criminals had not degraded it by making it into a sort of stage on which to advertise themselves, and a market where people who liked a sensation could find one. There were worse things than the lies told during the war, for they were at least short lived. But the worst thing of all was that intellect was commercialised. It must be admitted that when editions run into millions, street sales have a certain attraction, and when the London newspapers can make twelve to fourteen million pounds a year by advertisements alone, possibilities arise which no one but a saint could realise without feeling tempted to share them. The temptations are various. As a rule, the English journalist considers that he is plying a trade. The emolument often has more influence on what he writes than his own opinions. The temptations which assail the general public are no less serious. Even the "man of the people" is found to be just as ready to look upon a newspaper venture as an industry in which to invest, and share the profits. The great Press magnates require an

enormous amount of capital; their sales are immense, and they make considerable profits. Is it any wonder, in the twentieth century, that the *Daily Mail* shares are quoted on the Stock Exchange? Is it odd that the man who has saved a little money has invested it and become a shareholder in concerns owned by Rothermeres and Beaverbrooks?

Englishmen have always been fond of journalism, and took a most active part in it long before it reached the final stage of great industrialism. But the possibility of making a good thing out of it has given journalism of every kind a positive boom. The English Press has more contributors in every imaginable class and profession, than the Press in any other country. The regular army of journalists is supplemented by a militia, recruited almost on the principle of universal service. Bishops and Admirals, University professors and statesmen, students and children, City magnates and "experts", men and women, poets and philosophers, all write and argue, all fill the Press with their often delightful, often indifferent contributions. All earn money, thanks to the talent of the great organisers who have grasped the spirit of the times, and who print it in black and white, in order to get it back in pounds, shillings, and pence. That is a descent, but at the same time, the greater prosperity provides for a constant supply of valuable intellectual forces. The "journalist" class is far more comprehensive than in Germany. The circle of well educated, well read, and really thoughtful men who work in constant close touch with the Press, is very wide. But the English Press has a remarkable number of think-



JAMES LOUIS GARVIN

ing and serious-minded men available on the actual editorial staffs as well, both in London and the provinces. The fate of the English Press depends, in the long run, on these journalists, and on a few Press magnates, and the arrogant, ridiculously highly paid assistants who write for the great men. The middle-class journalists—a very large class—are the real high priests. They are little known, seldom seen, and very often they write without giving any name. But they learn and think and work. They carry on their high calling without any noise. Their thoughts will be found in the weekly and monthly periodicals, in daily papers—and in books. They prepare the ground on which others work, they plough the heavy soil on which others reap. They are frequently Public School and University men, and their minds are often less "economised" and concentrated on political economy than is fashionable nowadays. A Herbert Sidebotham will quote his classics as though he were fresh from college. Journalism and politics have not rendered such men "stale, flat and unprofitable", and they have been courageous enough to cultivate a style of which England may be proud. The leading articles in *The Times,* or even in the *Manchester Guardian,* often read like short prize essays for scholarships. And where an expensive education in early youth is lacking, as in the case of perhaps A. G. Gardiner or J. L. Garvin, who are both self-made men, ceaseless hard work and artistic ability have raised the men to a level which gives their language the ring of classical journalism.

These men have three cardinal virtues, they are

efficient, hard working, and objective. It is a valuable tradition of English journalism to write objectively, clearly, and intelligibly, and that cannot be done without hard work and a trained mind. The best journalists want to put the subject, not themselves, before the reader, and make it intelligible, and they use their mental powers, not to complicate, but to simplify and make their ideas and language clear. Out of many, two types may be described, taking two journalists of the older generation as very extreme examples of them, T. P. O'Connor and J. L. Garvin, the one an entertaining feuilleton writer, the other the real high priest, who has taken the highest orders. O'Connor is the greatest archival wonder of our day. He is an Irishman, and has been a member of Parliament for over forty years; he is the oldest member, and is therefore called the Father of the House of Commons. He is a Liberal, but that is not the essential, in his case. What distinguishes his journalism is that he writes on more important subjects, often on more amusing subjects, than Party concerns. Men are what he studies. He knows everything about everybody. It is recorded in his note-books. He has eyes to see, and what he sees he writes down. He writes it with the calm impartiality, kindness, and philosophy of old age. His style is cultivated, that of a man who has taken classical honours and won scholarships. He has written for many papers, and started a good many publications of his own. *T. P.'s Weekly* is one of the home journals of Old England, still flourishing under his direction. O'Connor dives into his card index, and out comes a leading article or

sketch. He is a past master of the art of writing obituary notices. O'Connor has also written a series of valuable historical books, a biography of Lord Beaconsfield, a history of Parnell, and many other works, in particular a number of gossipy reminiscences. He is instructive, interesting, entertaining, and at the same time, good-natured, good-humoured, and shrewd, just what journalists formerly aimed at being. And it was not a bad aim. Thousands of publications, domestic journals, and the non-political columns of the daily newspapers are filled by thousands of humble imitators. They give the English Press its keynote.

Above that there is the firmament in which the countless stars of political journalism glitter and gleam—great and small. Flickering will-o'-the-wisps and steadily shining constellations, passing comets and wandering satellites. Suns and moons, giving out light of their own or reflecting borrowed light. Amongst them we see Garvin, a sea of light. And we hear the music from his celestial spheres like the sound of a trumpet blast. The sun holds forth as of old . . . the voice is that of the highest of high priests. It speaks of the highest things, filling whole columns, whole pages. Everything assumes infinite magnitude—politics, diplomacy, economy, art—all appear of transcendent importance when Garvin takes up his pen. This would be inconceivable in any but a Sunday Conservative newspaper in a land where the observance of Sunday as a holy day, and two attendances at church, have hitherto been regarded as a duty, in a land which adopts a Sunday attitude. There are only a few

great newspapers still existing in England which have hitherto been able to afford to resist the modern demand for a shorter flourish of trumpets. Garvin's articles sound like Handel oratorios—long-winded sonorous Sunday music. They deal with great world events, with tendencies and duties; they fulminate, exhort, and explain, not omitting to keep the worst news to the last, even if it is only a defeat at the polls. As an Irishman, Garvin had great influence whilst England was still struggling with the Sinn Fein problem. He was great as a rebel against the hidebound gentlemen of his Conservative Party. His impulsive heart went out to Parnell, the champion of freedom, but it was not so much the Irish cause that inspired him as the Irish hero himself, its living representative. Later on, he carried the banner before Joseph Chamberlain's groaning triumphal car with the same ardent hero-worship. Finally it was for Lloyd George that he prayed, and for whom he broke lances.

There are only a very limited number of heroes now, but new ones may yet appear. In the meantime the dear good man's own star has somewhat paled. If Garvin were a cold-blooded Englishman instead of a hot-headed Irishman, his *Observer* might perhaps be just as powerful now as formerly. But it is not every Englishman who cares to look at the world once a week through a strong magnifying glass, and listen to the mighty voice of the High Priest haranguing him volubly through a huge megaphone. The effect is spoiled because there is far too much of the personal and pastoral element. Vanity may be just as accountable for this as any-

thing else. A man who has acquired such an amount of knowledge and education through his own hard work, may easily be inclined to go too far in his anxiety to impart it to others, and show them how to become equally wise.

English political journalism has scored a signal triumph in the person of C. P. Scott. A man of eighty, a giant, whose mental vigour is almost inexhaustible, he is both Press magnate and High Priest. He owns the *Manchester Guardian* and everything connected with it, and is at the same time his own editor. In a certain sense, Lord Northcliffe was also his own editor; so, to some extent, is even Lord Beaverbrook, though not formally, but C. P. Scott has given a lifetime of hard work to do what they have done by leaps and bounds. At the age of eighty he still writes leading articles, and the *Manchester Guardian* is saturated with the Scott spirit from first to last. C. P. Scott was not the founder of the *Manchester Guardian;* it has existed as a stronghold of Liberalism for the last hundred years. He took it over from relations, but he has made the paper what it is. He has shown that it is still possible to own a business, and yet have a soul above business. The *Manchester Guardian* is the most independent organ of public opinion in England, even more independent than *The Times,* since its emancipation from Lord Northcliffe. The headquarters of *The Times* are too near Whitehall, the Government quarter. Manchester, on the other hand, not unlike Frankfurt, stands for a tradition, a Liberal obligation, a social programme. No longer doctrinaire, it is now a Liberalism which is trying to

steer a safe and dignified course between the rapids of the Labour movement and the shallower waters of Conservatism. It is middle class, thoroughly British, Liberalism, but it breathes the spirit of Radicalism. C. P. Scott has never ceased to be a friend of Lloyd George. He is drawn to the man by a vision—the renaissance of Liberal individualism, of a powerful middle-class party that despises the snob, and extends its hand to the workingman. . . .

There are journalists who make less noise, and whose work is of a higher order than that of the statesman-journalist. Their calling leads them almost imperceptibly into the more restful world of study, and the independent realms of art. In this country we see clearly how often journalistic and literary activity go hand in hand. Not a few of the excellent biographies that abound in England have been written by journalists. J. A. Spender has written Campbell-Bannerman's life, and A. G. Gardiner that of Sir William Harcourt; these are two of the most recent examples. The writing of history thus acquires the vivid tone of the best journalism. Inversely, a work like Lytton Strachey's *Queen Victoria* is by no means a learned dissertation, but it combines historical research with the graphic brilliance for which journalism may be a very good school. Anyhow, Fleet Street, the Press centre, is not the headquarters of an army of failures, nor is it overcrowded with arrogant prigs. Neither does the London journalistic world consist wholly of a host of reporters and editors whose capabilities are limited to their profession, and who sit in their

T. P. O'CONNOR

stuffy offices or in public houses, with nicotine-stained fingers. They exist, but the innumerable threads which connect Fleet Street with the outside world and life are far more important, not only those which extend to the Stock Exchange and the Foreign Office, but the threads which form a link between the Press and the intellectual centres and the scholastic life of the nation, threads for which the raw material is so often supplied by a classical education. Perhaps nothing is more typical of the true High Priest caste in English journalism, than the quarter round about Adelphi Terrace, the quiet streets between the Strand and the Thames, the block of Adam houses where more brains are concentrated—or were, for the beautiful old houses are to be pulled down, and replaced by something expensive and ugly—than in hundreds of the many streets in this immense town. The offices of the *Nation,* formerly edited by the late H. W. Massingham, were in Adelphi Terrace ; it was here that old Nevinson, whose youth is perennial, went in and out, and here that he met Hobson, Masterman, Brailsford, Ratcliffe, and other friends before they went to a merry lunch with the *Nation* staff. Bernard Shaw lived on the floor above the *Nation* offices, and, opposite him, on the other side of the street, James Barrie dreamt his wonderful fairy tales. He used to throw plum-stones at the window when Shaw had distinguished guests. And down in the street below, Chesterton might be sitting in a taxi, happily reading a book, oblivious of the fact that the vehicle had been standing still for a quarter of an hour, whilst the soup was getting cold and the taxi-meter was in-

exorably recording penny after penny. It is in such quarters as the Adelphi that our humble profession of journalism was practised on an intellectual level that produced work of the very highest quality. Rather sceptical, rather smiling, but such is life.

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